SECRET

MEMOIRS

AND

MANNERS

Of ſeveral

Perſons of Quality,

OF

Both SEXES.

FROM THE

New *ATALANTIS*,

AN

Iſland in the *Mediteranean.*

Written Originally in ITALIAN.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:
Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationer's-Hall*, and *J. Woodward* in St. *Chriſtopher's* Church-yard, in *Thread-needle-ſtreet.* 1709.

To His Grace

HENRY

Duke of BEAUFORT,

Marquiſs and Earl of *Worceſter*,

Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert*,

AND

Lord of *Chepſtow*, *Ragland*, and *Gower*.

My LORD,

HOW vaſt muſt be the *Ambition* of an unknown and meer *Tranſlator*, to dare to *Hope* from

ſo Great a PRINCE, *his moſt Noble Protection for ſo ſmall a Triſle? But as he who enters not the Liſt, can never pretend to win the Race, this Attempt, how daz'ling ſoever, had never been mine, without a proportionate degree of Admiration for thoſe* Heroic Qualities *conſpicuous in Your Grace; thence Inſpir'd, my Preſumption may Hope to avoid Your Frowns, if the Performance be not ſo Happy to meet Your Smiles.*

The following Adventures Firſt ſpoke their own mixt Italian, *a Speech Corrupted, and*

and now much in Uſe thro' all the Iſlands *of the* Mediterranean; *from whence ſome Induſtrious* Frenchman *ſoon Tranſported it into his own Country; and by giving it an* Air *and* Habit, *wherein the* Foreigner *was almoſt loſt, ſeem'd to* Naturalize *it: A Friend of mine, that made the* Campaign, *met with it laſt Year at* Bruxels; *and thus,* a la Francois, *put it into my Hands, with a deſire it might Viſit the* Court *of* Great Britain.

That the unknown Tranſlator has preſum'd to lay it at

Your

Your Grace's Feet, proceeds not only from a long and profound Veneration to Your Grace's Family, and Your Own Eminent Vertues, *and* fix'd Heroick Principles, *but he fancy'd ſo near a reſemblance of Yours to the Young Prince in the* Prado, *pag.* 179. *And in the continuation of His Character in the Second Part, where* Virtue *and* Aſtrea *repair to the Young* Hero's Palace, *That he thought in* Juſtice *it cou'd belong to none but Your Grace.*

If it be true, That a Reſemblance, *tho' never ſo much*

to

to our Diſadvantage, be ſaid to make us wiſh better to the Reſembler *than to another, who carries nothing about him of the ſame* Air *and* Feature, *we may Hope thoſe favourable Sentiments will be no Strangers to Your Grace's Breaſt; which is a Repoſitory for all Things* Great *and* Human, *for all Things* Juſt *and* Noble. *To ſpeak You but to half the Height of Your Own Elevated Character, (to thoſe who have not the Honour to know You) wou'd look like the* Daubings *of* Flattery; *and to thoſe who are ſo Bleſt, an Attempt as utterly impoſſible, as it wou'd be to endeavour to make*

make all Mankind Wiſe, *or* Honeſt, *or* Handſom: *You will be better found in the Encomiums* Aſtrea *gives in her Viſit to the Young* Prince de Beaumond; *thither I muſt refer my ſelf, and once more implore Your Protection, and for Ever Your Pardon, for an Attempt ſo daring as is this of*

My LORD,

May it pleaſe Your Grace,

Your Grace's

Moſt profoundly Obedient,

AND

Moſt Humble Servant.

M279
V.2
Utop.

To the most Noble PRINCE

HENRY

Duke of BEAUFORT,

Marquiſs and Earl of *Worceſter*,

Earl of *Glamorgan*, Baron *Herbert*,

AND

Lord of *Chepſtow*, *Ragland*, and *Gower*.

My LORD,

THE First Volume *of the* New Atalantis *flouriſh'd under your Grace's auſpicious Sun-ſhine! unknown!*

unfriended! an obſcure *Original, a* nameleſs *Tranſlator, no* Party *intereſs'd in its Favour, or ready to prepoſſeſs others: Its whole* Hopes *and* Merits *ſum'd up in the* Great *Name of* BEAUFORT *in the Front: An Attempt in me (I confeſs) ſo* daring, *that, like a Hero who has gain'd an almoſt impoſſible* Victory, *I ſcarce believe the* Conqueſt, *but ſtill trembling look back with* Wonder *at my own* Ambition, *how it durſt put it ſelf to that* imminent *Tryal, which was mightieſt, your Grace's* unequal'd *Goodneſs, or my* unequal'd *Preſumption!*

As then, my Lord, I implor'd your Moſt Noble Protection, now let my kneeling *Adorati-*

ons embrace the Opportunity of expreſſing Gratitude! *The cuſtomary Manner of barely inſcribing this* Second Volume *to Your Grace, was too faint, too cold a Method, to ſpeak my* Duty, *and my* Thanks: *Let me loudly tell the World how truly conſcious I am that all its Succeſs was owing to your Grace's Favour. It had the good* Fortune *to pleaſe* You; *which as ſoon as I was aſſur'd, I became no longer* ſollicitous, *nor* doubted *of the reſt: You led me on to a certain* Victory, *to that* Renown *which I propheſied to my ſelf from ſo great a* Leader's *Approbation. Fortunate Event! Oh laudable Ambition! Is not* Ambition *the Spring of the Great-*

eſt Actions? What raiſes a Private *Soldier to a General, a* Common *Seaman to an Admiral, but the Deſire of Glory? This* Motive *made* Rome *the Miſtreſs of the World; 'till her Sons* Battering *the* Love *of* Praiſe *for* Luxury *and* Love *of* Money, *ſhe became an* eaſy Prey *to every* barbarous Invador. *This gave me to be* known! *nay to be* applauded! *to be* rewarded! *by the* ILLUSTRIOUS BEAUFORT.

The New Atalantis *ſeems, my Lord, to be written like* Varonian *Satyrs, on* different Subjects, Tales, Stories *and* Characters *of* Invention, *after the Manner of* Lucian, *who copy'd from* Varo. *In my Opinion, nothing can be*

be added to Mr. Dryden's *learned Diſcourſe of Satire, in his Dedication of* Juvenal. *He obſerves thus,* 'What is moſt eſ-
'ſential, and the very Soul of
'Satire, is ſcourging of Vice,
'and Exhortation to Virtue.
'Satire is of the nature of Mo-
'ral Philoſophy: He therefore
'who inſtructs moſt uſefully
'will carry the Palm. *And*
'*again,* 'Tis an Action of Vir-
'tue to make Examples of vi-
'cious Men. They may and
'ought to be upbraided with
'their Crimes and Follies: Both
'for their own Amendment,
'if they are not yet incorrigi-
'ble; and for the Terror of
'others, to hinder them from
'falling into thoſe Enormities,
'which

'which they ſee are ſo ſevere-
'ly puniſh'd in the Perſons of
'others. The firſt Reaſon was
'only an excuſe for Revenge.
'But this ſecond is abſolutely of
'the Poet's Office to perform.

Were not the Scene of theſe Memoirs *in an* Iſland *with which thoſe of ours are but little acquainted, I ſhould, my Lord, ſay ſomething in the* Defence *of* them, *as they ſeem* guilty *of* particular Reflection, *defending the* Author, *by the* Preſident *of our* Great Fore-fathers *in* Satire, *who not only flew againſt the* general *reigning Vices, but pointed at* individual *Perſons, as may be ſeen in* Ennius, Varro, Lucian, Horace, Juvenal, Perſius, *&c. What would have become*

come of the Immortality *they have deriv'd from their* Works, *if their* Contemporaries *had been of the* TATLER's Opinion? *Who tho' He allows* Ingratitude, Avarice, *and those other* Vices, *which the* Law *does not reach, to be the* Business *of* Satire; *yet in another Place he says, these are his Words,* That where Crimes are Enormous, the Delinquent deserves little pity, but the Reporter less. *At this rate Vice may stalk at Noon secure from Reproach, and the* Reformer *skulk as if he were performing an* inglorious *as well as* ingrateful *Office. Ingrateful only to the Vicious. Whoever is with-held by the Consideration of* Fear, Danger, spiteful Abuses,

Re-

Recriminations, *or the mean* Hopes *of miſſing* Pity, *has* Views *too* Daſtardly *and* Mercenary *for* lofty, ſtedfaſt Souls, *who can be only agitated by true Greatneſs, by the* Love *of* Virtue, *and the* Love *of* Glory!

I have taken a Liberty with my Author, which I hope Your Grace *will however think Pardonable; a ſort of Paraphraſe upon the Palace of* Beaumond, *to draw it nearer the Compariſon I wiſh'd of* Badminton. *Once more let me throw this* Second Volume *into Your Sacred Arms for Protection. May it have the Power to divert, for a few Moments, that* dangerous Grief, *which I dare not ſo much as touch upon; but like the Artiſt*

tist in Iphigenia, *who when he came to* Agamemnon's Mourning, *finding* it *beyond Descriptiion, cast into a* Shade *what he could not* represent.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted

AND

Most Oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 17. for *it*, read *it*; p. 5. l. 10. r. *Evielle*; l. 30. r. *chance*; p. 7. l. 34. for *trembling* r. *terrible*; p. 14. l. 2. r. *propos*; p. 19. l. 6. for *joining* r. *jarring*; p. 28. l. 9. r. *seem'd*; p. 31. l. 16. r. *pain'd*; p. 43. l. 15. for *provided* r. *if*; p. 58. l. 31. for *fix* r. *fit*; p. 77. l. 3. for *this* r. *these*; l. 32. for *our* r. *there*; p. 87. l. 1. for *was* r. *were*; p. 125. l. 16. for *successively* r. *successfully*; p. 126. l. 21. for *liv'd* r. *lives*; p. 156. l. 14. r. *Medicis's Affections*; p. 158. l. 29. r. *distinguish*; p. 198. l. 12. dele *and*; p. 225. l. 15. dele *eagerly*.

In few Days will be Publish'd, The Third Edition Corrected, with large Additions, of the First Volume of these MEMOIRS.

ONCE upon a time, *Aſtrea* (who had long ſince abandon'd this World, and flown to her Native Reſidence above) by a new form'd Deſign, and a Revolution of Thought, was willing to Reviſit the Earth, to ſee if Humankind were ſtill as defective, as when ſhe in a Diſguſt forſook it. Her Deſcent was as ſoon perform'd as thought upon; the *European* World being the moſt Fam'd above for Sciences, ſhe reſolv'd her Viſit ſhould be there. Accordingly (by a little too ſtrong a Propenſion of one of the Winds that bore her) ſhe alighted upon the Clifts of an *Iſland*, named *Atalantis*, ſituated in the *Mediterranean Sea*. Tho' her Deſign was rather for *Rome*, or the Metropolis of *France*, or *Great Britain*, Places renowned in the Court of *Jupiter*, for *Hypocriſy*, *Politicks*, *Politeneſs* and *Vanity*. No ſooner did ſhe re-tread that Ground, ſo long ſince abandon'd, but in a rapturous *Soliloquy*, thus ſhe began: All hail thou beautiful Product of the Eternal Mind! How enchanting are thy Proſpects? How generous is the Earth? How charming her Fruits? How flowing the Waters? How cooling, how limpid the Streams? How Refreſhing to the Taſte and Limbs of Mortals? How pleaſingly they wind to make fruitful the Neighbouring Meads? Thoſe graſſy Paſtures, the aſpiring ſhady Groves, and the whole ample Boſom of the Terreſtial Globle!

But Oh great *Jupiter*! who haſt thus Richly endow'd Nature, the Off-ſpring of thy Power,

ſo ſuited it for Admiſtration and for Uſe, ſo worthy of its Divine Original! to what a Race haſt thou deliver'd theſe Enjoyments? How corrupt, how unworthy of Benefits ſo ſweet, and of Poſſeſſions ſo raviſhing?

As ſhe was continuing her Exclamations, there aroſe, *Penſive* and *Forlorn*, a *Beautiful Perſon* that ſat near her, and who knowing the Divine *Aſtrea*, ran with open Arms to embrace, and call her Daughter. She wonder'd at the Raptures of the *Stranger*; therefore repelling her eager Careſſes, ſhe ran over her Form, to ſee if ſhe could recollect who this dejected Beauty was. Her *Habit obſolete* and *torn*, almoſt degenerated to Tatters: But her Native Charms, that needed not the help of Art, gave to *Aſtrea*'s returning remembrance, that it could be no other than her Beautiful Mother *Virtue*. But Oh! how deſpicable her Garments! how neglected her flowing Hair! how languid her formerly animating Eyes! how pale, how withered, the Roſes of her lovely Cheeks and Lips! how uſeleſs her ſnowy Arms and poliſh'd Fingers! they hung in a melancholy Decline, and ſeem'd out of other Employment, but ſometimes to ſupport the Head of the dejected fair One! her Limbs enervated and ſupine, wanting of that Energy that ſhould bear her from a Solitude ſo affrighting!

When *Aſtrea* had recovered her Aſtoniſhment, and known and embraced her lovely Parent, (for her Beauty being *Divine*, could degenerate no farther than a ſeeming *Impair*) ſhe earneſtly enquir'd into her Change and Habit, and Appearance? To whom *Virtue* thus anſwered.

Virtue.] *Aſtrea*, Thou didſt chooſe well in abandoning a World unworthy of thee: I had long

long ſince follow'd thee, if great *Jupiter* had not forbid my Flight, leſt theſe Creatures of his Fancy, clods of *Earth*, who, by his Command were impregnated by *Phœbus*, ſhould be entirely deſtitute, ev'n of the pretence of thoſe Ornaments which are call'd *Virtue*.

Thee they have not mourn'd-for ſince thy Flight, but have conſtituted a falſe Appearance in the Divine *Aſtrea*'s room, a mock ſort of *Juſtice*, whom they invoke upon every Occaſion, without any real regard to Right or Wrong. *Me* they have thruſt out from *Courts* and *Cities*. *Cupid* (our little Relation) for a long time allow'd me a Refuge in the Heart of ſome of his Nobleſt Votaries, but even he is turn'd *Apoſtate*. I have no Sanctuary among the *Lovers* of this *Age*; the youngeſt *Virgin*, and the moſt ardent *Youth*, are contented to quote me only as a *Name*, ſomething *Fine*, that their Hiſtories indeed make mention of; a thing long ſince departed, and which at this Day is not to be found among 'em. *Innocence* is baniſh'd by the firſt dawn of early *Knowledge*; *Senſual Corruptions* and haſty *Enjoyments* affright me from their Habitation. They imbeliſh not the Heart to make it worthy of the *God*; their whole Care is outward, and transferr'd to the Perſon. By a Diabolical way of Argument they prove, the Body is only neceſſary to the Pleaſures of Enjoyment; that Love reſides not in the Heart, but in the Face, and as certain of their own Poets have it,

To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Paſſion is forgot.

Hymen no more officiates at their Marriages, the Saffron *Robe* hangs neglected in the Ward-robe, the *Genuine Torch* is long ſince extinguiſh'd; the Glare only of a falſe Light appears: *Intereſt* is deputed in his room, he preſides over the *Feaſt*, he joins their Hands, and brings them to the ſacred Ceremony of the *Bed*, with ſo much indifferency, that were not Conſummation a neceſſary Article, the *unloving Pair* could with the utmoſt Indifferency repair to their ſeveral Chambers. Gueſs then, my lovely *Aſtrea*, what muſt be the Off-ſpring of ſuch an Union! How void of generous Fire, of that ſparkling Genius, the product of noble free-born Love. Hence it is, that the preſent Times are ſo defective of *Heroes*, and if ſome excel others, 'tis only like Trees planted in the ſame Soil. *Chance* gives them the heighth over their Companions, or more properly ſpeaking, a dextrous management of *Vice*; a———and *Diſſimulation*, is ſure to carry a Man through in whatever he undertakes. What hope remains for ſo barren, ſo airy a Name as mine, of being ſo much as countenanc'd by Mankind? *Valour* and *Beauty*, formerly my two neareſt Companions, do not ſo much as remember they were ever acquainted with me. I no longer (as in the Morning of the Creation) have Crowns and Garlands at my diſpoſal, when Kingdoms and Lawrels were merited, and Virtue made the Choice.

Quite exploded from *Courts* and *Cities*, I was reported to have refug'd among the *Villagers*, but alas! they knew leſs of me *there*, than in the Cabinets of Princes. For Mortals being by Nature

as

as well as Cuſtom, corrupt, the Leſſons of *Philoſophers* and *Humanity*, only refine and fit 'em for the Study of *Virtue*; a generous Education illuminates the *Clod-born-Birth*, without which Man is the greateſt Brute of the Creation; the Ruſtic Soul looks out in *Native Ignorance*, *Cruelty*, *Avarice*, *Diſtruſt*, *Fraud*, *Revenge*, *Ingratitude*, *Self-Intereſt*; the whole ignoble Train, that fly before the dawn of Knowledge, and the ſweetneſs of Science. Thus may I well (neglected as I am) appear Diſconſolate, Abandon'd, flying to the utmoſt Verge, to bewail my Misfortunes in thoſe ſolitary Clifts, talking of my Woes to the ſonorous Waves, who by the reſounding of the Rocks eccho to my Wailings, and ſometimes out-beat the remembrance of my Miſeries. But you, my lovely *Aſtrea*, that art not condemn'd like me the wander, exploded and alone, what again has brought you to the Commerce of this deſpicable Race?

Aſtrea.] You know the *Lunary World*, tho' Inferior to this in many things, yet are Profeſſors of the ſame Manners, and are, in ſhort, a Twin-Creation. There was an Emperor, who gave Life to a Daughter, born a Maſter-piece of *Nature* for *Beauty*, *Virtue* and *Sorrows*. She was Marry'd to a Neighbouring Prince, who had more Ambition than Succeſs: Puff'd up with the vain Hopes and Pride of his new Father's Empire, he thought nothing too great for him to attempt; he put on the Royal Diadem, and call'd himſelf King of a People, who were Oppreſs'd and held in Slavery by a Nation more mighty than themſelves. The Conſequence of it was, his being forſaken, firſt by his Imperial Father-in-law,

then by all his inferior Allies: He not only loſt his new-aſſum'd Sovereignty, but his own Hereditary Principality. The Queen his Wife, a Miracle of ſuffering-Goodneſs, wander'd with her wretched Children from Territory to Territory; and at length refug'd in the Court where ſhe was born. How often and how tenderly did this unhappy Queen invoke my Name? how did ſhe appeal to *Juſtice*, whether ſhe deſerv'd thoſe Miſeries ſhe ſuffer'd? How vainly did her Cries, her Tears and Beauty, excite her Country-men to Arm in her Husband's Defence, and to re-ſeat him in his native Rights? Thoſe whom ſhe implor'd, were deaf as Rage or Winds. It would indeed have been matter of ſplenatic Laughter to *Momus*, as well as wonder, if the Queen had ſucceeded, and that People void of *Religion*, open *Debauchees*, *Blaſphemers of great Jupiter* and all the *Gods*, *Gameſters*, *Uſurers*, ſhould have Arm'd in the Defence of *Virtue*, with which they had no Acquaintance; it was not to be expected from them, and therefore my Votary was to ſink under the Burthen of her Woes, hopeleſs of Redreſs. My Heart melted at the Complainings of this beauteous and upright Princeſs. I haſtned to the height of *Olympus*, where great *Jove* holds his awful Reſidence; neither the Splendor of his Palace, nor the glorious brightneſs of his own Divinity, ſuſpended in me, tho' for a moment, the deſire I had of redreſſing the Injur'd. I repreſented to great *Jupiter*, the Wrongs that were wrought in his *Lunary World*. The Father of Gods and Men, ſeeing me ſo nearly concern'd, receiv'd me to his Ambroſial Arms, wip'd off thoſe Tears which Anguiſh had wrung from me, and bad me be comforted; that the good Queen

ſhou'd

ſhould receive a double Portion of Bliſs hereafter in the happy Regions, when her Years of wandring were accompliſh'd; that ſhe was not puniſh'd for her proper Crimes, but her Husband's Ambition, and her Father's Supineneſs; that, ſince her own Country had refus'd to Arm in her Defence, *Bellona*, and the avenging Furies, *Fear* and *Death*, ſhould take up their Reſidence among them; till a Prince deſcended from the Beautifulleſt of her Daughters, ſhould obtain the Sovereignty over 'em; till then *Poverty* and *Captivity* ſhould be the Lot of many, yet *Pride* and *Luxury* be abated in none; that they ſhould Labour with endleſs Toil to Cultivate the Earth, and gather the Fruits ſhe gave, and ſhould compaſs their *Lunary Globe* for Gain, thro' the uncertain dangerous Ocean, and find the Profit laviſh'd away in *War*, to ſave themſeves from *deſtructive Violence*; that perpetual Terror of *Storms* and *Pirates* to the *Merchants* and *Mariners*; of *Captivity* and *Death* to the *Soldier*, the decline of Power in the *Stateſman*, ever trembling to deſcend a height where they can ſcarce maintain themſelves from precipitately falling. The Debauches in the Young with Wine and Love, in the Old of *Hypocriſy*, *Avarice* and *Cruelty*, ſhould be the inceſſant Plagues that ſhould haunt their aching Thoughts; till the young Prince put an end to their Sufferings with their Vices, by his bright Example, leading 'em all into the glorious Path of Virtue and Renown, from whence they ſhould begin to date their *Æra* of being a happy People.

By this Sentence of *Jupiter*'s, I grew well acquainted, that I was impotent of Power to aſſiſt the ſuffering Queen; ſhe dy'd in Exile, the

young Prince deſcended from her, born indeed with generous Inclinations, is in danger of ſuffering under the greateſt of Misfortunes, the want of Royal Education; tho' Neceſſity be thought to be the beſt Inſtructor, eſpecially to *Princes* (who, in a flowing Fortune are continually ſeduc'd, from without by Flatterers, from within by their own Pride, ariſing from the Homage of all about them); yet it is too apt to cramp the Soul, and proportionate their Sentiments to their Fortune. To avoid either of theſe Extremes (in Gratitude to the Queen, who was ſo true a Votary to me) I have reſolv'd to be my ſelf his Guide in Difficulties, his Leader to *Renown* and *Glory*, his Guard in *War*, his Aſſiſtant in *Peace*. My aim is to make him deſerving to be Great, as well as to be ſo, and of the Two, rather to be Good than Mighty. I would fit him for all that Grandeur which the Deſtinies have allotted him. I will have him merit the Empire over Mankind; not only fam'd for brutal Courage, as was *Alexander*; for Subtilty and Wiſdom as *Caſar*; for being Invincible as *Achilles*; Fortunate as the moſt Fortunate; but all their Particulars united in one, to render a Hero truly ſuch, fond of the improvement of his People's Good, both in War and Peace, cautious of their Safety, and yet, wiſely expenſive of his own.

In this Task I have undertaken, I have thought it neceſſary to viſit this lower Globe, where all the Arts and Virtues are profeſs'd with more Oſtentation, than in the *Lunary*; with my own Eyes to ſee the Change of Manners, that I may the better regulate his. I will go to the Courts, where *Juſtice* is profeſs'd, to view the Magiſtrate, who preſumes to hold the Scales in

my

my Name, to see how remote their Profession is from their Practice; thence to the *Courts* and *Cabinets* of *Princes*, to mark their *Cabal* and *Disingenuity*; to the *Assemblies* and *Alcoves* of the Young and Fair, to discover their Disorders, and the height of their Temptation; the better to teach my young *Prince* how to avoid them, and accomplish him.

Virtue.] The Design is noble, and worthy him you intend your exalted Favourite; but alas! what can you do? You may indeed preach to him to avoid *Vice*, but then you must teach him to avoid *Mankind*; all are corrupt, and you will by this Visit only furnish your self with matter of Complaint to *Jupiter*, from ocular Proof; when you have seen how abandon'd they are, it will excite your desire to destroy the Race. Your cries, the cries of *Justice*, extorted by conscious resentment, will of necessity attack the greatest of all the Gods, even in his most innermost retreat, and force him to blend the wretched Mortals with the Dust they were oirginally taken from; to destroy their very Beings, who dare thus contemptuously to breath in defiance of all the *Virtues*: And fraught with *Vice*, fly full in the Face of the very Power that form'd 'em, obeying none of the Precepts of their Wise Creator. Nay, in their proud vain Heats, daring to question, if they and their World had an Original; or from all Eternity were not independant of, or Co-equal with Omnipotence?

Astrea.] I easily believe what you say, admirable Mother, but because out of multitudes of evil still some good may be extracted, if you please to favour

me

me with your Company, I will proceed in my intended purpoſe.

Virtue.] Alas, *Virtue* will bluſh, and hang the Head, offended and aſham'd of the Pollutions of Mankind. Go on to the Capitol, 'tis called *Angela*; I will expect your return upon the Brow of yon aſpiring Clift.

Aſtrea.] *Mercy* ever dwells with *Virtue*: Your Interceſſion may be neceſſary (beſides the ineffable Charms of your Converſation) leſt *Juſtice* be too highly provok'd by thoſe audacious Objects we may encounter, and, without waiting for the Sentence of *Jupiter*, be tempted to Puniſh, as well as Condemn; we will make us Garments of the ambient Air, and be inviſible, or otherways, as we ſhall ſee convenient.

Virtue.] 'Tis hard to deny a Perſon ſo amiable. See, my dear *Aſtrea*, here is a Boat that belongs to Fiſhermen, the Sea falls at a little diſtance into a pleaſant River, twelve Leagues in length, it will ſhorten our Paſſage; let us go aboard, and commit our ſelves to the protection of the Gods.

Aſtrea.] I cannot enough admire the Ingenuity of Mortals, the Art of Navigation is ſuperior to all others; how early muſt they inure themſelves to *Hardſhips*, contempt of *heat* and *cold*, *hunger*, *thirſt*, intrepid in the midſt of the moſt aſtoniſhing Dangers, when both the Winds and Seas are at War! Sheets of Lightning deſcending! the Moon obſcur'd! the Stars as it were extinguiſh'd! the rattling Thunder bellowing thro'out the Heavens! all things full of Horror and Deſpair! the dangerous Rocks, and devouring Sands ready to receive 'em! yet Cuſtom has rendred all theſe Evils familiar to 'em.

Virtue.]

Virtue.] And won'd you believe, that even in the very moment of deſtruction, when their Veſſel ſtrikes, and the rouling Waves ruſh greedily to devour 'em, their very Prayers are mingled with Blaſphemies! a new invented Vice, ſince you abandon'd the Earth; they invoke the Name of *Jupiter*, and all the Gods, with Horror calling on him at every trifling Moment, to deſtroy and reprobate 'em to Eternity! You will have too many Inſtances of this in viewing the Diſorders of that Naval Preparation juſt before us. How proudly they plough the Waves? See! can any thing be more magnificent? There are three hundred Ships of Burthen, ſome for Defence, and others for Traffick: But even the Merchant is not without her Beauty, the Poop and Stern glitters with Gold, the waving Streamers, and other imitated Ornaments, give us ſcarcely, but by her Bulk, and number of her Men and Guns, to diſtinguiſh her from a Ship of War.

Aſtrea.] O, my Dear! Can there be a ſight more beautiful? They all ſeem to be in a vaſt hurry; what are they doing? What uſe is ſo much Linen, faſtned with Cords, that trembles in the Wind, and is but with ſtruggling made obedient to the Hand?

Virtue.] To ſpeak in Terms proper to the Sea, there's juſt ſprung a Gale favourable to 'em, they have lain Wind-bound a conſideable time; let us go a-board the Admiral, ſhe ſeems the Sovereign of the Seas. The Linen which you enquire after, are Sails, they ſpread their whiten'd Canvaſs before the Wind, which fill'd with an auſpicious Gale, carries 'em ſwift, almoſt as imagination, to their deſir'd Port; and,

for

for expedition, far exceeds any other mortal Invention of Journeying.

Aſtrea.] O, my dear Mother! I am ready to burſt at the Pride and Oppreſſion of Mortals, at their Riots and Blaſphemy; never will I go aboard another Fleet, there is no manner of Entertainment there for us; I am glad we are got on ſhore, and releas'd from their Diſorders. Good Heaven! how bountiful in Proſpect, how deteſtable in Examination, is that gaudy, guilded, magnificent Proſpect of a Fleet? How proud, how luxurious the Commanders? How diſſolute, blaſphemous and ſervile are the Crew? They bow lower to their Superiors, than ever they did to Heaven; whilſt thoſe, elate and haughty, as if form'd of a peculiar Mould, look down with Contempt upon the fawning Company of Curs beneath 'em.

Virtue.] And which is yet more wonderful, ſome of the proudeſt and yet braveſt of theſe Commanders, were one day mean as the meaneſt of the Crew, couching beneath the Burthen; yet, when once advanc'd, none more forward in impoſing it upon others. Did you notice that old Seignior, ſtretch at his full length upon the Crimſon-Damask Couch? That Youth he ſeem'd ſo fond of, was no other than a Woman ſo diſguis'd. He was once in an Engagement with the Enemy, the young Creature's Fears, amidſt the roaring of the Cannon, the Cries of the Wounded, the Exultings of the Victors, diſorder'd her into Fits. The Admiral, careleſs of Glory, or the preſervation of that Renown he formerly had acquired, forgetful of his Nation's Intereſt, that was intruſted into Hands ſo feeble, forbid 'em to advance

vance, and ſo loſt a conſiderable opportunity of taking or burning moſt of the Enemies Ships, and ſuffer'd 'em to make off with the Reputation of Victory. So to quiet the fears of a Miſtreſs belov'd, how unpardonable was this? What had *Venus* to do amidſt the rough Embraces of *Bellona?* She may indeed have a pretence, after the toil of Battle, the Fatigue of Fight, to congratulate the Deliverer, and applaud the performance of her Warriour, to diſrobe him of his cumberſome, defenſive and offenſive Ornaments, to ſweeten all his Pains, by the recompence of her Smiles; to lead him cover'd with ſlaughter, duſt, and deſtruction, into the prepared Bath! but in the midſt of Danger, there is nò Buſineſs for her.

The next eminent Commander that we ſaw, is a great Benefactor to the Ladies in the *Marine* Towns; he perpetually entertains them with Balls and Collations, as far as his Credit will ſtretch, tho' to the expence of the believing Tradeſman, who may wait long enough, if they but wait, 'till their Bills come in courſe to be paid. Theſe Diſorders are generally the Entertainment of the Night, when the Old and the Wiſe are retir'd to that Repoſe which they believe no Diverſion can recompence the loſs of; mean time the Virgin-Daughters are left an eaſie Conqueſt, to the flattery and vigour of theſe young *Neptune*'s; eager as hungry Hawks upon their Prey, they improve the coming Moments. Our young Commander, more inconſtant than the Element on which he preſides, makes every one of theſe guilty Meetings ſubſervient to the gratifying a freſh Inclination. The deſtin'd Damſel, at the breaking up of the Aſſembly, is

is conducted by him to the place of her own abode; he is all the while protesting his never-dying Passion, slips in, and goes up to her Chamber with her. She dares make no noise, for fear of awaking her Parents; he improves the Hint, takes advantage of the silent opportunity, swears that he'll marry her; which the credulous Fair easily believes, because he has already two Wives, and does not know but he may as well have toleration to increase them to two hundred; and, without more difficulty, is robb'd of her Honour, and reputation of Honour.

That very handsom Commander, that we visited next, has lately taken a Girl from the *Opera:* She it was that sat upon the Eminence on his right Hand, tho' there is none in the Company, but what were more beautiful than she. He has been what this Age calls it, a fortunate Man among the Ladies; they tell a great many pleasant Stories of him; pleasant I mean to the Ears of the Vicious. Who-ever should see him, as we did, in his *Marine-room* of State, all dissolv'd in Luxury, would they readily believe, that this Mortal ought every Hour to be apprehensive of his Fate? Because he is every hour in danger of being summon'd to pass in *Charon*'s Vessel, instead of riding triumphant in his own? Did you mark what a profuseness in Eating, how his Table abounded, in what was nice as well as necessary; the extream delicateness of his own Taste, and the affected one of his Concubine; the debauch of the Glass after Dinner; the variety of rich Wines, and heightning Cordials; the *double Entenders* of their Conversation, where scarce good Manners, or the sacred Re-

spect

ſpect due to our Sex was preſerv'd. But theſe are Creatures that, with the real loſs of their Modeſty, have abandon'd the very appearance of it, and are never ſo well pleas'd, as when in their Diſcourſe and Debauch they confound Diſtinctions, and leave it only to their Dreſs to beſpeak the Sex; the obſcene Sports that ſucceeded, were but an accnmulation of a riotous Life. Thus waſting the ebbing Sand! thus provoking Death! thus ſhaking the haſty Hour-glaſs! neither taught to reflect by Tempeſts, or Thunder, by Cannon, or Deſtruction! to prepare themſelves for that dreadful Alteration, that Antipathy to Nature, that Antitheſis of Life. You have not heard among thoſe ten thouſand Mariners, the name of *Jupiter*, but to blaſpheme it! he is only invoked as a Witneſs to their Millions of Untruths and Vanities! How they deprecate and devote themſelves, without remorſe, to eternal Deſtruction? If great *Jove* be juſt; if yet he have attention for the Affairs of Mortals, will he not take 'em at their Word? Will he not hurl them into never-ending Deſtruction? How can they extenuate a Puniſhment themſelves have invoked?

Aſtrea.] With regret I beheld, that they made no Offerings to *Jupiter*; ev'n *Neptune* is neglected by them. *Bacchus* and *Venus* (in their moſt criminal Rites) are the only Deities that they reverence. It is my wonder that the Waves do not immediately ſwallow them alive! or that their Enemies do not perpetually vanquiſh them in Battle!

Virtue.] Human Nature is univerſally corrupted, thoſe that fight againſt them, are as wicked as themſelves; there is no ſort of Juſtice in giving either the pre-eminence, and therefore generally

Chance

Chance decides it. Did you mark thro'out the whole Fleet (after their exorbitant Dinners were paſt) how they endeavour'd to waſte the time, not in improving Converſation, reading of meritorious *Authors*, the *Sciences*, even their own *Mathematicks*, or any other Entertaiment that may better their *Lives*, *Philoſophy* and *Humanity*, to ſoften the rigidneſs of a ſtern, cruel *Education*, or to enable 'em to bear the Fatigues and Dangers of their Employment? The Glaſs only goes about, which makes 'em noiſy, vain-glorious, boaſting, ſevere, unmerciful. *That* is generally the time for puniſhing the Wretches beneath 'em. Dice and Cards have their turn. In this deteſtable Round of Wickedneſs, they wear away their Lives; omitting no opportunity of defrauding the Seaman, that labours inceſſantly for a ſorry Subſiſtance. They adulterate even their Pulſe and Water, deputing damag'd in the place of good, which they can have at lower Prices; provided their Coffers are but repleniſh'd, they care not what he endures. The Diſeaſes that thro' unwholſome Food are contracted, the Enervating of their Youth and Vigour, and a thouſand other Inconveniences that ariſe from it. Then they are eminent in nothing more, than in defrauding them of the ſweet Enjoyment and Fruit of their Labour. When by the undaunted Courage of the *Mariner*, their Contempt of Death, and warrantable deſire to better their wretched Condition of Life, they attack a rich Prize, and take it, tho' all ought to have an equal ſhare in what they have equally purchas'd, at the expence of their Blood, the Commanders appropriate as well the Glory, as the Purchaſe. The Wretches

dare

dare not murmur, for fear of that Diſcipline which was firſt deſign'd and termed Martial, but is ſince degenerated, as the wild fancy of the cruel Man in Power ſuggeſts.

Aſtrea.] But what Remedy is there to all theſe Evils?

Virtue.] If ſome great good Man ſhould ſtand up and fearleſly regulate theſe Diſorders, as is reported there is now ſuch a one at their Head; if Corruptions were not above, theſe Inconveniences would not be below. Did only Service and true Merit recommend to Office; were not Bribery, and the Sollicitations of Friends, preferr'd to Duty and Worth; were ſevere Penalties inflicted upon theſe Blaſphemers (the Commanders themſelves firſt deſiſting from the uſe); were Dice, Cards, and an exorbitant Love of Wine, and the hotter Liquors taxed; were faithful Commiſſioners appointed to inſpect the Proviſion of the Navy; were Matter of lawful Complaint made free to the meaneſt Seamen, provided (upon pain of exemplary Puniſhment) he advance nothing but the Truth; were it made capital to take a Bribe in the Service of their Country: The Regulation might be made eaſie, if the leading Men and Commanders gave them but Examples of *Sobriety*, *Juſtice* and *Morality*: But all is nothing but *Oaths*, *Drunkenneſs*, *burning Luſt*, *Riots*, *Avarice*, *Cruelty*, and *Diſorder*; they have got the better of a bad Reputation, and do not ſo much as care to diſſemble a good: Hypocriſie is indeed baniſh'd far from them; Vice, with her many-headed Train, bare-fac'd and open, ſits enthron'd, as in her proper Sphere: Nay, ſo great a propenſion have the meaneſt of the Crew, ſo educated in harden'd Folly, that there's

not a Wretch of them, tho' for three Years he have gone tatter'd and almoſt naked, not knowing the uſe or benefit of Money, but, when he receives his Pay, ſhall never ſtir from the *Cabaret* (with a Gang of diſſolute Flatterers, and lewd Women about him) till the laſt Denier be expended.

Virtue.] See, my dear *Aſtrea*, as we approach the *Capitol*, how buſie *Intelligence* appears, like a Courtier new in Office! ſhe buſtles up and down, and has a World of Buſineſs upon her Hands; ſhe is firſt Lady of the *Bed-chamber* to the *Princeſs Fame*, her Garments are all *Hieroglyphics*; we'll ſtop her as ſhe goes by. But were we not inviſible to her, ſhe would not put us to the trouble, nor paſs us without either a good or bad Report, or poſſible a medium, and that would be the greateſt Favour we could expect next to Truth, which ſhe is but rarely concerned with. Pray, Madam, may two Strangers of your own Sex, make ſo bold with your Ladyſhip, as to enquire what great Affair ſits ſo buſie in your Face? Whether you can't afford a few moments of your precious time, to inform Foreigners of the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *Hiſtory* of this *Iſland*?

Intell.] You have hit, Ladies, upon my very Buſineſs; I entertain Strangers with vaſt Reſpect, they give me the greateſt attention; for all I ſay is generally new to Foreigners (when they appear in a ſtrange Court). My Name is *Intelligence*, I am *Groom* of the *Stole* to that omnipotent Princeſs *Fame*, of whom all the Monarchs on the Earth ſtand in awe. I would not fail to oblige your Curioſity, were I not engag'd in a very preſſing Affair. To be ſhort,

between

between Friends, the King of this Iſland is juſt dead; 'tis yet a mighty Secret, but I muſt make what haſte I can to divulge it. I have already been at the new Empreſs's Court, and left her to condole with her ſhe Favourite, over ſome Flasks of ſparkling *Champaign*: So that you find 'tis not in my power at this time to oblige you. But if you pleaſe, Ladies, to let me know where you Lodge, I'll not fail to wait upon you, as ſoon as this Buſineſs is diſpatch'd.

Virtue.] Leave the care of that to your Emiſſaries; a Power more mighty than your own controuls you this time time, you ſhall walk inviſible with us; in the Name of *Jupiter* we Arreſt you, to attend upon *Juſtice* and *Virtue*. You are to inform us of all we ſhall demand; *Truth* is ſummon'd to attend you on this occaſion.

Intell.] Having firſt (as I ought) paid my *Duty* and *Obeyſance* to two ſuch mighty Potentates, as *Juſtice* and *Virtue*: I only beg *Ladies*, a ſhort abſence of ſix moments, and then I will return as full, as proud of my Deſires, to ſerve you.

Virtue.] You are uneaſie till you have divulg'd our Secret; but for once we will excuſe the Honour you deſign'd us, and are contented to paſs unknown and unregarded among the Crowd of Mortals.

Intell.] Your *Mightineſs* has indeed gueſs'd at my Thoughts; I wou'd in a moment have diſpatch'd your Affair, by a ſhort whiſper in the Ears of *Fame*; the honour of being let into ſo important a Secret ſits heavy upon me, till I have disburthen'd my ſelf; beſides, it is my Duty faithfully to report to her whatever is new, or of any ſeeming Importance.

Virtue.] We dispense you from it at this time. But pray, Madam, how comes it, that a Person of your Importance, finds Employment at above three Leagues distance from the Metropolis?

Intell.] This is a *Villa* of the *defunct Monurchs*; let us strike down that Walk, and it brings us to the *Palace*, where all either are, or ought to be, in Tears, to see him lie dead among them. That Chariot brings rowling on the young *Count Cornus*; his Father was Master of the Horse to the King, and the most accomplish'd of all the Foreigners. The young Gentleman this Morning, upon the Death of his Master, (whom he unfeignedly lov'd) fell into Fits, beat his Breast, tore his Shirt, and laid about so handsomly in his Agony, that his Linnen appears all bloody. They are carrying him to the *City*, he seems not to have recover'd his Senses, a Servant supports him (from sinking) in the Chariot. There is a Tincture of your *Ladyship*, some small share of Virtue in the Composition of this young *Count*; but time, and the Air of the Court, will speedily deface it.

Astrea.] Who is that graceful Person that appears upon the high Loll in his Chariot and six Horses? They seem to cut the Air with the swiftness of their motion, scarce to touch the Ground beneath, like flying Clouds, *Venus*'s Doves, or *Juno*'s Peacocks. There's something of a solemn Joy sits upon his Face, which flashes out, notwithstanding his Endeavours to the contrary.

Intell.] That Gentleman is a *History*, a *Mission* of *Fortune!* If your *Ladyships* please to repose your selves a little at the end of this *Vista*, before we ascend the *Palace*, I will, in as few Words as possible, satisfie your Curiosity. His Name

Name is the Count *Fortunatus*, rais'd by the concurrent Favour of two Monarchs, his own, and his Sisters Charms, from a meer Gentleman, to that Dignity he is posting now, to Congratulate the new *Empress*, who outstrips her Successors in esteem of him: His Wife is her *She-favourite*, all will be managed in the new Reign by their Advice. Big with the coming Hopes of being at the Head of the Empire, you can't blame him if some of that abundant Joy that fills his Breast, sparkles from his Eyes and brightens o'er his Face.

Virtue.] I never heard of him before; alas! what pity 'tis, that a Person of his graceful Appearance should make no Application at all to *Virtue!*

Intell.] *Fortune* has been his *Deity*, and entirely propitious to him. When he was at the Age of sixteen, his Friends, out of their narrow Fortune, with much ado, purchased him a Standard in one of the establish'd Regiments of Foot-Guards; his Mother's Sister was Surintendant of the Family of the Dutchess *De L'inconstant*, *Sultana*-Mistress to *Sigismund* the Second. The Youth us'd to make Collations, and fill his Belly with Sweat-meats with his Aunt. The Dutchess came one Day unexpectedly down the Back-Stairs to take Chair, and found 'em together; he had slip'd away, for fear of Anger, but not so speedily but she had a glimpse of his graceful Person. She ask'd who he was? And being answer'd, she caus'd him to be call'd, all full of native Love and high Desire, for an Object so entirely New and Charming, she bid him attend her after the King's *Couchee*, who that Night was to lie of his own side. The

Governeſs knowing the Dutcheſs's amorous Star, was tranſported at the happy introduction of her Nephew, not doubting but he was deſign'd for her peculiar Pleaſures; ſhe caus'd him to Bath in the Dutcheſs's Bathing-Room. Perfumes being then much worn by People of Condition, ſhe procur'd him the richeſt, ſcented his fine Linen, and all ſweet and charming as an *Adonis*, introduc'd him to the Bed-ſide of the expecting *Venus*.

The Dutcheſs was enchanted with the pleaſures of her new and innocent Lover, a Lover whom ſhe had made ſuch, and who firſt ſigh'd and felt, in favour of her, thoſe amiable Diſorders, and tranſporting Joys, that attend the poſſeſſion of early Love; ſhe preſented him with an unlimited Bounty. The lovely Youth knew punctually how to improve thoſe firſt and precious Moments of good-fortune, whilſt yet the Gloſs of Novelty remain'd, whilſt Deſire was unſated, and Love in the high Spring-tide of full Delight; having an early Forecaſt, a Chain of Thought, unuſual at his Years, a length of View before him, not born a Slave to Love, ſo as to reckon the poſſeſſion of the charming'ſt Woman of the Court, as the *Zenith* of his Fortune, but rather the firſt auſpicious, ruddy Streaks of an early Morning, an earneſt to the Meridian of the brighteſt Day. He bethought himſelf of eſtabliſhing himſelf at Court, in a Poſt ſo advantagious, that even the Dutcheſs herſelf might not be able to hurt him, ſhould ſhe (as ſhe had often done before) change her Inclination. *Sigiſmund* the Second was then in the Throne, a Prince devoted to Pleaſures, but he was Childleſs; and the Eyes, tho' not the Hearts of the

Iſland,

Iſland, were caſt upon his Brother, the Prince of *Tameran*. He had had ſeveral Children, but only two ſurviv'd, and they Daughters; the eldeſt was marry'd, for Reaſons of Religion, to a neighbouring Prince. But as it is not their Hiſtory that I am now deſigning, I will only tell you that of the *Count*. The Dutcheſs gave ſix thouſand Crowns for a Place in the Prince's Bed-chamber for him, and, by her favour with the King, procured him a riſe in the Army; ſhe call'd about her own Perſon his fair and fortunate Siſter. But his Ambition would not reſt there, he never left interceding with the Dutcheſs, nor the Dutcheſs with *Sigiſmund*, 'till ſhe was received into the number of the Maids that attended the Princeſs of *Tameran*; when, by an overplus of Fortune, the Prince caſt his Eyes upon her, ſo much to her advantage, that ſhe became his Miſtreſs confeſs'd, and had ſeveral Children by him. So great an Indulgence for the Brother, accompanied his Paſſion for the Siſter, that he either found or fancy'd Merit in him ſuperior to all the Court; he gave him a conrable command in the Army, and call'd him into the Nobility. Returning from an Expedition he had made by Sea, the Ship wherein the Prince was, ſtruck upon a dangerous Sand; it was inevitable Death to all but thoſe who could ſave themſelves in the Long-Boat. The awe of Royalty is ſuch, even in the Breaſts of the Vulgar, that the ignoble Crew willingly devoted themſelves to the *Sea-green Deity*, to ſecure the Life of their Maſter. Not one of them, tho' to avoid haſty Deſtruction, preſſed forward to ſecure themſelves, by entring the Boat; nor all of 'em together, by an eager precipation, attempted, as in ſuch

caſes, to jump by conſent into it, by over-ſetting it with Number, to render their Deſtiny more inevitable, but one and all calling upon the Royal Brother, put him to deſcend, with the good Wiſhes and dying Prayers of the remaining Wretches. No ſooner was the Prince ſeated, but he tenderly called for his dear Count, and commanded that not one, upon pain of immediate Death from his own Hand, ſhould dare to come down 'till he was placed by him. How tenderly he embraced him! I knew not, my faithful Friend, ſaid the Prince, how dear you were to me till this ugly Proſpect of loſing you! How many have I diſoblig'd by the open Preference my Heart forced me to, in your Advantage? Could Life have been valuable to me, when you were out of it! I never loved any ſo tenderly as you, nor you ſo much as now! What can a Creature (owing all to his great Maſter) return for ſuch an ineſtimable Diſtinction! anſwered the Count, happily bleſt in your exalted Favour! Unhappy in deſpairing ever to have an Opportunity of ſhowing the leaſt grain of my abundant Gratitude! Since when I have return'd you all, even to my Life, it is but what was your Highneſs's before. The beſt Gift of Nature I have this Moment received from your Royal Favour; there will be no Happineſs for me, not an equality in my Deſtiny, unleſs ſome means be found to loſe in your Service (by an eminent Occaſion) that Breath you have beſtowed upon me; but I, *more faithful than fortunate*, can only wiſh, not expect a Deſtiny ſo Glorious.

Aſtrea.]

Aſtrea.] Methinks I ſhudder with the dread or apprehenſion of the Count's Ingratitude! How do I foreſee that he deſerv'd not that Diſtinction? Put me out of Pain; has he not been ungrateful to the Royal Bounty?

Intell.] More than all Mankind, becauſe he was more beloved and truſted; but he has roſe by it, and will in a moment (ſo favourable are the Diſpoſition of his Stars) touch the talleſt Dignities of the Empire.

Aſtrea.] Can *Great Jupiter* permit it? Methoughts long ſince (when in *Egypt*) I was pleaſed with that ſhow of Juſtice in the *Egyptians*, their Contempt of Ingratitude, in which they held all Wickedneſs was contained. 'Tis counted Meritorious to forgive Injuries, but the moſt gentle Nature is permitted (with Applauſe) to retain the Memory of an ungrateful Act. It ought hardly ever to be forgotten; and 'tis as certain, that we ſhall find no Goodneſs in him that is Ungrateful, as we are ſure to find but little Evil in the Grateful. Mankind would in part avoid that ſhameful Vice, if they did but eſteem the Benefits that they receive greater than they are, and thoſe which they confer, leſs than in reality they be. But in Moralizing I interrupt your Story; let me mark him down the foremoſt in my Pocket-Book. I will claim an eſpecial Audience of *Jupiter*, in relation to the particular good Fortune of the Favourite Count, and reſolve to lead my Prince wide of the Road he has travell'd in.

Intell.] 'Tis time we ſhould now return to ſhew how he loſt the Favour of the Dutcheſs, the firſt ſtep upon which he mounted from Obſcurity. *Fortune*, when ſhe intends to go through with

with a Hero, what-ever would in an other be a falſe Step, is but in him, an Advance, conducing to her end. He fell paſſionately in love with young *Jeanatin*, a Companion of his Siſters, and in the ſame Service about the Princeſs. Here all his Precaution forſook him, that *coolneſs* of *Temper*, that *allay* of *Fire*, that *paſſive Moderation*, ever uppermoſt, and to which he has ow'd his greateſt Succeſs; by this he has acquir'd thoſe appearances of *Virtue*, that are found in him. 'Tis his *eaſy Phlegm*, that has ſuffer'd him, when at a Council, either of *War* or *State*, to permit, without the leaſt ſhow of Uneaſineſs, even the loweſt and worſt-favour'd Perſon, to deliver his Opinion at length, tho' never ſo oppoſite to his own. He weighs 'em all with Deliberation, and yet remains fix'd to his firſt form'd Deſigns. Hence it is, that even in the heat of Fight he is not tranſported beyond his uſual Moderation; neither his Griefs upon a Diſpointment are exceſſive, nor the exaltings of his Joy upon a Victory. He neither *Cruelly* puniſhes nor *generouſly* forgives; 'tis all a *Medium*, and conſidering the extent of his Power, he has both done the leaſt Miſchiefs, and the ſmalleſt *Good*, of any that ever poſſeſs'd it. His *Flatterers* cry up his *Courage*, but it ſeems to me not to be *inborn* to him, but *acquir'd*; for certainly we may as well learn to be Valiant, as Judicious. A proof of what I advance, may be taken from always ducking his Head at the Noiſe of a Bullet; the firſt apprehenſion is in his *Nature*, and only to be controul'd, not prevented by *Reaſon*: That immediately comes in for a Second, and carries him ſafely through to Glory, which all Hero's ſhould chiefly aim at. In ſhort, he is

Exceſſive in nothing, but his love of *Riches*; whether *Ambition* lies ſmothered beneath, and tath he has ſome diſtant Views, a depth of Deſign, which none has yet had Line enough to fathom. *Money* is the only means to carry on ſucceſſively the greateſt Enterprize. Perhaps he may one Day, find a *Royal Ball* the Sport of *Fortune*, a *Kingdom* at her diſpoſal, and to be obtain'd by the higheſt bidder. Suppoſe him *Candidate* for the Crown of *Poland*, if among the many *Pretenders* (*Foreigners* or *others*) he have the *deepeſt* Purſe, 'tis more than probable, his Succeſs will be the *higheſt*. Either to conceal'd *Ambition*, or native *Covetouſneſs*, we muſt attribute his unbounded, unwearied Deſire of *Wealth*. Will he one Day ſet it all at Stake upon a *Royal Caſt*, or an *Imperial Squander?* Or deſcend to his Grave, choak'd with greedineſs of Gain, and a moſt prodigious, accumulated Maſs of Wealth?

But to return to his Amours. What would have ruined another Man, ſerv'd but to advance him; his Love for a young Girl then without Intereſt, or the appearance of any, a Maid of Fortune, that was ſent to Court, and plac'd among the Rank of thoſe who generally owe their Eſtabliſhment to their Beauty, from whence the young unthinking Men of *Quality* and *Eſtates*, chooſe themſelves Wives of Fancy; 'tis well enough for thoſe, whoſe Affairs will permit them to Marry for *Inclination*, though it ſurvives not the *Hymenial Moon*; but for the *Count*, who depended for moſt of his great Expence upon the Dutcheſs, and to whom he ow'd all his Fortune, 'twas Ruin inevitable, 'twas Deſtruction bare-fac'd; yet Love, aſſiſted by his ever propitious Fortune, carried him through; his *Siſter*

lay

lay in his *Maſter*'s Boſom, to protect him againſt the ill Effects of the Dutcheſs's Reſentment, ſhould ſhe animate *Sigiſmund* againſt him. *Love* gave him this for Reaſon, *Love* is the Maſter of *Boldneſs*, ſhe carries us fearleſs on to the greateſt Attempts, and is ever moſt Fortunate where the Courage is moſt Reſolute. *Love* finds nothing difficult that leads to the Poſſeſſion of what is *Beloved*. Young *Jeanatin* had a Mother, whoſe Cunning aſſiſted the *Count* in the Management of this Affair; ſhe foreſaw glorious Things for the *Hero*. The Publick would have it that ſhe knew more than the common Race of Mortals; in ſhort, that ſhe was converſant with a *Dæmon*, who gave her to underſtand the Future. I do not report this as Matter of Fact, but Rumor has it, that ſhe foretold the *Count*'s riſing to this heighth, when there was ſcarce a Proſpect of it. She bid him to reſt there, and be contented to poſſeſs *Honour* and *Wealth* to an extream old Age; but if he advanc'd a ſtep further, his *Glory* ſhould be *ſhort*, and his *Death violent*. Time only can determine the *Oracle*; but this I believe, the *Count* will ſcarce conſult it, or any thing elſe, that ſeems a ſtop in his way to the *Goal* of *Grandeur*. But to return, he got his Maſter's Conſent for Marrying the young *Jeanatin*, and the Promiſe of his Protection againſt the Dutcheſs; who when he heard ſhe was going to loſe her *dear Count*, or at beſt, divide him with a Wife of *Inclination*, her haughty Soul, conſcious of Beauty and ſuperior Charms, reſolv'd to revenge the neglect of 'em. He had lately (by quite another Pretence than that of his Marriage) drawn the laſt, and moſt conſiderable Sum from her. 'Tis affirm'd, that beſides what ſhe did for his Siſter,

Sister, and the Honours and Places of Profit she procur'd for him, out of her own Cash, she at times had presented him to the value of One Hundred and Forty Thousand *Crowns*. But what could he do? He had never lov'd her, cover'd with Charms as she was; 'tis only to be supposed that he well dissembled it, and in that point the *false* Lover has a thousand Advantages over the true; they can personate all that's *necessary*, and are in no danger of of the *superfluous*; can imitate the *Transports*, and avoid the *Disgustive* part. *Jealousy*, *Disquiets*, *Upbraidings*, are very well exchang'd, for perpetual *Applause*, *Flattery*, *Raptures*, pleasing *Sighs*, and never ceasing *Joys*. The Dutchess was a Mistress in the Art of Distinction, as to the Merit of a Lover, and 'tis to be thought, that if the *Count* had not been a Masterpiece, he could not have *tallied* her Excellence. But (Ladies) in the pursuit of my Story, perhaps there may be some Things that are not very proper for so nice an Ear as *Virtue*; and 'till I receive your Commands in that point, however prompted as you see, by *Truth*, I am at a loss how to behave my self.

Virtue.] Oh! my dear *Astrea*, this I foresaw in returning to the bad World; and if I did not urge it more to you at first, it was because I too willingly gave it to the Pleasure of accompanying you.

Astrea.] *Justice* must impartially decide; to fit the *Person* for a *Judge*, he must be inform'd of the most minute particular; neither can we be polluted but by our *own*, not the Crimes of *others*. They stain nor reflect back upon us, but in our approbation of them. In the Design I have form'd, 'tis necessary I should be throughly instructed,

and

and you, my Lady *Intelligence*, may if you pleaſe proceed, without any other Caution, than avoiding Terms unfit for you to explain by, or we to underſtand.

Intell.] There was a young *Cavalier* juſt then come to Court (allied to a preceding Favourite, which was his Introduction) named *Germanicus*, well *Form'd*, *Graceful*, and might very well be Candidate for the manly Beauties with the *Count*. The Dutcheſs had ſeen him in the *Circle* with Approbation; as yet ſhe had only heard of her Favourite's Marriage, as a thing intended, not reſolv'd on. One Day ſhe expoſtulated thus with her *Ingrateful*, Is it true, Monſieur *le Count*, that in neglect of all my Bounties, you dare to throw away a Heart I eſteem, and have ſo dearly purchas'd, upon a Girl, who ſcorns to receive it at a leſſer price than your perpetual Slavery? Have I neglected the moſt agreeable Monarch upon Earth? have I beſtow'd my Heart intirely upon you? And brought you in [a Glorious Rival] to divide with him the Poſſeſſion of a Perſon, that all the World ſays is not unlovely? Have I call'd you from *Obſcurity* and *Want*, to *Light* and *Riches*, thus to be rewarded? Ah *Ungrateful!* Why am I form'd of the ſofter Paſſions? Why is not my Soul fir'd, as it ought, by the *rough* and *bold?* Why has not Anger and Revenge the aſcendant of *Love* and *Joy?* Why am I more tempted to *Embrace* than Kill a Monſter ſo Ingrateful! Here ſhe caſt her tempting Arms about the *Count*'s Neck, and wet his Cheeks with drops of Love, (the over-flowings of Deſire) that fell from her fine Eyes. The *Count* overcome by the amorous preſſure, took the Charmer in his Arms, and by reconciling himſelf to her Re-

Reſentment, made himſelf dearer to her Pleaſures. 'Twas impoſſible ſhe could part with what ſo luxuriouſly gave her Joys. No, my chaming *Count*, we muſt never loſe you, you muſt ever thus be renewing your Intereſt in my Heart, always be thus intolerably Engaging. Will you leave me for another? Will you carry my Rights to the deteſted Arms of a Rival? Do I Breath? Do I Live? anſwer'd the *Count*; am I inſenſible of *Beauty* or of *Benefits?* Do I poſſeſs the *greateſt*, and can I ſtoop to any *ſecond?* Can I be more than bleſs'd? More than entirely happy! Wou'd I exchange all this *Elyſium* of *Joys* for Ingratitude? Baſeneſs, Inconſtancy! Never, my charming Dutcheſs! never believe ſo wrongfully of your trueſt Votary. *Jeanitin* is a little Creature I ſometimes divert my ſelf with at my Siſters, when you are otherways engag'd. *Vanity!* (for ſhe's a perfect *Coquet*) has made her report, (I'm ſure ſhe can't believe) that I am her *Conqueſt*. She that more than ſuſpects I am favour'd by you, and muſt for ever deſpair of gaining ſo much as a glance from any Lover that you are pleaſed to make happy. I believe you, my Dear, anſwer'd the Dutcheſs, overcame with tranſport, you ſhall live only for me, and in return, take, take all that an over-indulgent Monarch has enrich'd me with! theſe *Jewels!* theſe *Bills* muſt be yours! I know nothing ſo valuable as your ſelf, all my Treaſure is at your Devotion, be you but mine. The King Hunts to Morrow, and will not be in Town till Night, let us paſs the Afternoon at your Houſe, in a waſte of Joy; let us *live* whilſt *Life* is pleaſing, whilſt there's a *poignancy* in the Taſte, deſire at heighth, the Blood

in

in perfection, and all our Senſes fitted for thoſe Raptures you know ſo well how to receive and give.

The *Count* would have very gladly compounded any thing (unleſs it were Treaſure) that the Dutcheſs would abate of her Fondneſs; but, by a relief of Thought, he quickly gueſs'd his only way to come off with Honour, was to make her the Aggreſſor; cou'd he but fit her with a new Lover, and catch her in the Embrace, he ſhould have a good pretence for his Marriage with *Jeanatin*. He had made a ſtrict Friendſhip with *Germanicus*, from his firſt coming to Court; as he left the Dutcheſs's Apartment, he met the young Gentleman. Happy Count, ſaid he to him, from what Joys are you come? To poſſeſs the *Heart* and *Perſon* of the fineſt Woman of her Age! What would I not do for one hour ſo bleſſed? Nay, for but one moment of inexplicable Rapture! You may have thouſands, my lovely Youth, anſwer'd the Count, if they are ſo neceſſary to your quiet; I'll make you entirely eaſie, if you'll but rely on me. Can you divide? Can you part with all that Heaven of Beauty? interrupted he. To a Friend, replied the Count, I can do any thing, to a Friend ſo much belov'd as your ſelf. But how is it poſſible, you can give away ſuch Joys? I could never do it! You ſpeak the Language of a Lover, anſwer'd the Count, not yet obtaining; and that of *one* in full poſſeſſion, and cloy'd with the too luſcious Entertainment; there's a vaſt difference twcen *Deſire* and *Enjoyment*; the *full* and *vigorous Light* of the *Sun*, compar'd with the *pale Glimmers* of the *Moon*, is no ill Emblem of what I advance; yet tho' we ſurely know we ſhall be

ſated

ſated, we can't help deſiring to *Eat*, 'tis the Law of *Nature*, the purſuit is pleaſing, and a Man owes himſelf the Satisfaction of gratifying thoſe Deſires that are importunate, and important to him.

Here they debated, and at laſt concluded upon a Method to oblige *Germanicus*; the Dutcheſs went to the Count's the next Day, immediately after ſhe had Din'd; ſhe ſcarce allow'd her ſelf time to eat, ſo much more valuable in her Senſe were the Pleaſures of Love. The Servants were all out of the way as uſual, only one *Gentleman*, that told her, his Lord was lain down upon a Day-bed that join'd the *Bathing-Room*, and he believed was fallen a Sleep, ſince he came out of the *Bath*. The Dutcheſs ſoftly enter'd that *little Chamber* of *Repoſe*. The Weather violently hot, the *Umbrelloes* were let down from behind the Windows, the Saſhes open, and the Jeſſimine, that cover'd 'em, blew in with a gentle Fragrancy. *Tuberoſes* ſet in pretty *Gilt* and *China Pots*, were placed advantageouſly upon Stands; the Curtains of the Bed drawn back to the *Canopy*, made of yellow Velvet, embroider'd with white *Bugles*, the Panels of the Chamber, Looking-glaſs. Upon the Bed were ſtrew'd, with a laviſh Profuſeneſs, plenty of *Orange* and *Lemon Flowers*: And to compleat the Scene, the young *Germanicus* in a Dreſs and Poſture not very decent to deſcribe. It was he that was newly-riſen from the *Bath*, and in a looſe Gown of *Carnation-Taffety*, ſtain'd with *Indian Figures*. His beautiful, long, flowing-Hair, for then 'twas the Cuſtom to wear their own tied back with a Ribbon of the ſame Colour; he had thrown himſelf upon the Bed, pretending to ſleep, with nothing on

but his Shirt and Night-Gown, which he had ſo indecently diſpos'd, that ſlumbring as he appear'd, his whole Perſon ſtood confeſs'd to the Eyes of the Amorous Dutcheſs; his Limbs were exactly form'd, his Skin ſhiningly white, and the Pleaſure the Ladies graceful Entrance gave him, diffus'd Joy and Deſire throughout all his Form. His lovely Eyes ſeem'd to be cloſed, his Face turn'd on one ſide (to favour the Deceit) was obſcur'd by the Lace depending from the *Pillows* on which he reſted. The Dutcheſs, who had about her all thoſe *Deſires* ſhe expected to employ in the Embraces of the Count, was ſo blinded by 'em, that at firſt ſhe did not perceive the Miſtake, ſo that giving her Eyes time to wander over Beauties ſo inviting, and which encreaſed her Flame; with an amorous Sigh, ſhe gently threw her ſelf on the Bed, cloſe to the deſiring Youth; the Ribbon of his Shirt-Neck not tied, the Boſom (adorn'd with the fineſt Lace) was open, upon which ſhe fix'd her charming Mouth. Impatient, and finding that he did not awake, ſhe rais'd her Head, and laid her Lips to that part of his Face that was reveal'd. The burning Lover thought it was now time to put an end to his pretended Sleep; he claſp'd her in his Arms, graſp'd her to his Boſom, her own Deſires help'd the Deceit; ſhe ſhut her Eyes with a languiſhing Sweetneſs, calling him by Intervals, her dear Count, her only Lover, taking and giving a thouſand Kiſſes. He got the Poſſeſſion of her Perſon with ſo much tranſport, that ſhe own'd all her former Enjoyments were imperfect to the Pleaſure of this.

Still *Charm'd* and *Breathleſs* with the Joy, he graſp'd her to his raviſh'd Boſom: Glorious Deſtiny, cry'd he, with a Tranſported Tone, by what means, Fortune, haſt thou made me thy happy Darling? I am in poſſeſſion of greater Joys than mortal Senſe can bear! The Dutcheſs awak'd from her amorous Lethargy, by a Voice entirely ſtrange, open'd her languiſhing Eyes, and ſeeing his charming Face, which ſhe had often admir'd, and perhaps ſecretly ſigh'd for, ſtifl'd with his repeated Kiſſes, and charm'd with the ſtrenuous Embrace, which held her, as a drowning Wretch is ſaid to graſp the laſt thing he has hold of, new Deſire for ſo new and lovely an Object ſeiz'd her; ſhe darted back his Kiſſes, return'd his Preſſure, and in ſhort, beſtow'd upon *Germanicus*, what ſhe before in her own Opinion had beſtow'd upon the Count.

When they had laviſhly ſacrific'd to Love, the Dutcheſs, with a feigned Confuſion, ask'd what was become of the Count, and whether he were ſuch a Villain to depute another in his Place? So far from it, Madam, anſwered *Germanicus*, that I muſt expect to defend my Life, ſhould he know of my good Fortune, for he would certainly put me to it. But where is he then, ask'd the inquiſitive fair One? Did you not receive a Letter from him? Heavens! I receive a Letter from him; for what? when he expected my ſelf. What is the Myſtery of all this? Ah! return'd the diſſembling Lover, the Count is poſſeſs'd, he knows not what he does, his Affairs call'd him another way; he writ you an Excuſe, not doubting but it would come early enough, and ſee if the Hair-brain'd Creature have not left it behind him; the Pa-

per that I ſee lie upon yonder Stand, muſt certainly be that. The impatient Dutcheſs made but two ſteps from the Bed before ſhe got it in her Hand, and finding it was really addreſſed to her ſelf, ſhe haſtily broke the Seal, and read theſe Words.

'Till Night at ten a Clock, my lovely Dutcheſs, I can't be happy in your Charms; at that hour I'll wait on you, with a Heart full of impatient Love, to complain to you of what has detain'd me from my Happineſs.

The Traitor's Senſe is degenerated, as well as his Kindneſs, continu'd the Dutcheſs; but you, my fortunate Lover, can, if you pleaſe, unriddle this Affair. Have you the Power to refuſe me? Cannot my Kindneſs triumph over your Fidelity to the *Count?* Let it get the better of your Confuſion? Muſt I ask you twice? How *irreſiſtable*, and how *dangerous* are you, Madam, anſwered *Germanicus*; I ſacrifice my Friend! after that, never doubt, but I would ſacrifice my Life. *Jeanatin* has ſent for him. How! that *little Creature* interrupted the Dutcheſs, Heavens! am I betray'd for ſo worthleſs a Baggage? Henceforward I'll hate him more than I ever lov'd him. I'll be reveng'd, his Life ſhall anſwer it. But you! how came you by the liberty of the Apartment, thus undreſs'd, thus ruinouſly tempting? The *Count* ſometimes makes me his Bedfellow, Madam; laſt Night I was ſo; the Weather being extremely hot, after Dinner we went into the Bath; he expected your Excellence, and intended to receive you in his own Bed-chamber; by that means this little Room of Repoſe was left to me, where I was to ſuffer the killing Rack of knowing the *Count* more happy than I could ever pretend to be.

Jeanatin

Jeanatin ſent him a ſlight Invitation to make one at *Ombre* this Afternoon; the ill-judging Madman preferr'd the dull diverſion of Cards, with a worthleſs Girl, before the moſt tranſporting Joys in Nature, with the moſt lovely of her Sex. He writ that Letter, and it ſeems, in the hurry of his Thoughts, (fortunately for me) forgot to ſend it. He went down the Back-ſtairs, and croſs'd the Gardens to her Lodgings, by which means, I ſuppoſe, the Gentleman in waiting did not ſee him. All his other People, as expecting your Excellence after Dinner, were order'd to depart the Houſe. But how happy have I been made by his neglect? It can receive no addition, but from the aſſurance that my lovely Dutcheſs does not repent the Favours ſhe has ſuffered me to take. But what Excuſe does the *Villain* intend to make me at ten a Clock, anſwer'd the Lady? both the *King* and his *Maſter* are in the Country, and even their Service ought, in his eſteem, to yield to mine. How blinded have I been? Oh, Madam, that Love would be propitious, (reply'd *Germanicus*) and before ten a Clock furniſh him with a current Excuſe for your Excellence. Never, never, will I any more hear the Traytor; you ſhall take his place in my Arms and Heart. The happy Youth was dazzled at this aſſurance, and, after they had lov'd away three or four hours, ſhe was preparing to depart. The new Lover reſolv'd to puſh for the continuation of his good Fortune, and to merit her Favour by exceſs of Love, prevail'd with her for one more tempting Embrace. The Lady yielded with a pleaſing willingneſs, ſurpriz'd and charm'd by a Lover that then even exceeded himſelf. In that

dangerous Moment the *Count* (as they had agreed) with ſoftly treading ſteps enters the Chamber, and finds the happy Pair at the *ultimate* of all their *Joys*. The Scene was admirable; *Germanicus* counterfeited Confuſion, the *Count* a tranſport of *Anger*. The Dutcheſs, without counterfeiting, was really ſo, and, by an admirable *Boldneſs* and *Haughtineſs* of Nature, ask'd him how he durſt preſume to enter a Place where his Gentleman muſt tell him ſhe was, without giving notice at the Door? He indeed ask'd her Pardon; for, knowing the warmth of her Conſtitution, he ſaid, he might well conclude, ſhe cou'd not be long in a Bed-chamber, with a handſom young Gentleman, without Conſequences, favour'd by his *Diſabilly* all tempting, the Bed, and her more *favourable Inclination!* Be gone, cry'd the Dutcheſs, I baniſh you for ever; you that can prefer *Jeanatine* to me! I baniſh my ſelf, Madam, anſwer'd the *Count*, from the moſt *immoderate* of her Sex. What, the firſt moment to beſtow your ſelf upon another! whilſt my Image yet wanton'd before your Eyes! whilſt your Blood yet mantled by thoſe Deſires my Idea had mingled with it! You that know how nice I am in Point of *Amour!* that for all the Treaſure the Sea and Earth can boaſt, would not divide the Heart I adore with any other. I ſuffer'd the concurrence of a Potent Monarch (who had a prior right) but with *regret*, and ſometimes *indignation*, tho' I never ſuſpected that he rival'd me in your *Heart*, but *Perſon*: But this *tempting Youth*, this *poliſh'd Adonis*, is too perfect not to have touch'd your *Heart*, as well as your *Deſires*; yet it had been *Modeſty* as well as *Prudence*, to defer his Joy

till

till you had given him time to ſigh after; the Bleſſing is too great, to be ſo eaſily obtain'd. I am undone by your killing Perfidy, I can never forgive it, neither can I ceaſe to love you. I'll this Night Marry *Jeanatine* (a Creature I before contemn'd) to be reveng'd of your Infidelity. If it be true that you have any remains of that Favour you formerly honoured me with, at leaſt I ſhall *pique* your *Pride*, when in your turn you ſhall find your ſelf forſaken, for a thing of not the tenth part of your value. Here he flung out of the Chamber. The Dutcheſs, ſtung with his threatning, and not yet reſolv'd to part with him, eſpecially to her Rival, attempted to ſtop him; but he broke with Precipitation from her. Ah, the *Traitor!* ſaid ſhe, how glad is his Ingratitude of this occaſion! My lovely Youth, what have we not to fear? He will ruin us with *Sigiſmund*, but I ſhall take care to prevent him.

What ſhe foreſaw came to paſs exactly: He took his Meaſures ſo well (tho' his Friend were ſacrific'd by it) that it was *Sigiſmund*'s own fault he did not twice, at her Lodgings, find *Germanicus* in Bed with her; but he was a Prince perfectly good-natur'd, full of *Love* and *Inconſtancy*, and made ſtrange Allowances for the Frailties of Fleſh and Blood. Thus Indulgent he ſuffer'd a great Belly of the Dutcheſs (due to that happy amorous Rencounter of the Bugle-Bed) to paſs in the eſteem of the World (as the reſt of hers had done) for his. Indeed he got him another Miſtreſs whom he entirely devoted himſelf to, without quarrelling with the Dutcheſs; he ſometimes ſaw her in turn, but never after with Eſteem. Thus you find how grateful the *Count* was to her, the Foundation

of all his Fortune. He immediately marry'd *Janatine*, and from that moment diſus'd all Converſation with the Dutcheſs. The new *Bride*, well inſtructed by her *Husband* and her *Mother*, made her Court ſo ſucceſsfully to the Princeſs of *Inverneſs*, before ſhe became her profeſſed Favorite. The young Princeſs had amirable good Inclinations, but without conſulting them, they had marry'd h[illegible] according to *Royal Cuſtom*, to the Prince [illegible]*verneſs*, before ſhe had ever ſeen him. Count *Lofty*, whoſe good Senſe was totally obſcur'd by *Pride*, caſt his ambitious Thoughts ſo high, as to pretend to pleaſe the Princeſs, whilſt yet ſhe was a Maid. The *Favourite Counteſs*, for ſo we ſhall call her now, no longer *Jeantine*, took the alarm at his being ſo tenderly received by the Princes ; ſhe put his Poetical Declaration of Love into her Husband's Hand ; her Policy ſuggeſted to her, that ſhe ought not to ſuffer a Rival Favourite, eſpecially one of the Heart; in diſcharge of Duty pretended, but in reality of Intereſt, advis'd him to acquaint his Maſter with it. 'Twas done as deſigned, the audacious Lover forbid the Court, and the Lady immediately betrothed to the Prince of *Inverneſs*. Some time after he arriv'd, and they were publickly Marry'd. The Princeſs has ſince been an Example of Conjugal Happineſs, they have loved and deſerved each other ; nor could there be any Objection againſt her, but in ſo intirely reſigning her ſelf up to the Counteſs's Management ; who introduc'd the *Count* to her Miſtreſs with ſuch ſucceſs, that nothing was reſolv'd on in that little Court, without firſt conſulting and having their approbation.

Thus

Thus Time rowl'd on in an uninterrupted Series of good Fortune for the *Count*; *Sigiſmund* dy'd, and he was, by a moſt advantageous Remove, drawn nearer to the Throne. A Natural Son of *Sigiſmund* pretended to ſucceed; but the Prince of *Tameran*, with the Fears, more than Acclamations of the People, was Crown'd. There was no Honours that the *Count* and his Siſter might not expect in this new Reign; but he immediately ſaw that the Monarch had not the Hearts of his Subjects; he was a bigotted Chriſtian, a different Religion from that Eſtabliſhed in *Atalantis*. The *Count* dreaded falling (as a Favourite) a Sacrifice to the incens'd Rabble. His Maſter, wholly guided by his too zealous Prieſts, totter'd in the Throne. Young *Caſario*, *Sigiſmund*'s Natural Son, was belov'd: He had been baniſh'd by his Father, and was refug'd in Prince *Henriquez*'s Court, who had marry'd the new King of *Atalantis*'s Daughter. The Peoples Wiſhes call'd aloud for him, to ſecure their Fears againſt the growing Tyranny of the Prieſts. The Count had no Intereſt in the young *Caſario*, a Prince of little depth, entirely in the Hands and Intereſt of a Factious Party. He trembled to think, if he once prevail'd, himſelf muſt either fall, as a Favourite of the foregoing Monarchs, or waſte the remainder of his Life in inglorious Obſcurity; he therefore caſt about, and, with the Cabal of the principal Lords of *Atalantis* in concert ſent to Prince *Henriquez*, to invite him over to their Relief, from Oppreſſion and *holy Fears* of Slavery. 'Tis true, he betray'd in this a Maſter who tenderly lov'd him; but a Maſter *Indiſcreet* and *Bigotted*, that cou'd not in all probability long ſupport

port himself, and therefore he held it wise to evade a falling Ruin. Prince *Henriquez* had a consummate Courage, deep Dissimulation, under which he conceal'd the most towring Ambition. The *Count* advis'd that he shou'd lend Aid to *Cæsario*, who implor'd it, to Invade *Atalantis*, where the Hearts and Hands of the People were ready to assist him : Aid not sufficient to serve, but to betray him. 'Twas done as projected. *Cæsario*'s Enterprize miscarry'd, and his Life fell a Sacrifice to the Laws that he had broken. After which *Henriquez* was consider'd as the Successor : He came over with a much more powerful Army. The *Count* had a tender Conscience, and cou'd not act to the prejudice of his Interest ; he left an indulgent Master, and went to *Henriquez*, who was shortly after Crown'd with the Acclamation and Approbation of the major part, by the Name of *Henriquez* the Ninth.

In this Warlike Reign, the Count supported himself in the King's Favour and Esteem, by his natural and acquir'd Merit, he shared in all his Secrets of *War* and *Government* ; 'tis this Prince who is now Dead, after a long and troublesome Reign, turmoil'd with *Factions*, and involv'd in a perpetual Foreign *War :* The Count is the only Person that will be thought fit to pursue the Designs, *Henriquez* had form'd, the Empress will undoubtedly make him her *General* ; what may he not expect ? What will he not perform ?

Germanicus made an ample Fortune by the Dutchesses Favour, but disliking all Court Factions, he wisely Married and retir'd himself from Govern-

Government, remote from *Courts*, he ended his Days in a pleasing *Obscurity*.

The Dutchess by her Prodigality to Favourites, fell into extream neglect, her Temper was a perfect Contradiction, unboundedly *lavish*, and sordidly *Covetous*; the former to those who administer'd to her particular Pleasures, the other, to all the rest of the World. When Love began to forsake her, and her Charms were upon the turn, because she must still be a Bubble, she fell into Gamester's Hands, and play'd off that Fortune *Sigismund* had enrich'd her with. She drank deep of the bitter Draught of Contempt; her successive Amours, with mean ill form'd Domesticks, made her abandon'd by the esteem and pity of the World. Her Pension was so ill pay'd, that she had oftentimes not a Pistole at Command; then she solicited the Count (whom she had rais'd) by his Favour with the Court, that her Affairs might be put into a better posture; but he was Deaf to all her Intreaties. Nay, he carried his Ingratitude much further; one Night at an Assembly of the best Quality, where the Count *Tallied* to 'em at *Basset*, the Dutchess lost all her Mony, and beg'd the favour of him, in a very civil Manner, to lend her twenty Pieces; which he absolutely refus'd, tho' he had a thousand upon the Table before him, and told her coldly, *The Bank never lent any Mony*. Not a Person upon the Place but blam'd him in their Hearts: As to the Dutchess's part, her Resentment burst out in a Bleeding at her Nose, and breaking of her Lace; without which Aids, it is believed, her Vexation had kill'd her upon the Spot.

Aſtrea.] We are entertain'd with another Object; who is that Perſon not very *young* nor *handſome*, yet ſomething auguſt and ſolemn in his *Mien*, he that walks up the *Viſta?* He ſees us not; 'tis certainly one that loved the departed Monarch, his Handkerchief is in his Hand, his Eyes red and full of Tears; he comes hither doubtleſs to weep in Solitude, a Maſter upon whom his Fortune probably depended.

Intell.] He weeps indeed, and he lov'd his Maſter, but his Fortune is the greateſt of all the Favourites, therefore are his Tears the more Meritorious, yet is he not free from the Vices of Men in Power; the greedineſs of Gain and unbounded Oſtentation, in expending with Noiſe and Splendor in Foreign Courts, what he by Cunning had acquir'd in this. Love has had his turn, in a fatal manner! Fatal I mean to the unhappy Object of his Flame, rais'd from a mean degree, 'tis no wonder his Head is giddy with the heighth. If Pride and Contempt of thoſe beneath them, be faſhionable Manners, worn ev'n by thoſe that are born Great, we need not wonder to find 'em aſſum'd by Perſons that oftner by Chance than true Merit, touch a Fortune unexpected; yet is the Duke's Fidelity to his Maſter to be applauded, and as well as he loves *Riches*, he could never be brought to depart from the King's Intereſt. He has been bred to the Buſineſs of the State and Cabinet, he perfectly knows the management of Affairs, the poſture of his own and that of his Neighbour-Nations; their true and their falſe Intereſts. He is not Eloquent but Wiſe; to be ſhort, few Princes but would be glad of ſuch a Servant, for ſince in the Compoſition of the Human Frame,

Frame, Vices are generally blended with the Vertues, we are to Reverence that Man, who ſuffers not, to the Prejudice of his Maſter, the former to get the aſcendant.

If I be not tireſome, I deſign a ſhort Sketch of the Amour he had with a Lady, truly named Unfortunate. I will take the Duke as high as from his firſt coming to Court, a Boy, to attend Prinee *Henriquez*, as his Page of *Honour*. When Perſons have their Fortune to make, and are born with little or no Eſtate, 'tis neceſſary that they have a lucky hit, a happy Introduction, a leading Card to make a proſperous Game. Such the Duke met with, and had the Courage and Addreſs to lay hold of the Opportunity. Prince *Henriquez* fell ill of a malignant Diſtemper; *Medicine* was at a loſs, it ſeem'd as if Art were no more, the *Phyſicians* could find no Drugs of ſufficient Heat to throw out the Diſtemper; without which, inevitable Death was all that could be expected. One of thoſe Sons of *Eſculapius* propos'd, that a Youth of Warmth and Vigour ſhould be put to Bed to him, by that natural glow of Body, to draw out the Malignancy of the Diſtemper. The Duke was the only Perſon, that with Pleaſure and Boldneſs, offer'd his own, to ſave the Life of his Maſter; he would not ev'n ſtay to take his leave of any of his Friends, but with the greateſt Bravery throwing off his Cloaths got into Bed to the *Prince*, embracing cloſely his Feveriſh Body, from whence he never ſtirr'd, 'till the happy Effects of his kind Endeavours, were viſible. The Diſeaſe paſt from the *Heart* into the *Blood*, from thence by the Application of a kindly Warmth, 'twas thrown into the Fleſh and Skin; after

after which, the Symptoms being favourable, they no longer doubted the Life of the Prince: But the generous Youth cou'd not escape the Infection, it seiz'd him in such a terrible manner, that Destiny was expected to be fatal to him. They remov'd him to another Bed. The Prince tenderly regretted his Sufferings, assur'd him, That he hop'd he wou'd live, to find in his *Friendship* and *Gratitude*, the Rewards of *Fidelity* and *Generosity*. The Gods were too-well pleas'd at so glorious an Action to let him sink under it; after an unusual and bitter Conflict, they restor'd him to his former Health and Vigour. And if he still wear the cruel Marks of so malignant a Distemper, they are in him but glorious Proofs of *Love* and *Duty* to his Prince; no less to be rever'd, than the most flourishing Laurels of others.

Not one of the most fortunate Courtiers but dreaded the tow'ring Genius of the Youth; they saw he was resolv'd to push, tho at the expence of Life, rather than not to make his Fortune to sink under the Endeavour. *Henriquez* was young, *Human*, dispos'd by Nature (all Hero as he was) to the soft Trusts and Joys of Friendship: He call'd the Youth near to his Confidence, found in him a strength of Mind, a Capacity far above his Years, a projecting Brain, with a height of Courage, able to put in practice the boldest Resolutions. The Prince had in his Nonage been oppressed by a potent Faction, that left him only a titular Sovereignty; he had no longer the Command of his own Fleet and Armies, all were at the disposal of those who pretended to Administer to the

the Publick Good. He would often lament with his young Favorite the Oppreſſion. His inborn Courage, and boiling Youth, made him long to ruſh into the Field of Glory, to ſnatch from thence thoſe Laurels that were not to be attained but with the greateſt Difficulty! At the Head of his own Armies, to meet the Enemy of his Country, who with hoſtile Fire, and cruel Slaughter, had ſucceſsfully Invaded it. The young Stateſman (by his intriegue and management with ſome of the Head Officers) procured that a Battle ſhould be loſt. The Event was fatal to the two Brothers that oppoſed the Prince, and were at the Head of the State. The People (dreading the approach of the Conqueror) call'd aloud for their own Sovereign to defend 'em. They ruſh'd unanimouſly upon the two Uſurpers, with as much Eaſe and Fierceneſs, as a hungry Lyon the devouring Wolf, or Tyger falls upon the harmleſs Flock; and, with the ſame Expedition (animated by the Intriegues, Cabals, and Spirit of our young Favorite) rends 'em piecemeal! Scatters their Body, ſmall as the Duſt thrown into the Air! Swift as Deſtruction, as mortal Plagues fall from Hands of the avenging Deities, when by the accumulated Sins of Mortals, they are juſtly provok'd.

This was no ſooner perform'd, but they ruſh into the Palace, ſeize upon *Henriquez*, bear him (with Exultings of Rapturous Joy) upon their Shoulders, force open the Door of the *Divan*, and with Acclamations that pierced the Skies, ſeat the Prince upon the Royal Throne! Inveſt him with the Purple Robe, the Sword of Defence, the awful Diadem, and all other

Enſigns

Enſigns of Sovereignty ! take a voluntary Oath of Fidelity ! perform their Homage ! and then with the ſame Exclamations (of rude and haſty Joy) preſent him to the Army ! who eccho'd back with loud Shootings) their Approbation of what was done. The *Prince* and his *young Favourite*, harangue and careſs the Soldier and People ; he tells 'em (like his glorious Anceſtors) he longs to loſe his Blood in defence of his Country ! That he will either die or relieve 'em from the Oppreſſion of the Invader ! They one and all demand him to lead 'em on to Conqueſt and Revenge.

No Age has ever ſhown us a Hero made up of greater Compoſitions ! *Henriquez* was ardent for Battle, yet cautiouſly prudent to watch all the Advantages of it. His young Favourite, with his Valour, maintain'd that Opinion he had acquir'd ; by Conduct and politick Management, they put a ſtop to the rapid Courſe of the Enemy's Victories, and regain'd the Towns that were loſt. The progreſs of the young Hero's Arms, rais'd a jealouſie in all his Neighbours ; they envy'd him the greatneſs of his Laurels, and to put a ſtop to that Glory, which elſe had known no bounds, they force him to a *Treaty* with the Enemy. Whilſt the Peace was concluding, by their dreaming Plenipotentiaries, (a Peace diſpleaſing to the Prince and his Favourite, and which nothing but their newneſs in Power cou'd force 'em to ſubmit to,) he let all *Europe* ſee how much in the wrong they were, in impoſing it upon him now, when he was in a condition to force the Enemy to yield the Allies their own Terms. He fell upon their *General* ſo haſtily and unexpectedly (tho' he were the

Hero

Hero of his Age) that he put him into an irretrievable Diſorder. The Battle was Glorious for *Henriquez*; but the leſs ſo, for that it was no ſooner decided to his Advantage, but the repeated Thund'ring of the Cannon gave him to know that the Peace was Publiſh'd; and that thoſe he had ſo lately fought with, were no longer his Enemies. The Diſpatch was brought him at the Head of his Army, when he was juſt going to engage. The Courier knew nothing of the Contents, or did not report 'em. The Prince would not delay attacking the Enemy. They were then (knowing the Peace was concluded) upon their March; he reſolv'd to fall in with their Rear. Should he have ſtaid to open the Pacquet, the Opportunity would have been loſt; and poſſibly gueſſing what it imported, he order'd the Courier to his Tent, there to expect his Return. Envy (that is always buſie in blotting the Actions of Hero's) has made ours reflected on, for a Breach of the Law of Nations; they rob him of the Glory of his Conqueſt, by condemning the Unlawfulneſs of the Occaſion.

After this the young Favourite (tho' formerly but of his Pleaſures) became his firſt Miniſter. He was always truſted, and extreme *habile* in the Affairs of State; he follow'd the wiſe Maxims of *Machiavel*, who aim'd to make his Prince Great, let what would be the Price. He it was that encourag'd *Count Fortunatus*, and the Diſaffected Lords of *Atalantis*, to expel their Bigotted Monarch. By his politick Management the young *Cæſario* was ſacrificed, and the Prince call'd to take poſſeſſion of the Government. Without ſuch a Head as his (cunning to conceal, crafty

to foreſee, wiſe to Project, and valiant to undertake) the whole Fabrick had totter'd. He was the ſolid Foundation upon which the greateſt *Hero* of the Age has rais'd himſelf to be ſuch; tho' in all his Advices the finiſhing Stroke ſtill came from *Henriquez*.

Now rais'd to be *Duke* and *Peer*, *General* of the *Army*, in Poſſeſſion of the Ear and Cabinet of the Prince, whom we muſt henceforward (if we have occaſion to ſpeak of him) call King. He gave up himſelf to amaſs up Riches! his Ambition was not ſatisfied! he aim'd at ſomething more! 'Twas Glorious to be a Sovereign Prince, tho' but of a Petty State! He offer'd ſixteen hundred thouſand Crowns for the Succeſſion, where only a Princeſs Dowager was in Poſſeſſion, and to become her Husband. Affairs of that Conſequence, that depend not upon Action but Treaty, are generally tedious: Whilſt it was depending, our Duke felt the Sting of a Paſſion, which (at the Expence of the Ladies) he had hitherto only play'd with. There was a young Girl, nam'd *Madamoiſel Charlot*, left to his Care by her Father, for whom he had as great a Friendſhip, as a Stateſman can be ſuppoſed to have. The young *Charlot* had loſt her Mother long before: Her Dowry amounted to forty thouſand Crowns; the Family was Noble, and there was almoſt nothing but what ſhe might pretend to. The Duke had been ſome conſiderable time a Widower; his Wife was of the Family of the Favourites, naturally Born to the ſothing Arts of Courts. *Fame* is not afraid to ſpeak aloud, that *Henriquez* ſaw what was agreeable in her; and when wearied with the Fatigues of Hunting, would go to Bed between

tween her and her Husband; but you may be ſure all very Innocent, eſpecially where ſuch a Witneſs was in Place. When ſhe dy'd, he tranſferred his Eſteem, with an additional Tenderneſs, to her Siſter. She affected firſt to be in Love with the *Hero*, not the *Prince*. Perſonal Lovers are ſo rarely found among People of their Station; ſo few are acquainted with the Delicacy of dividing the *Monarch* from the *Man*, that out of Gratitude he gave into thoſe Endearments that were neceſſary to beſpeak a reciprocal Paſſion. And as his Temper to his Favourites was magnificently Laviſh, ſhe taſted all the Sweets of unlimitted Majeſty, and the charming Effects of unbounded Generoſity!

But to return to the Duke. He ſpar'd for no Expence in the Education of young *Charlot*; ſhe was brought up at his own Houſe with his Children; but having ſomething the Advantage in Age of his Daughters, the Precepts were proportionably advanced. He deſign'd her (in thoſe early Days of his Power) as a Wife for his Son, before the increaſe of his own Ambition and Riches taught him other Deſires; that is to ſay, to look out a Lady for the young Lord with more than ſix times *Charlot*'s Fortune. And indeed he was not to blame in that, for certainly all that Fable has ever reported of *Adonis*, *Narciſſus*, the moſt beautiful of the *Hero*'s, the united Sweetneſs and Graces of Mankind, are to be found in his Perſon! With an unknown Goodneſs of Temper! an Air of perfect Behaviour and accompliſh'd Courtſhip! Neither has he ſhewn us an Inclination to any Vice, that might balance theſe Perfections! But as Malice loves to mingle in the Characters ev'n

of the moſt deſerving; not being able to find a Fault from without, have recourſe to the Inſide, and aſſure us there of a Genius no way proportionable to the Greatneſs of his Father's; a ſoftneſs of Converſation, which they otherways term a Weakneſs of Intellects. But the Ladies find no ſuch Fault with the charming Youth; he has all Things in his Perſon, Voice and Diſcourſe, that prove him indeed irreſiſtible! beſides, occaſion calls not upon him to exert his Faculties, as they did the Duke; his Fortune is made, his Father was born before him, and ſo happily too, as from a meer Gentleman to make himſelf one of the Richeſt and moſt Potent Subjects in *Europe*.

Charlot was no great Beauty, her Shape was the beſt; but Youth and Dreſs make all Things agreeable. To have prepoſſeſſed you in her Favour, I ſhould, as I was inclin'd, have advanc'd a Syſtem of her Charms; but *Truth*, who too well foreſaw my Intentions, has repell'd 'em with a Frown; not but *Charlot* had many Admirers. There's ſomething ſo touching in the *agreeable*, that I know not whether it does not enchant us deeper than Beauty; we are oftentimes upon our guard againſt the Attack of that, whilſt the unwary Heart, Careleſs and Defenceleſs, as dreading no Surprize, permits the *agreeable* to manage as they pleaſe.

The Duke had a ſeeming Admiration for *Virtue* wherever he found it, but he was a Stateſman, and held it incompatable (in an Age like this) with a Man's making his Fortune. *Ambition*, *Deſire of Gain*, *Diſſimulation*, *Cunning*, all theſe were meritoriouſly Serviceable to him. 'Twas enough he always applauded Virtue, and

in

in his Diſcourſe decry'd Vice. As long as he ſtuck cloſe in his Practice, no matter what became of his Words; theſe are not times where the Heart and the Tongue do not agree! However, young *Charlot* was to be Educated in the high road to Applauſe and Virtue. He baniſh'd far from her Converſation whatever would not Edify, airy *Romances*, *Plays*, dangerous *Novels*, *looſe* and *inſinuating Poetry*, artificial Introductions of *Love*, well-painted Landskips of that dangerous Poyſon; her Diverſions were always among the ſort that were moſt Innocent and Simple, ſuch as Walking, but not in publick Aſſemblies. Muſick, in Airs all Divine; reading and improving Books of Education and Piety; as well knowing, that if a Lady be too early us'd to violent Pleaſures, it debauches their Taſtes for ever to any others. He taught her to beware of *Hopes* and *Fears*; never to deſire any thing with too much eagerneſs; to guard herſelf from thoſe dangerous Convulſions of the Mind, that upon the leaſt Diſappointment precipitates into a minion of Inconveniences. He endeavour'd to cure her of thoſe number of Affections and Averſions, ſo natural to young People, by ſhewing her that nothing truly deſerv'd to be paſſionately belov'd, but the *Gods*, becauſe they alone were perfect; though nothing on the other Hand ought to be hated but Vice, becauſe we are all the Image of their Divinities. He wiſely and early forewarn'd her, for what ſeem'd too natural to her, a deſire of being applauded for her Wit. She had a brightneſs of Genius, that would often break out in dangerous Sparkles; he ſhew'd her that true Wit conſiſted not in much ſpeaking, but in ſpeaking

much in a few Words; that whatever carried her beyond the knowledge of her Duty, carried her too far; all other Embelliſhments of the Mind were more dangerous than uſeful, and to be avoided as her Ruin. That the poſſeſſion of 'em were attended with *Self-Love*, *Vanity* and *Coquetry*, things incompatable, and never mingled in the Character of a Woman of true Honour. He recommended *Modeſty* and *Silence*; that ſhe ſhould ſhun all occaſions of ſpeaking upon Subjects not neceſſary to a Ladies Knowledge, tho' it were true that ſhe ſpoke never ſo well. He remembred her, that ſo Great, ſo Wiſe a Man as *Zeno*, of all the Virtues made choice of Silence, for by it he heard other Mens Imperfections, and conceal'd his own; that the more Wit ſhe was Miſtreſs of, the leſs occaſion ſhe had to ſhew it; that if want of it gave a diſguſt, too much does not generally pleaſe better. That aſſuming Air that generally accompanies it, is diſtaſteful to the Company, where all pretend an equal right to be heard. The weakneſs of Human Nature is ſuch, the chiefeſt Pleaſure of Converſation lies in the ſpeaking, not the hearing part; and if a preſumptuous Perſon (though with never ſo great a Capacity) pretends to uſurp once upon that Privilege, they look upon her as a Tyrant, that would raviſh from 'em the Freedom of their Votes. But his ſtrongeſt Battery was united againſt *Love*, that invader of the *Heart*; he ſhew'd her how ſhameful it was, for a young Lady ever ſo much as to think of any tenderneſs for a Lover, 'till he was become her Husband; that true Piety and Duty would inſtruct her in all that was neceſſary for a good Wife to feel of that dangerous Paſſion; that ſhe ſhould not

ſo

ſo much as ever ſeek to know what was meant by that ſhameful Weakneſs call'd Jealouſy. 'Twas abominable in us to give others occaſion to be Jealous, and painful to be ſo our ſelves; that 'tis generally attended with *Slander* and *Hatred*, two baſe and contemptible Qualities. That that violent *inborn* deſire of pleaſing, ſo natural to Ladies, is the peſt of Virtue; they would by the Charms of their Beauty, and their ſweet and inſinuating way of Converſation, aſſume that native Empire over Mankind, which ſeems to be politically deny'd them, becauſe the way to Authority and Glory is ſtop'd up. Hence it is, that with their acquir'd Arts and languiſhing Charms, they riſque their *Virtue* to gain a little contemptible Dominion over a Heart, that at the ſame time it ſurrenders it ſelf a Slave, refuſes to beſtow eſteem upou the Victor; that Friendſhip was far nobler in its Nature, and much to be prefer'd to Love, becauſe a *Friend loves always, a Lover but for a time.* That under the moſt flattering appearances is conceal'd inevitable Ruin; the very firſt Impreſſions were dreadful, and to be carefully ſuppreſſed. *Pythagoras* taught, *The aſſaults of Love were to be beaten back at the firſt Sight, leſt they undermine at the ſecond. And* Plato, *That the firſt ſtep to Wiſdom was not to love; the ſecond ſo to love, as not to be perceived.*

Fraught with theſe, and a number more of ſuch Precepts as theſe, the young *Charlot* ſeem'd to intend her ſelf a Pattern for the Ladies of this degenerate Age, who divide their Hours between the *Toylet* and *Baſſet*-Table, which is grown ſo totally the Buſineſs of the Fair, that even the Diverſions of the *Opera*, *Gallantry* and *Love*, are but ſecond Pleaſures. A Perſon

who has once given her ſelf up to Gaming, neglects all her Duties, diſorders her Family, breaks her Reſt, forgets her Husband, and by her Expence often inconveniences him irreparably, together with their waſte of time: The Paſſions of Anger and Avarice, concur to make her odious to all, but thoſe who ingage with her at that dangerous Diverſion; not to inſtance, who have compounded for the loſs of Mony, with the loſs of their Chaſtity and Honour: Nor is it a new, tho' frequent way of paying of Play-Debts, in this entirely corrupted Age.

The Duke had a magnificent *Villa* within five Leagues of the Capitol, adorn'd with all that's imaginable Beautiful, either in Art or Nature; the pride of Conqueſt, the plunder of Victory, the homage of the Vanquiſh'd, the Preſents of Neighbouring Monarchs, and whatever Curioſity could inform, or Mony recover, were the Ornaments of this Palace. *Henriquez* had received a new Favourite into his Boſom, but it was a Favourite not at all interfering with the Duke, who was ever truſted and eſteemed; by this means he oftner found a receſs from Court; his great Maſter would ſometimes in Goodneſs diſmiſs him to his *Villa*, to taſte a reſt from Power, a calm of Greatneſs, a ſuſpenſe of Buſineſs, a reſpiration of Glory. Here it was that he us'd to confirm the young *Charlot* in that early love of Virtue that had been taught her, to unbend her Mind from the more ſerious Studies. He ſometimes permitted her thoſe of *Poetry*, not looſe Deſcriptions, laſcivious Joys, or wanton heightnings of the Paſſions. They ſung and acted the Hiſtory of the *Gods*, the Rape of *Proſerpine*, the deſcent of *Ceres*, the Chaſtity of *Diana*, and

ſuch

ſuch Pieces that tended to the inſtruction of the Mind. One Evening at a Repreſentation, where *Charlot* perſonated the Goddeſs, and the Duke's Son *Acteon*, ſhe Acted with ſo animated a Spirit, and caſt ſuch Rays of Divinity about her, gave every Word ſo twanging, yet ſo ſweet an Accent, that awaken'd the Dukes Attention; and ſo admirably ſhe varied the Paſſions, that gave Birth in his Breaſt, to what he had never felt before: He applauded, embrac'd, and even kiſs'd the charming *Diana*. 'Twas Poyſon to his Peace, the cleaving ſweetneſs thrill'd ſwiftly to his Heart, thence tingled in his Blood, and caſt Fire throughout his whole Perſon; he Sigh'd with Pleaſure! he wondred what thoſe Sighs meant! he repeats his Kiſſes, to find if *Charlot* were the occaſion of his Diſorder. Confirm'd by this new taſte of Joy, he throws the young Charmer haſtily from him, folds his Arms, and walks off with continu'd Sighs! The innocent Beauty makes after him, modeſt and afraid, inſinuatingly, and with trembling ſhe enquires, if ſhe have not offended? Begs to know her Fault, and that ſhe will endeavour to repair it. He anſwers her not but with his Eyes, which have but too tender an Aſpect. The Maid (by them) improving her Courage, comes nearer, ſpreads her fond Arms about him, and in her uſual fawning Language calls him dear *Pappa*; joins her Face, her Eyes, her Cheeks, her Mouth, cloſe to his. By this time the Duke was fallen upon a Chair that ſtood next him, he was fully in her reach, and without any oppoſition ſhe had leiſure to diſuſe the irremediable Poiſon through his Veins: He ſat immoveable to all Kindneſs, but with the greateſt taſte of Joy, he had ever been ſenſible

ſible of. Whilſt he was thus dangerouſly entertain'd, the young *Acteon*, and the reſt of the Company, join 'em, the Duke was forc'd to rouze himſelf from his Love-ſick Lethargy; *Charlot* wou'd not leave him, till he wou'd tell her in what ſhe had done amiſs. He only anſwer'd her, That he had nothing to object, ſhe had acted her part but too well. The young Lady had been taught (in her cold Precepts of Education) that it was a degree of fault to excel, even in an Accompliſhment. Occaſion was not to be ſought of eminently diſtinguiſhing one's ſelf in any thing but ſolid Virtue; ſhe fear'd ſhe had ſhewn too great a Tranſport in repreſenting *Diana*; that the Duke wou'd poſſibly think ſhe was prepoſſeſſed more than ſhe ought with that Diverſion; and in this Deſpondence ſhe took reſolutions to regulate her ſelf hereafter more to his ſatisfaction.

That fatal Night the Duke felt hoſtile Fires in his Breaſt, *Love* was entred with all his dreadful Artillery; he took poſſeſſion in a moment of the Avenues that lead to the Heart! neither did the reſiſtance he found there ſerve for any thing but to make his Conqueſt more illuſtrious. The Duke try'd every corner of his uneaſie Bed! whether ſhut or open, *Charlot* was ſtill before his Eyes! his Lips and Face retain'd the dear Impreſſion of her Kiſſes! the Idea of her innocent and charming Touches, wander'd o'er his Mind! he wiſh'd again to be ſo bleſs'd! but then, with a deep and dreadful Sigh, he remembred who ſhe was, the Daughter of his Friend! of a Friend who had at his Death left the charge of her Education to him! His Treaty with the Princeſs Dowager, wou'd not admit him

him to think of marrying of her; Ambition came in to reſcue him (in that particular) from the Arms of Love. To poſſeſs her without, was a villanous deteſtable Thought! but not to poſſeſs her at all, was loſs of Life! was Death inevitable! Not able to gain one wink of Sleep, he aroſe with the firſt dawn, and poſted back to *Angela*. He hop'd the hurry of Buſineſs, and the Pleaſures of the Court, wou'd ſtifle ſo guilty a Paſſion; he was too well perſwaded of his Diſtemper, the Symptoms were right, the Malignity was upon him! he was regularly poſſeſs'd! Love in all its forms, had took in that formidable Heart of his! He began to be jealous of his Son, whom he had always deſign'd for *Charlot*'s Husband; he cou'd not bear the thoughts that he ſhou'd be belov'd by her, tho' all beautiful, as the lovely Youth was. She had never had any tender Inclinations for him, nothing that exceeded the warmth of a Siſter's love! whether it were that he were deſign'd for, or that the Precepts of Education had warn'd her from too precipitate a liking. She was bred up with him, accuſtom'd to his Charms, they made no impreſſion upon her Heart; neither was the Youth more ſenſible. The Duke cou'd diſtreſs neither of 'em by his love of that ſide, but this he was not ſo happy to know. He wrote up for the young Lord to come to Court, and gave immediate Orders for forming his Equipage, that he might be ſent to Travel. Mean time *Charlot* was never from his Thoughts. Who knows not the violence of beginning Love! eſpecially a Love that we hold oppoſite to our Intereſt and Duty. *'Tis an unreaſonable exceſs of Deſire, which enters ſwiftly, but departs ſlowly.*

The

The love of Beauty, is the loſs of Reaſon. Neither is it to be ſuppreſs'd by Wiſdom, becauſe it is not to be comprehended with Reaſon. And the Emperor *Aurelius*; *Love is a cruel Impreſſion of that wonderful Paſſion, which to define is impoſſible, becauſe no Words reach to the ſtrong Nature of it, and only they know which inwardly feel it.*

The Duke vainly ſtrugled in the Snare; he wou'd live without ſeeing *Charlot*, but then he muſt live in Pain, in inexplicable Torture! He applies the relief of Buſineſs, the Pleaſures of Woman! *Charlot*'s Kiſſes were ſtill upon his Lips, and made all others inſipid to him. In ſhort, he try'd ſo much to divert his Thoughts from her, that it but more perfectly confirm'd him of the vanity and the unſucceſsfulneſs of the Attempt. He cou'd neither eat or ſleep! Love and Reſtleſſneſs rais'd Vapours in him to that degree, he was no longer Maſter of his Buſineſs! Wearied with all things, hurry'd by a ſecret Principle of *Self-Love*, and *Self-Preſervation*, the Law of Nature! he orders his Coach to carry him down once more to his *Villa*, there to ſee his Dear! This dangerous *Charlot!* that little innocent Sweetneſs! that imbitter'd his Happineſs. She lov'd him tenderly, as a Benefactor, a Father, or ſomething more; that ſhe had been us'd to love without that ſevere mixture of Fear that mingles in the love we bear to Parents. She ran to meet him as he alighted; her young Face, over-ſpread with bluſhing Joys! his tranſport exceeded hers! he took her in his Arms with eagerneſs! he exchang'd all his Pains for Pleaſures! there was the Cure of his paſt Anguiſh! her Kiſſes were the Balm to his wounded Mind! he wonder'd at the immediate

diate Alteration! ſhe careſs'd and courted him; ſhew'd him all Things that could divert or entertain. He knew not what to reſolve upon; he could not prudently marry her, and how to attempt to corrupt her! thoſe excellent Principles that had been early infus'd into her, were all againſt him; but yet he muſt love her! He found he could not live without her! He open'd a *Machiavel*, and read there a Maxim, *That none but great Souls can be compleatly Wicked.* He took it for a kind of Oracle to him: He would be loath to tell himſelf, his *Soul was not great enough for any Attempt.* He clos'd the Book, took ſome turns about the Gallery to digeſt what he had read, and from thence concluded, that neither *Religion*, *Honour*, *Gratitude*, nor *Friendſhip*, were Ties ſufficient to deprive us of an eſſential Good! *Charlot* was neceſſary to his very Being! all his Pleaſures faded without her! and, which was worſe, he was in Torture! in actual Pain as well as want of Pleaſure! therefore *Charlot* he would have. He had ſtrugled more than ſufficient; Virtue ought to be ſatisfied with the terrible Conflict he had ſuffered! but Love was become Maſter, and 'twas time for her to abſcond. After he had ſettled his Thoughts, he grew more calm and quiet; nothing ſhould now diſturb him, but the manner how to corrupt her. He was reſolv'd to change her whole Form of Living, to bring her to Court, to ſhew her the World; *Balls*, *Aſſemblies*, *Opera's*, *Comedies*, *Cards*, and *Viſits*, every thing that might enervate the Mind, and fit it for the ſoft Play and Impreſſion of Love. One Thing he a little ſcrupl'd, leſt in making her ſuſceptible of that Paſſion, it ſhould be for another, and not for him. He did not doubt,

doubt, but upon her firſt Appearance at Court ſhe would have many Admirers. Lovers have this Opinion peculiar to themſelves, they believe that others ſee with their Eyes. He knew that were ſhe leſs agreeable, the Gloſs of Novelty was enough to recommend her; but the Remedy he found for this, was, to careſs and pleaſe her above all others; to ſhew ſuch a particular regard for her, that ſhould frighten any new Pretender. Few are willing to croſs a firſt Miniſter, eſpecially in ſuch a tender Point, where all Mankind are tenacious of their Pretenſions.

He had obſerv'd, that *Charlot* had been, but with Diſguſt, deny'd the gay part of Reading. 'Tis natural for young People to chuſe the Diverting, before the Inſtructive; he ſent for her into the Gallery, where was a noble Library in all Languages, a Collection of the moſt valuable Authors, with a mixture of the moſt Amorous. He told her, that now her Underſtanding was increas'd, with her Stature, he reſolv'd to make her Miſtreſs of her own Conduct; and as the firſt thing that he intended to oblige her in, that *Governante* who had hitherto had the care of her Actions, ſhould be diſmiſs'd; becauſe he had obſerv'd the Severity of her Temper had ſometimes been diſpleaſing to her. That ſhe ſhould henceforward have none above her, that ſhe ſhould need to ſtand in awe of; and to confirm to her that good Opinion he ſeem'd to have, he preſented her with the Key of that Gallery, to improve her Mind, and ſeek her Diverſion, among thoſe Authors he had formerly forbid her the Uſe of. *Charlot* made him a very low Curteſie, and, with a bluſhing Grace, return'd him Thanks for the two Favours he beſtow'd

ſtow'd upon her. She aſſur'd him, That no Action of hers ſhould make him repent the Diſtinction: That her whole endeavour ſhould be to walk in that Path he had made familiar to her; and that Virtue ſhould ever be her only Guide. Tho' this was not what the Duke wanted, 'twas nothing but what he expected. He obſerv'd formerly, that ſhe was a great lover of Poetry, eſpecially when 'twas forbid her; he took down an *Ovid*, and opening it juſt at the love of *Myrra* for her Father, conſcious red overſpread his Face; he gave it her to read; ſhe obey'd him with a viſible delight: Nothing is more pleaſing to young Girls, than in being firſt conſider'd as Women. *Charlot* ſaw the Duke entertain'd her with an Air of Conſideration more than uſual, paſſionate and reſpectful; this taught her to refuge in the native Pride and cunning of the Sex; ſhe aſſum'd an Air more Haughty. The leaving a Girl juſt beginning to believe her ſelf capable of attaining that Empire over Mankind, which they are all born and taught by Inſtinct to expect. She took the Book, and plac'd her ſelf by the Duke; his Eyes feaſted themſelves upon her Face, thence wander'd over her ſnowy Boſom, and ſaw the young ſwelling Breaſts juſt beginning to diſtinguiſh themſelves, and which were gently heav'd at the Impreſſion of *Myrra*'s Sufferings made upon her Heart. By this dangerous reading he pretended to ſhew her, that there were Pleaſures her Sex were born for, and which ſhe might conſequently long to taſte! Curioſity is an early and dangerous Enemy to Virtue. The young *Charlot*, who had by a noble Inclination of Gratitude, a ſtrong Propenſion of Affection for the Duke, whom ſhe call'd and eſteem'd her *Papa*, being a Girl of wonderful reflection, and conſequently

quently Application, wrought her Imagination up to ſuch a lively heighth at the Father's Anger after the Poſſeſſion of his Daughter, which ſhe judg'd highly unkind and unnatural, that ſhe drop'd her Book, Tears fill'd her Eyes, Sobs roſe to oppreſs her, and ſhe pull'd out her Handkerchief to cover the Diſorder. The Duke, who was Maſter of all Mankind, could trace 'em in all the *Meanders* of Diſſimulation and Cunning, was not at a loſs how to interpret the Agitation of a Girl who knew no Hypocriſy; all was Artleſs, the beautiful Product of Innocence and Nature. He drew her gently to him, drank her Tears with his Kiſſes, ſuck'd her Sighs, and gave her by that dangerous Commerce (her Soul before prepar'd to Softneſs) new and unfelt Deſires. Her Virtue was becalm'd, or rather unapprehenſive of him for an Invader. He preſs'd her Lips with his, the nimble Beatings of his Heart, apparently ſeen and felt thro' his open Breaſt! the Glowings! the Tremblings of his Limbs! the Glorious Sparkles from his guilty Eyes! his Shortneſs of Breath, and eminent Diſorder, were things all new to her that had never ſeen, heard, or read before of thoſe powerful Operations, ſtruck from the Fire of the two meeting Sex. Nor had ſhe Leiſure to examin his Diſorders, poſſeſs'd by greater of her own! Greater! becauſe that Modeſty oppoſing Nature, forc'd a ſtruggle of Diſſimulation. But the Duke's purſuing Kiſſes overcame the very Thoughts of any thing; but that new and lazy Poiſon ſtealing to her Heart, and ſpreading ſwiftly and imperceptibly thro' all her Veins, ſhe clos'd her Eyes with languiſhing Delight! Deliver'd up the Poſſeſſion of her Lips

Lips and Breath to the amorous Invader; return'd his eager Graſps; and, in a Word, gave her whole Perſon into his Arms, in meltings full of Delight! The Duke by that lovely Extaſie, carry'd beyond himſelf, ſunk over the expiring Fair, in Raptures too powerful for Deſcription! calling her his admirable *Charlot!* his charming Angel! his adorable Goddeſs! But all was ſo far modeſt, that he attempted not beyond her Lips and Breaſt, but cry'd that ſhe ſhould never be anothers. The Empire of his Soul was hers; enchanted by inexplicable, irreſiſtable Magick! ſhe had Power beyond the Gods themſelves! *Charlot* return'd from that amiable Diſorder, was anew charm'd at the Duke's Words. Words that ſet her ſo far above what was mortal, the Woman aſſum'd in her, and ſhe would have no notice taken of the Tranſports ſhe had ſhown. He ſaw and favour'd her Modeſty, ſecure of that fatal Sting he had fix'd within her Breaſt, that Taſte of Delight, which powerful Love and Nature would call upon her to repeat. He own'd he loved her; that he never could love any other; that 'twas impoſſible for him to live a Day, an Hour, without ſeeing her; that in her Abſence he had felt more than ever had been felt by Mortal. He begg'd her to have pity on him, to return his Love, or elſe he ſhould be the moſt loſt, undone Thing alive. *Charlot*, amaz'd and charm'd, felt all thoſe dangerous Perturbations of Nature that ariſe from an amorous Conſtitution; with Pride and Pleaſure, ſhe ſaw her ſelf neceſſary to the Happineſs of one, that ſhe had hitherto eſteemed ſo much above her, ignorant of the Power of Love, that Leveller of Mankind; that blender of Di-

ſtinction and Hearts. Her ſoft Anſwer was, That ſhe was indeed reciprocally Charm'd, ſhe knew not how; all he had ſaid and done was wonderful and pleaſing to her; and if he would ſtill more pleaſe her (if there were a more) it ſhould be never to be parted from her. The Duke had one of thoſe violent Paſſions, where, to heighten it, Reſiſtance was not at all neceſſary; it had already reach'd the Ultimate, it could not be more Ardent; yet was he loth to ruſh upon the Poſſeſſion of the Fair, leſt the too early Pretenſion might diſguſt her. He would ſteal himſelf into her Soul, he would make himſelf neceſſary to her Quiet, as ſhe was to his.

From the Library he led her to his Cabinet: From forth his ſtrong Box he took a ſet of Jewels that had been her Mothers; he told her, ſhe was now of an Age to expect the Ornaments, as well as Pleaſures, of a Woman. He was pleas'd to ſee her look down with a ſeeming Contempt upon what moſt other Girls would have been tranſported with. He had taught her other Joys, thoſe of the Mind and Body. She ſigh'd, ſhe rav'd to her ſelf, ſhe was all charm'd and uneaſie! The Duke caſting over the reſt of his Jewels, made a Collection of ſuch as were much more valuable than her Mother's; he preſented her with, and would force her to accept 'em. But *Charlot*, as tender and gallant as the Duke, ſeeing his Picture in little, ſet round with Diamonds, begg'd that he would only honour her with that Mark of his Eſteem. The raviſh'd Duke conſented, conditionally, that ſhe would give him hers in return.

After

After this tender, dangerous Commerce, *Charlot* found every thing inſipid, nothing but the Duke's Kiſſes could reliſh with her; all thoſe Converſations ſhe had formerly delighted in, were inſupportable. He was oblig'd to return to Court, and had recommended to her reading the moſt dangerous Books of Love, *Ovid*, *Petrarch*, *Tibullus*, thoſe moving Tragedies that ſo powerfully expoſe the Force of Love, and corrupt the Mind. He went even farther, and left her ſuch as explain'd the Nature, Manner, and Raptures of Enjoyment. Thus he infus'd Poiſon into the Ears of the lovely Virgin. She eaſily (from thoſe Emotions ſhe had found in her ſelf) believ'd as highly of thoſe Delights as was imaginable; her waking Thoughts, her golden Slumber, ran all of a Bliſs only imagin'd, but never prov'd. She even forgot, as one that wakes from ſleep, and the Viſions of the Night, all thoſe Precepts of airy Virtue, which ſhe found had nothing to do with Nature. She long'd again to renew thoſe dangerous Delights. The Duke was an Age abſent from her, ſhe could only in Imagination poſſeſs what ſhe believ'd ſo pleaſing. Her Memory was prodigious, ſhe was indefatigable in Reading. The Duke had left Orders ſhe ſhould not be controul'd in any thing: Whole Nights were waſted by her in that Gallery; ſhe had too well inform'd her ſelf of the ſpeculative Joys of Love. There are Books dangerous to the Community of Mankind; abominable for Virgins, and deſtructive to Youth; ſuch as explain the Myſteries of Nature, the congregated Pleaſures of *Venus*, the full Delights of mutual Lovers, and which rather ought to paſs the Fire than

the Preſs. The Duke had laid in her way ſuch as made no mention of *Virtue* or *Hymen*, but only advanced native, generous and undiſſembled Love. She was become ſo great a Proficient, that nothing of the Theory was a ſtranger to her.

Whilſt *Charlot* was thus employ'd, the Duke was not idle; he had prepar'd her a Poſt at Court with *Henriquez*'s Queen. The young Lady was ſent for; neither Art, Money, nor Induſtry was wanting, to make her Appearance glorious. The Duke aw'd and trembling with his Paſſion, approach'd her as a Goddeſs; conſcious of his and her own Deſires, the mantling Blood would ſmile upon her Cheeks, ſometimes glowing with Delight, then afterwards, by a feeble Recollection of Virtue, ſink apace, to make room for a guilty ſucceeding Paleneſs. The Duke knew all the Motions of her Heart, he debated with himſelf, whether it were beſt to attempt the Poſſeſſion of her whilſt ſo young, or permit her time to know and ſet a Value upon what ſhe granted. His Love was highly impatient, but reſpectful; he long'd to be Happy, but he dreaded to diſpleaſe her. The Aſcendant ſhe had over him was wonderful; he had let ſlip thoſe firſt Impreſſions, which ſtrike deepeſt in the Hearts of Women, to be ſucceſsful; *One ought never to allow 'em time to think, their Vivacity being prodigious, and their foreſight exceeding ſhort, and limited: The firſt hurry of their Paſſions, if they are but vigorouſly follow'd, is what is generally moſt favourable to Lovers.* *Charlot* by this time had inform'd her ſelf, that there were ſuch terrible things as Perfidy and Inconſtancy, in Mankind; that even the very Favours they receiv'd, often diſguſted;

ed; and that to be entirely Happy, one ought never to think of the faithleſs Sex. This brought her back to thoſe Precepts of Virtue that had embelliſhed her dawn of Life; but alas! theſe Admonitions were too feeble, the Duke was all ſubmiſſive, paſſionate, eager to obey, and to oblige. He watch'd her Upriſings, ſcarce cou'd eat without her; ſhe was Miſtreſs of his Heart and Fortune; his own Family, and the whole Court, imagin'd that he reſolv'd her for his Dutcheſs; they almoſt look'd upon her as ſuch; ſhe went often to his Palace, where all were devoted to her Service; the very glance of her Eyes commanded their Attention; at her leaſt Requeſt, aſſoon as her Mouth was open'd to ſpeak, before her Words were half form'd, they ſtarted to obey her.

She had learnt to manage the Duke, and to diſtruſt herſelf; ſhe wou'd no more permit of Kiſſes, that ſweet and dangerous Commerce. The Duke had made her Wife at his own coſt, and vainly languiſh'd for a repetition of Delight. He gueſs'd that the Intereſt he had in her Heart, had prov'd the warmth of her Conſtitution, and was reſolv'd he would no more be wanting to his own Happineſs; he omitted no occaſion by which he might expreſs his Love; preſſing her to Crown his Longings. Her Courage did not reach to ask him that honourable Proof of his Paſſion, which 'tis believ'd he wou'd not have refus'd, if ſhe had but inſiſted on it. The Treaty was ſtill depending, he might marry the Princeſs Dowager; *Charlot* tenderly drop'd a Word that ſpoke her Apprehenſions of it; he aſſur'd her there was nothing in it, all he aim'd at was to purchaſe the Succeſſion, that he might

make her a Princeſs, as ſhe deſerv'd. Indeed the hopes his Agent had given the Lady, of becoming her Husband, was not the ſmalleſt inducement to the Treaty; therefore he delay'd his Marriage with *Charlot*; for if that were but once confirm'd, the Princeſs (by reſenting, as ſhe ought, the Abuſe that had been laid upon her) would put an end to it, infinitely to his Prejudice.

Charlot, very well ſatisfied with theſe Reaſons, and unwilling to do any thing againſt the Intereſt of a Man whom ſhe tenderly lov'd, accuſtomed her ſelf to hear his eager Sollicitations. He could no longer contend with a Fire that conſumed him, he muſt be gratified, or die. She languiſhed under the ſame Diſquiets. The Seaſon of the Year was come that he muſt make the Campaign with the King; he could not reſolve to depart unbleſs'd; *Charlot* ſtill refus'd him that laſt proof of her Love. He took a tender and paſſionate Farewel. *Charlot*, drowned in Tears, told him, 'twas impoſſible ſhe ſhould ſupport his Abſence; all the Court would ridicule her Melancholy. This was what he wanted; he bid her take care of that, a Maid was but an ill Figure, that brought her ſelf to be the ſport of Laughters; but ſince her Sorrow (ſo pleaſing and glorious to him) was like to be viſible, he advis'd her to paſs ſome days at his *Villa*, till the height of Melancholy ſhould be over, under the pretence of Indiſpoſition. He would take care that the Queen ſhould be ſatisfied of the neceſſity of her Abſence. He advis'd her even to depart that hour; ſince the King was already on his Journey, he muſt be gone that moment, and endeavour to overtake him. He

aſſur'd

aſſur'd her he would write by every Courier, and begg'd her not to admit of another Lover, tho' he was ſenſible there were many (taking the advantage of his abſence) would endeavour to pleaſe her. To all this ſhe anſwered ſo as to quiet his Diſtruſt and Fears; her Tears drowned her Sighs, her Words were loſt in Sobs and Groans. The Duke did not ſhew leſs concern, but led her all trembling, to put her in a Coach that was to carry her to his *Villa*, where he had often wiſhed to have her; but ſhe diſtruſted her ſelf, and would not go with him: Nor had ſhe ventur'd now, but that ſhe thought he was to follow the King, who could not be without him.

Charlot no ſooner arriv'd, but the Weather being very hot, ſhe ordered a Bath to be prepar'd for her. Soon as ſhe was refreſhed with that, ſhe threw her ſelf down upon a Bed, with only one thin Petticoat and a looſe Night-gown, the Boſom of her Gown and Shift open; her Night-Cloaths tied careleſly together with a Cherry-colour'd Ribon, which anſwered well to the yellow and Silver Stuff of her Gown. She lay uncovered in a melancholy careleſs Poſture, her Head reſting upon one of her Hands, the other held a Handkerchief, that ſhe employ'd to dry thoſe Tears that ſometimes fell from her Eyes; when raiſing her ſelf a little, at a gentle noiſe ſhe heard from the opening of a Door that anſwered to the Bed-ſide, ſhe was quite aſtoniſhed to ſee enter the amorous Duke. Her firſt Emotions were all Joy; but in a minute ſhe recollected her ſelf, thinking he was not come there for nothing. She was going to riſe; but he prevented her, by flying to her Arms, where, as

we may call it, he nail'd her down to the Bed with Kiſſes; his Love and Reſolution gave him a double Vigour, he would not ſtay a moment to capitulate with her; whilſt yet her Surpriſe made her doubtful of his Deſigns, he took advantage of her Confuſion to accompliſh 'em; neither her Prayers, Tears, nor Struglings, could prevent him, but in her Arms he made himſelf a full amends for all thoſe Pains he had ſuffered for her.

Thus was *Charlot* undone! thus ruin'd by him that ought to have been her Protector! 'Twas very long before he could appeaſe her; but ſo Artful, ſo Amorous, ſo Submiſſive was his Addreſs, ſo violent his Aſſurances, he told her, that he muſt have dy'd without the Happineſs. *Charlot* eſpouſed his Crime, by ſealing his Forgiveneſs. He paſſed the whole Night in her Arms, pleaſed, tranſported, and out of himſelf; whilſt the raviſhed Maid was not at all behind-hand in Extaſies and guilty Tranſports. He ſtaid a whole Week with *Charlot*, in a Surfeit of Love and Joy! that Week more ineſtimable than all the Pleaſures of his Life before! whilſt the Court believed him with the King, poſting to the Army. He neglected *Mars* to devote himſelf wholly to *Venus*; abſtracted from all Buſineſs, that happy Week ſublim'd him almoſt to an Immortal. *Charlot* was formed to give and take all thoſe Raptures neceſſary to accompliſh the Lover's Happineſs; none were ever more Amorous! none were ever more Happy!

The two Lovers ſeparated, the Duke for the Army, *Charlot* return'd to Court; one of the Royal-Secretaries fell in Love with her, but his being

being of the preciſe Party, and a marry'd Man, it behoved to carry himſelf diſcreetly. He omitted no private Devoirs to pleaſe her, but her Heart entirely fix'd upon the Duke, neglected the Attempt. She had made an intimate Friendſhip with a young Counteſs, who was a lovely Widow, full of Air, Life and Fire; her Lord purchaſed her from his Rival, by the Point of his Sword, but he did not long ſurvive to enjoy the Fruits of his Victory: He made her Circumſtances as eaſie as he could, but that was not extraordinary, however, ſhe appear'd well at Court, knew the Management of Mankind, and how to procure her ſelf univerſal Love and Admiration. *Charlot* made her the unwary Confidant of her Paſſion for the Duke; the Counteſs had the Goodneſs, or Complaiſance, which you pleaſe, to hearken to the over-flowings of a Love-ſick-Heart: She imparted to her all the Letters ſhe received from him, and took her Approbation for the Anſwer; that *never dying Fire!* thoſe *racking Uneaſineſſes! Languors! Expectations! Impatiencies!* that the two Lovers expreſs'd, were all *Greek* and *Hebrew* to the Counteſs, who was bred up in the Faſhionable way of making Love, wherein the Heart has little or no part, quite another turn of Amour. She would often tell *Charlot*, That no Lady ever ſuffered her ſelf to be truly touch'd, but from that moment ſhe was blinded and undone. The firſt thing a Woman ought to conſult was her Intereſt, and Eſtabliſhment in the World; that Love ſhould only be a handle towards it; when ſhe left the purſuit of that to give up her ſelf to her Pleaſures, Contempt and Sorrow were ſure to be her Companions. No Lover was yet ever known ſo ardent, but

time

time abated of his Tranſport; no Beauty ſo raviſhing, but that her Sweetneſs wou'd cloy; nor did Men any longer endeavour to pleaſe, when nothing was wanting to their Wiſhes. Love, the moſt generous, and yet the moſt mercenary of all the Paſſions, does not care what he laviſhes, provided there be ſomething ſtill in view to repay his Expence; but that once over, the Lover poſſeſs'd of whatever his Miſtreſs can beſtow, he hangs his Head, the *Cupid* drops his Wings, and ſeldom feels their native Energy return, but to carry him to new Conqueſts.

Charlot knew not how to digeſt this Syſtem of Amour; ſhe was ſure the Counteſs knew the World, but thought ſhe knew not the Duke, who had not a Soul like other Men. She ſaid, ſhe would, at his return, convince her, (all Infidel as ſhe was) that he had not the ſame Caſt of Mind as the reſt of his Sex. The Counteſs ſaid ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee it, but that he had took exactly the ſame Methods to make his Fortune. She would adviſe her as a good Friend, (if it were ſtrangely true, that his Ardors were yet unallayed) to puſh her Intereſt with him, that he might marry her; adviſed her to beſtow no more Favours, till he paid her Price; made her read the Hiſtory of *Roxalana*, who by her wiſe Addreſs, brought an imperious *Sultan*, contrary to the eſtabliſh'd Rules of the *Seraglio*, to divide with her the Royal Throne. *Charlot* ſaid ſhe would try what ſhe could do; at the ſame time ſhe receiv'd certain Advice, that the Treaty was broke off with the *Princeſs Dowager*. *Charlot* thought it was for her ſake, and from thence (flattered by Love) took it into her Head, that

it

it would not be long before ſhe ſhould be the Dutcheſs of ——

The Queen prepared a Ball to be danced the King's Birth-Night, which hap'ned to be that of his Return from a fortunate Campaign. *Charlot* had, ſince the Duke's Abſence (to render her ſelf conſpicuous to him) been practiſing an Accompliſhment, which a certain great Author calls *excelling in a Miſtake*. She danced that Night to the ſatisfaction of all who beheld her; the Duke's Return and Preſence re-animated her; ſhe ſeemed born to new Life, and more Vivacity. He was charmed with the Peformance, and longed for nothing ſo much, as to tell her he was more in Love with her than ever. Thoſe *Duena*'s that guard the fair Maids belonging to the Queen, would not permit him all the Happineſs he wiſhed: How impatient they were to loſe themſelves in un-numbered Kiſſes and Joys! the Duke propoſed to her to go down to his *Villa* the next day; that he would ask the Kings leave to retire to put his Affairs in order, and immediately follow. There was no Body that wondered ſhe ſhould pay her Compliment whilſt he was in the Country to her Guardian, the Truſtee of her Family; all the Duke's Children careſs'd and lov'd her, they even wiſh'd their Father would marry her; for ſo 'twas receiv'd and believ'd at Court, that ſhe ſhould be the Dutcheſs of—— They were no Strangers to his Love; he never pretended to diſſemble; but not one imagin'd his guilty Paſſion had carry'd him that length it had. He was ſo charm'd with her, that he told her, ſhe muſt reſolve to pretend a diſtant Journey to her Relations, and remain conceal'd near *Angela*, where he might have the

free-

freedom of ſeeing her twice a Day, at leaſt, unknown to all the Court; that if ſhe could devote her ſelf to ſuch a Solitude, he would endeavour to do all things that were in his power to make it agreeable to her. The Love-ſick Maid conſented with Joy; then was her time to puſh for what he poſſibly might have conſented to rather than not have poſſeſſed her undiſturbed; but ſhe was afraid that he ſhould think her Love was the reſult of Intereſt, and believ'd ſo well of his Honour, as not to diſtruſt his Care of hers.

Behold her then ſettled in a pleaſing Solitude, within a ſhort Mile of the Capitol; the Servants that were put about her were all Strangers, her Name chang'd, and not a Mortal ſuſpected, but *Charlot* was gone into the Country to her Relations. The Duke ſaw her twice or thrice every Day, ſometimes eat with her, and becauſe he could not be ſo often loſt, without being found by ſome Body, they reported that he had a new Miſtreſs, and had ſent *Charlot* away, not to diſcompoſe her with the Report; no Body could tell who ſhe was, yet many pretended to have ſeen her, and ev'n gave Deſcriptions of her Height, Features, and Complexion, all by gueſs, and not likely to agree; ſome would have her the *fair*, ſome the *brunet*, and not a few the *black* Beauty. Every one ſpoke of what was moſt agreeable to themſelves, but a Beauty to be ſure ſhe muſt be, becauſe the Duke was ſo attach'd to her.

Charlot, tho' ſhe poſſeſs'd all ſhe could deſire in the Duke's Company, yet had many Hours of Solitude upon her Hands; the great Hurry of Affairs, the Buſineſs of the State, which lay hea-

vy upon the Duke, engroſs'd too much of his time. To aleviate the Pains his Abſence gave her, *Charlot* begg'd the Counteſs might be let into the Secret, to help her paſs away, more agreeably, thoſe Moments that he was not with her. She urg'd this ſo earneſtly, that the Duke knew not how to deny her, but bid her take it for her pains, if ſhe one Day repented of it; that if he was not miſtaken in the Counteſs, ſhe was none of thoſe few Ladies that poſſeſs the retentive Faculty; but ſhould their Secret not ſuffer by her Tongue, (which indeed would be wonderful) her being known to viſit there, (as all things of that Nature are quickly known) would blow the Suſpicion of it abroad, to the Prejudice of *Charlot*'s Honour, which was dearer to him than his Life. She might eaſily have believ'd this laſt Aſſeveration, if he had had any Senſe of his own, for there's no Body but what would condemn him for corrupting hers.

Charlot could not evade her Deſtiny; ſhe would have the Counteſs with her. Pride concurr'd with Diverſion; ſhe long'd to ſhew the Counteſs (who had ſo ſlender an Opinion of the Conſtancy of Mankind) how much and faithfully ſhe was belov'd. The Counteſs came, and they met on both ſides over-joy'd; ſhe boaſted of her good Fortune; the Widow told her, all that was very fine, but why did ſhe not think of marrying of him, then they might be all Day and Night, and every Day and Night together, without Interruption, and hiding; that other Diverſions ought to have their turn with a Lady of her Age. *Charlot* told her, ſhe found all ſhe deſir'd in the Duke's Love, and her Friendſhip; ſhe had nothing further to wiſh, if ſhe would but have the Goodneſs

to ſee her as often as ſhe could. The Counteſs pity'd the Love-ſick Maid, but finding ſhe was incorrigible, reſolv'd to ſpeak to her no more of her marrying the Duke. She ſaw, by his Delays, that he did not deſign it, and look'd upon *Charlot* as a *pauvre Fille trompez.*

Almoſt the whole Winter paſs'd away in an agreeable Cabal; the Counteſs had Wit enough, and a pleaſant manner of relating Things; her Intelligence was univerſal; ſhe knew all that was done both at Court, and in the City. The Duke, who came to unbend himſelf with theſe two fair Ladies, ſeem'd to reliſh the Counteſs's Converſation: Not to diſgrace Love, he was ſometimes beholden to this gay Widow, for keeping up the Diverſion. 'Tis not poſſible always to love, or to bear up to the extravagant height of a beginning Flame, without new Supplies it muſt decay, at leaſt abate of its firſt Vigour, when not a Look, or Touch, but are Fuel to it. The Counteſs was not diſpleas'd at being heard; ſhe remark'd his Attention; ſaw his Eyes were leſs on *Charlot*, and more on her; that he would turn away, with a gentle Sigh, when ſhe catch'd him looking at her; who does not know that undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion makes Deſire languiſh? *Charlot* believ'd nothing of this, but the Counteſs knew all the Maxims of Mankind. She preſently gueſs'd how things went, and was not ſurpriz'd to hear the Duke tell the young Lady, that the time drawing on to take the Field, he would have her think of returning to Court; but that ſhe might do it with the more Honour, and free from all Suſpicion of their Commerce, he adviſ'd her, in reality, to take a Journey down to her Relations, from whence ſhe might give notice

notice of her return, as if ſhe had been there the whole Winter. *Charlot* look'd tenderly upon the Duke, her Eyes fill'd with Tears; ſome drops of Blood fell from her Noſe upon her Handkerchief, as ſhe was reaching it to her Eyes; the Omen ſtartled her, ſhe was going to withdraw, to weep alone, when her Spirits fail'd her, and ſhe fell in a fainting Fit upon the Counteſs's Boſom. The Duke had Affairs that urg'd his Departure; he call'd her Women, and left her to their Care. Nothing is able to expreſs the Deſpair ſhe was in, when ſhe found he could depart and leave her in that Condition. His date of Love is out, ſays the Unfortunate *Charlot*, Oh Madam! that I had but believ'd you! What is to be done? Shall I ſee my ſelf complaining and neglected, ſcorn'd, and yet fawning upon my Undoer? Tho' my Heart burſt with Grief and Tenderneſs, I will never have that little Spirit! The Counteſs confirm'd her in thoſe Heroic Thoughts, and even adviſ'd her to depart as ſoon as ſhe could, and without taking her Leave of him; for if he ſtill lov'd her, that Indifferency would diſtract him, and cauſe him to fetch her back: If otherwiſe, prevent her from being his Triumph. *Charlot* judg'd the Advice good, and order'd all things for her Departure on the Morrow. She might, and ought to have gone early in the Morning, as the Counteſs would have had her; but lazy, lingering Love, made her trifle away the time, till the uſual Hour of the Duke's Viſit. As he entred the Chamber, a mortal Paleneſs, and univerſal Trembling was ſeen in poor *Charlot*. He tenderly ran to ſupport her. When ſhe was a little recover'd, he ask'd her what thoſe Preparations meant?

meant? She told him 'twas for her Journey, as he had advis'd her. The Duke told her he was glad of it, 'twas prudently resolv'd, but he wish'd, for both their sakes, she would make no long stay in the Country, because he hop'd to be thus bless'd again, before he departed. She burst out into a Passion of Tears, at his Approbation of a thing, when she thought the suddenness of it would have startled him. Let us go, let us go for ever, said she, sobbing, my Lord Duke, I wish your Eminence all Happiness, wretched *Charlot* shall never disturb it! Farewel, my dear Countess, I was not born to taste the Sweets of Love and Friendship: Here she hasted out of the Room, and got into the Coach that waited, without taking her Leave in Form, either of the one or the other. They made after her to the Gate; she briskly order'd the Coachman to drive on, and with six good Horses was presently out of sight.

The Duke gave his Hand to the Countess, to lead her back into the House; they continued in mutual Silence 'till the Duke broke it, by Words to this Effect. "You doubtless con-
"demn me, Madam, for my Indifferency to
"*Madamoiselle Charlot*; I would remove so strong
"an Evidence as your self, by making you
"equally guilty. I know you are a Woman of
"the World, fully acquainted with your own
"Charms, and what they can do upon the
"Hearts of others. You have Wit, understand
"your own Interest, therefore if you have no
"Aversion for my Person, 'tis in your Power
"to do what you please with me. For your
"sake I have advis'd *Madamoiselle* to this Jour-
"ney: I could not say what I would before so

"trouble-

" troubleſome a Witneſs. I have good Nature,
" and could not ſee a Creature who loves me in
" pain, when nothing but Eſteem and Pity re-
" main for her. Not that I am naturally In-
" conſtant, but your ſuperiour Charms have
" imperceptibly made their way; I had doubt-
" leſs lov'd her a long time, if the Vivacity of
" your Wit and Converſation had not interfer'd:
" However, I will omit nothing for her Eſtab-
" liſhment in the World. Her Fault is yet a
" Secret between us Two, and that I may bribe
" you to keep it inviolably, I offer to ſhare In-
" tereſts; whatever is mine may be yours. Nay
" Honour as well as Intereſt will oblige you
" to it; for it cannot be unknown, that we ſee
" one another often at this Houſe, when we are
" married, that will be ſuppos'd to be the Secret.
" 'Tis your own Fault if it be not done this
" Night: In giving you that ultimate Proof of
" my Love, I ſpare both you and my ſelf the
" trouble of Words. I have took time to weigh
" the Deſign, all things plead for you, *Beauty*,
" *Merit*, *Senſe*, and every thing that can render
" a Woman charming; whilſt I pretend nothing
" to plead for me, but making it your own In-
" tereſt to make me happy. As I have avoided
" the tedious Forms, by which our Sex think
" they muſt engage yours, ſo I beg that you will
" uſe none to me, that relate in any ſort to *Ma-*
" *demoiſelle Charlot*; that is a tender Point. I
" would not ſo much as remember, (in the Joys
" I prepare my ſelf for with you) that there is
" ſuch a Perſon in the World.

This Harrangue put the Counteſs to her Re-flections. She begg'd his Eminency would be pleas'd to give her time till to Morrow Night,

before she pretended to answer him; and then she would do herself the Honour to expect him alone at her House at Supper. The Duke kiss'd her Hand with a respective Assent to what she had said, then led her to her Chair, and departed to prepare himself for his Marriage with the Countess.

He did not fail to wait upon her at the usual Hour: The Lady was in a genteel *Dishabile*, even to the very Night-cloaths that she intended 'to lie in. After a well order'd Supper, she carry'd him into a little Drawing-Room, and told him, in a few Words, she was ready to receive the Honour of what he had offer'd; his Inconstancy had held her for some Moments in suspence, but as to that, she assur'd her self, that religiously performing her own Duty, would oblige his Eminence to a Tenderness in his; that as the Distance was so infinitely great, both in their Title and other Circumstances, she would not pretend to capitulate with him, but left all her Interest in his, as the best Hands, who was so much her Friend, as to raise her to a Rank and Fortune she could not without the highest Vanity have expected. The Duke receiv'd her Consent with a wonderful deal of Joy and Gallantry; they were immediately marry'd, and bedded. That very Night 'twas known at Court, and some of poor *Charlot*'s Friends, did her the Diskindness to send the News of it into the Country, already Heart-broke with the Imagination of the Duke's Indifferency. This but confirm'd her in her Resolution, of not surviving the loss of his Kindness. Her Solitude was Nourishment to those black and corroding Thoughts that incessantly devour'd her: We may be sure she often

ten exclaim'd againſt *breach* of *Truſt* and *Friendſhip* in the Counteſs, as well as Ingratitude and Faithleſneſs in the Duke. The remainder of her Life was one continu'd Scene of Horror, Sorrow, and Repentance. She dy'd a true Landmark, to warn all believing Virgins from ſhipwracking their Honour upon (that dangerous Coaſt of Rocks) the Vows and pretended Paſſion of Mankind.

Aſtrea.] Your Story has two Morals; one you have your ſelf remark'd. The other is, "That "no Woman ought to introduce another to "the Man by whom ſhe is belov'd; if that had "not happen'd, the Duke had not poſſibly "been falſe. Thoſe dangerous Intimacies diſ-"cover Charms, that are not reveal'd but by "Converſation. I do not ſo much condemn the "Duke for quitting, as corrupting her; one is "natural, and but the conſequence of the other. "Methinks it ſhould not be the leaſt Induce-"ment for Ladies to preſerve their Honour, that "let them be never ſo ill-uſed by the Perſon "that robs them of it, by any Art or Pretence "whatſoever, tho' the World may condemn "and call him a Villain, yet they never pity "her. The reaſon is plain, Modeſty is the *Prin-"ciple*, the *Foundation* upon which they ought to "build for *Eſteem* and *Admiration*; and that "once violated, they totter, and fall, daſh'd in "pieces upon the obdurate Land of Contempt; "from whence no kind Hand can ever be put "forth, either to reſcue or to compaſſionate 'em. "Men may regain their Reputations, tho' after "a Complication of Vices, *Cowardice*, *Robbery*, "*Adultery*, *Bribery* and *Murder*; but a Woman "once departed from the Road of Virtue, is

" made incapable of a return: Sorrow and Scorn
" overtake her, and, as I ſaid before, the World
" ſuffers her to periſh loath'd and unlamented.

Having done moralizing upon that Story, they follow'd the Lady *Intelligence* into the Palace. She e'en aſcended the Stairs, and croſs'd the Lodgings, to the Apartment where the King's Body lay, but all was a Deſart; the numerous Croud of Guards and Attendance, nay even his menial Servants were vaniſh'd. They enquir'd the reaſon of this? To whom *Intelligence*,

Intell.] Alas! this is nothing new; were you to peruſe Hiſtory, you would find few faithful to the Dead. I have read of Kings that have dy'd in Peace, amidſt a great and flouriſhing People, yet have not found any to beſtow the decent Rites of Waſhing or Covering to the Royal Carkaſs; 'till the Embalmers, who are paid for what they do, come two or three Days after, to find if 'tis time for them to fall to work. The Leſſer follow the Example of the Greater; theſe run to make their Court to the new Succeſſor, (whom, perhaps, they had not ſeen in an Age before, but *en paſſant*) for fear of diſobliging the reigning Monarch. The little People, in that hurry of Affairs, ſecure what they can get; they know the Dead are provided for, that they can have no real Wants, and therefore never trouble themſelves to ſtay in a Place no longer ſignificant to 'em. This very Morning, the youngeſt and moſt belov'd of all the Favourites, as ſoon as ever he ſaw that his Maſter could not live, accepted of the Key he gave him to his ſtrong Box, to ſecure for himſelf, in Bills and Gold, Seventy eight thouſand Crowns, which was all the perſonal Wealth the Monarch was poſſeſs'd of:

of. His extreme Sorrow for loſing ſo good a Prince, did not prevent him from doing all that was neceſſary to hinder that Mony from falling into the Succeſſor's Hands, to whom of right it belong'd.

Were you to ſee, as I did, that great Crowd of Flatterers that immediately flock'd about the new Empreſs, before the laſt Breath had carry'd the departing Monarch to the happy Regions, you would have ſworn they had ever tenderly ador'd her. She receiv'd them with a ſolemn Grace, no way diſpleaſing. Methinks 'twould have put 'em to a ſtand, ſhould ſhe have ask'd 'em, how it came to paſs, that they could let her wear away whole Days and Years, without once taking notice that there was ſuch a Perſon in the World? Then when ſhe amus'd herſelf in the Nurſery, and at Cards with her Domeſticks, to paſs away the tedious time! But this is the way of the World; all that's paſt of that kind muſt be forgotten. Count *Orgueil* has already touch'd the Skies in his Imagination; he depends much upon the Merit of his former Admiration for the Empreſs, and does not doubt but to rival the moſt fortunate in her Favour. For matter of Entertainment, ſhe ſaid to him this Morning, after he had made his congratulatory Court, *That 'twas a very fine Day.* He anſwer'd, with a preſence of Mind, and no ill turn of Thought, *Yes, it was the fineſt Day he ever ſaw in his Life.* Seldom are Women renown'd for Conſtancy; but if ſhe do perſevere in her former good Opinion of him, now ſhe has Power, ſo to truſt and raiſe him as he expects, 'twill ſcarce be grateful to thoſe who love *Virtue*, or *Moderation.* He affects to be Head of a Party, which in a little

time, will be found oppoſite to the true Intereſt of the Court; then his Pride and Narrowneſs of Soul, are intolerable. There is no Exceſs in vicious Love that he has not been guilty of, even to the loweſt and moſt deſpicable part of Womankind, and thoſe in numbers. Tho' thrice advantageouſly Married, all of them Ladies of *Beauty* and *Merit*, he has uſed two of 'em with very little Deference. Ill-nature is his Province, Sarcaſtical Wit his Delight, Luxury his Practice, animated by Pride, and devoted to Covetouſneſs. I never yet heard of any good or generous Action perform'd by him.

Virtue.] Here lies the departed Monarch, who after a Reign full of Perturbation and Anxiety, (applauded by moſt, yet condemn'd of many) is ſummon'd by *Minos*, to give an account of his Adminiſtration. By this time he has receiv'd his Sentence, and knows whether he were in the right or wrong. Who can decide, if his Ambition or Love to Mankind, were his chief Motive to Good? Wou'd he have reliev'd the Oppreſſed, combated Tyranny and Arbitrary Government? So often hazarded his Life in Battle, if his own Particular had not been involv'd with the Publick? Yet ſhall his Memory ever be dear to thoſe People he has deliver'd! rank'd among their beſt and moſt fortunate Monarchs! having fewer of their *Vices*, and more of their *Virtues! War* was his Pleaſure, *War* was his Employment. Whilſt he follow'd the true Intereſt of his Country, at the Head of his Armies, he ſuffer'd two potent and oppoſite Factions to break themſelves againſt one another; *calm* and *ſerene*, like great *Jove* upon *Olympus*-top, he wiſely involv'd himſelf with neither; free from

the

the ſervile Arts with which other Monarchs have been forc'd to cajole their People, he yet found the happy Secret to draw from 'em, with Alacrity and Good-will, more Treaſure than in ſome Ages had been beſtow'd upon the whole Series of Kings his Predeceſſors. Reſt in Peace, oh Glorious Shade! May all thy Defects, as thou wer't Mortal, be atton'd for by thoſe Performances of thine, that were more than Mortal! O *Aſtrea!* may your Prince imitate his Conduct, Courage, Fortitude and Wiſdom! and let us pray the Gods that he have but part of his good Fortune!

Aſtrea.] But, my Lady *Intelligence*, pray what will become of the late Favourites, in this new Reign?

Intell.] Why they will be Favourites ſtill; it is not as in former Times, when down go the Kings, down go the Favourites. They take Example by their Predeceſſor's Failings; avoiding the umbrage of great Crimes, they find little Villains to ſupport the Calumny of Male-Adminiſtration, who are perpetually ſacrific'd to their ſafety; the Servant often dies for his Maſter. This is a new and wiſe Scheme of Management; whilſt the Favourite takes care to get him an Eſtate ſufficient to make him formidable, and to perſwade the new Succeſſor, and People, to leave him in repoſe, to taſte the ſweets of Eaſe and Pleaſure.

Virtue.] Pray, my Lady *Intelligence*, let us have ſome of your aſſiſtance, to explain to us that Parade that appears yonder.

Intell.] O, my good Ladies, if you pleaſe to ſtep into this Balcony, you will ſee it at your eaſe; 'tis the Funeral-Solemnity of the richeſt

Widow in all *Atalantis*, that but ſix Months, or thereabouts, ſurviv'd her Husband.

Virtue,] A Widow, and rich, and yet die ſo ſoon! Was it of Love, Grief, or Old-age?

Intell.] Young and Blooming. I'll entertain your Divinities with the whole Affair, as ſoon as the Proceſſion's paſt.

Aſtrea.] There cannot ſure be greater Vanity, than the Pomp they beſtow upon the Dead; 'tis all ſuperfluous. True Grief conſiſts not in Ceremony.

Intell.] There's no ſuch thing among thoſe that appear in theſe Cavalcades; there's ſcarce any of them that ever ſaw the Perſon deceas'd; nay often they don't ſo much as know the Name of him whoſe Corps they accompany, or whether it be a Man or a Woman's. 'Tis none of their Buſineſs, they are paid for what they do; a formal caſt of Face, a down-look, immoveable and demure, is all that is requir'd of them. 'Tis true, this Pageantry is of no uſe to the Deceaſed, but its an Honour to their Memory, and ſhews the Piety of the ſurviving Friend; beſides, 'tis Magnificent, and the Comfort of many a Lady, who makes the Thoughts of Death leſs frightful to her, when ſhe but thinks of an expenſive Funeral, white Flambeaux's, Chariots, Horſes, Streamers, and a Train of Mourners. See! there are four and twenty that carry Banners before the Body; eight leading Coaches with ſix Horſes; the Herſe comes next. Can any thing be more adorn'd? Gay with Eſcutcheons, rich in Velvet and Feathers. Methinks 'tis not ſuch a mortifying Sight; the Coaches and Chariots that follow are numberleſs.

Aſtrea.]

Aſtrea.] Where are they conducting the Body?

Intell.] About ſome two and twenty Leagues off. They would imagine the Departed could not be at reſt, lodg'd out of its appointed Sepulchre.

Aſtrea.] As if the next Funeral-Pile, or uncover'd Earth, would not as well ſerve to conſume or receive deſpicable Clay! The moſt uſeleſs and affrighting Object, no longer a part of the World; what Nature abhors to look at, but with all convenient diſpatch ſweep from out both of their Sight and Memory.

Intell.] Did Mankind confine themſelves only to what was neceſſary, reaſonable, or proper, there would indeed be no occaſion for moſt part of the great Expence they are at; the Oar might lie at reſt in its native Bed; Navigation would be uſeleſs; Diamonds, and other precious Stones, ſecure in their Quarry; the Sea not ranſack'd for Pearl, ſince, in the equal diſtribution of the Creation, every Country is ſufficient to it ſelf, for ſuſtaining Life with Temperance, tho' not with Luxury.

Aſtrea.] The Funeral is paſs'd; and we are now at leiſure to hear what you have to ſay of the Deceas'd.

Intell.] I muſt begin with her Husband. But, to give him you in his gay Cloaths, I think I had beſt preſent your Mightineſs's with the Draught of an Eſſay, wrote by an obſcure Poet, upon his Death. I'll quickly ranſack my Satchel for it. You muſt know, Ladies, that moſt things ſo lately paſt, are, as it were, preſent to me. I know *Aſtrea*, upon the top of *Parnaſſus*, often gives the Prize to the moſt Deſerving, and therefore

is

is an undoubted Judge of good Writing; but because we don't pretend so much Merit for this Piece, I'll only tell you, that a certain Poet, who had formerly wrote some things with success, but either shrunk in his Genius, or grown very lazy, procur'd another Brother of *Parnassus* to write this Elegy for him, and promis'd to divide the Profit. The Reward being considerable and sweet, he defrauded the poor Labourer of his Hire, who had been contented, for his advantage, to depart from the Reputation it might gain him; justly incens'd against the treachery of his Friend, he resolves to own and print this Piece in the next *Miscellanea.*

Astrea.

BEneath a dismal, unfrequented Shade,
Beneath a fading, melancholy Glade
Of Willow, *and the murmuring* Poplar *made:*
Two Nymphs, whose Form-Divine were lost in Care,
Widow'd of Joy, but wedded to Despair.
Soon as returning Light reviv'd the Earth,
With constant Horror came to curse their Birth.
Each had a Lover lost, Melissa's *dy'd,*
The very day the Nymph was made a Bride!
Love's Altar *dress'd for Joy, the* Bed *in view,*
And Hymen's *wasting Taper downwards drew.*
Aminta *too had lost the lovly'st Swain,*
Then when her Breast glow'd with a mutual Flame.
Here, here, they met to mourn, not seek relief,
But to indulge, and to inlarge their Grief.
Melissa *first this Morn had reach'd the Grove,*
Exclaiming loud on unrewarded Love.
When late Aminta *join'd the mourning Fair,*
O, my dear Sister! partner in despair!

Wou'dst

Wou'dſt thou new Griefs, new raging Sorrows hear,
Prepare thy Breaſt for Groans, thy Eyes for Tears!
Anguiſh refin'd, impoſſible to bear!
Our little Woe ſcarcely deſerves the Name,
But Sachariſſa's *fills the blaſt of Flame.*
Thy Daphnis *was indeed the Shepherd's Love,*
And my Philander *grac'd the* Rural **Grove.**
But they, alas! were Swains of low Degree,
Only in Love *claiming* Priority.
But great Octavio, Sachariſſa's *Lord,*
In whom high Birth, bright Fortune do accord!
Perpetual ſpringing Wit, and ever-pleaſing Youth,
The rapturous Heights of Love, and its enduring Truth.
A Form that caught the Eyes, and ſeiz'd the Heart;
His own untouch'd, as by ſome Magick Art,
But by th' enchanting Force of Sachariſſa's *Dart.*
Prop to his Country, and to Liberty;
Yet leaving all the native Monarch free,
The Patriot, *and the* Subject, *poiz'd in juſt degree.*
Oh Gloriana! *mourn his early Fall,*
With Royal Tears adorn his Funeral!
And let all Nature join th' Imperial Woe;
Swell on, ye Floods, ye Fountains overflow!

Meliſſa.

What! Great Octavio *ſnatch'd from Life away!*
Oh Tyrant Death! unbounded in thy Sway.
Speak on, Aminta, *tell the parting ſtrife,*
Tell all the Mournings of a tender Wife.
That Task perform'd, that diſmal Story done,
Add thou, a Mothers, for her only Son.
Suſpend our own, their Sorrows be thy Scene;
Let whole Creation liſten to the Theme.

Attend

Attend ye Muſes, *aid this weeping Maid;*
Nor with one Blaſt, ye Zephyrs, *fan the Glade.*
Ye feather'd Quire, *forbear a while your Song,*
So ſweet her Voice, ye cannot think her long.
Give Ear ye Eccho's, who in Caverns dwell,
Learn hence to ſpeak, ye never ſpoke ſo well.
Octavio's *Name's like animating Fire,*
Apollo's *ſcarce, can brighter Thoughts inſpire:*
And let whole Nature liſten to thy Moan,
Subſide all other Woes, ſubſide our own.

Aminta.

Laſt Night, tempeſt'ous Boreas *ſeem'd to keep,*
His baleful Revels *on the roaring Deep;*
Thunders augment the horrid rattling Din,
And the blue Fires diſcloſe the dreadful Scene:
Tall Oaks, which many raging Guſts have born,
(Imperial ſtill) from their broad Root were torn.
The Wood-Nymphs quit with fear the falling Load,
And ſhrieking fly, to ſeek ſome new Aboad.
But I, whom Grief had wonted to Deſpair:
Explore the ſweeping Winds, and wou'd the Tempeſt ſhare,
Upon the naked Beach, by the white Lightnings glare.
Fearleſs I tread the Mazes of the Night,
And hunt out Objects terrible to ſight.
For as the * Roman Bards, *'tis ſweet to ſee,*
To us who mourn, others as ſad as we:
That they in part, ſupport their weight of Woes,
And Fate to us alone, directs not all its Blows.

* *Seneca, Virgil.*

Meliſſa.

Meliſſa.

Ceaſe theſe Digreſſions, Nymph, *nor now declare,*
But of Octavio, *and his Love's Deſpair.*
The waiting Tears ſtand ready at thy Call,
The waiting Tears attend his early Fall.
And let all Nature join th' unequal'd Woe,
Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains over-flow!

Aminta.

Fantaſtick Boreas *rag'd himſelf to ſleep,*
Lull'd on the Boſom of the ebbing Deep;
And ſtruggling Light beginning to regain
Alternate Sway, reſum'd his chearful Reign.
Now Elves *and* Fairies, *quit the choſen Ground;*
No more with little Trips *beat faſt the gawdy Round.*
The grumbling Thunder, ſolemnly retires,
Attended with Auxilliary Fires:
And all the dreadful Rant of Nature o'er,
Gives us to ſee the Objects we deplore.
Join all the World in this exceſs of Woe,
Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains overflow!

Here, the departing Waves, in horrid roar,
Enriches, with their numerous Spoils, the Shoar.
Planks, Cordage, Sails, *are ſcatter'd all around,*
And breathleſs Bodies ſtrow the conſcious Ground:
Some are by rav'ning Fiſhes *piece-meal torn,*
For Cruelty's in every mortal Form.
Some graſp a Plank, *ſome to the* Maſt *are ty'd,*
Thus by prolonging Fate, *they doubly dy'd.*
The various colour'd Shells, and yellow-binding Sand,
No more appear, no more the ſhining Strand:

'Tis

'Tis all a Ship-wreck'd Scene of new-wrought Fate,
Dreadful to think, too dreadful to relate:
Polluted with the Touches of the Dead,
With Steps unnumber'd, haſtily I fled,
Beyond the Mark, which the proud Sea confines,
Where great Octavio's *Seat the Margin joins.*
But here all Nature weep th' exalted Woe,
Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains overflow!

When warm Favonius, *and the Spring invite,*
With its young Bloom, to taſte the freſh Delights
Of verdant Plains; the ſweetly ſmelling Grove;
When Venus *points out every* Swain *his* Love,
Bright Sachariſſa, *and her Lord repair,*
(Guiltleſs of Courts) to taſte the fragrant Air:
To taſte the Sweets they to each other give;
Bleſt in themſelves, this part of Life *they* live.
For no Diſquiets haunts the Rural Seat:
Ambition, Jealouſy, *the Tortures of the Great:*
'Tis all Elyſium, *in this ſoft Retreat.*
It was! But oh, no more! 'Tis paſt, 'tis gone:
Cold Death ſucceeds, and black Deſpair comes on!
All Nature join, to weep the mighty Woe,
Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains over-flow!

This Palace *ſo renown'd, for paſt Delight:*
As near I drew, with Horror catch'd the ſight.
The Lares *hang their Heads and inward groan;*
The drooping Genii *cry, Their Lord is gone!*
Virgins, who Garlands wove, his Head to crown,
Reverſe the Work, and raving tear their own.
On Heaps of diſmal Greens; ill-boding Yew,
Dark mournful Cypreſs, *and the bitter Rue:*
(Thoſe Hiroglyphicks of their Woe) around,
A wither'd Plat of Graſs, their Hair unbound,
With Garments torn, and ſcatter'd on the Ground.

Forlorn

Forlorn they lay, ſtreaming their Eyes appear,
Directing to this Palace of Deſpair.
Beyond, two human Forms in mourning Dreſs,
The motionleſs, dumb State of Death expreſs.
Like Statues *on each ſide the well-wrought Gate,*
Guard the Aſcent, to the ſad Scene of Fate.
The Walls, which Antick Pictures *uſe t'adorn,*
In deepeſt Sables *now their Maſter* mourn.
Large Rooms *of* State, *all black as low'ring Night,*
Pale winking Lamps, glim'ring imperfect Light:
In Rank *ſtand ſilent Shades, like thoſe below,*
But fix'd, not gliding, from this Scene of Woe.
Their down-caſt Eyes unheeding thoſe who paſs,
Eloquent Grief decypher'd on each Face.
But, O! what change of Pain our Thoughts employ,
At the concluſive Scene of our paſt Joy?
Where great Octavio, *on the Bed of State,*
Gave us to think of dead Adonis *Fate.*
So Young, *ſo* Lov'd, *ſo* Mourn'd, *ſo* Dear, *he fell;*
And Sachariſſa *ſutes to* Venus *well:*
So full of Charms, ſo full of melting Grief,
So loſt to Love, *ſo hopeleſs of relief.*
All Nature weep, th'inimitable Woe,
Swell on ye Floods, ye Fountains overflow!

Hung round with deepeſt Night the conſcious Room,
Eſchutchons, Streamers, and the waving Plume,
Proclaim the pompous Mourning of the Tomb.
Tall Lights, of whiteſt Wax, their Luſtre gave,
For Oſtentation follows to the Grave.
O ſplendid Woe! O vanity of State!
In Death's dark Realm, diſtinction 'twou'd create,
Where all alike are low, where all alike are great.
What means this awful Horror to our Eyes?
Within, within, the trueſt Mourning lies:

Octavio's

Octavio's *Loss, struck the deciding Blow;*
There needs no heightning to supreameſt Woe.
Delia *began to ſing the Hero dead;*
Delia, *had in* Apollo's *Court been bred.*
Nor Afra, *nor* Orinda *knew ſo well:*
Scarce Grecian Sapho, Delia *to excel.*
In Strains that tell the certainty of Fate,
And the uncertainty of Human State,
Imperfect tho' I am, I will her Song relate.

Delia.

Oh World! *Oh* Fortune! *vainly 'tis you charm,*
Againſt the Conqu'ror Death, *there's none can arm.*
Tear your bright Hair, ye Maids in Courts who ſhine,
And you bleſt Nymphs, *whom* rural Groves *confine;*
In Conſort wring your Hands, in Conſort mourn;
Beat your fair Breaſts, from thence gay Thoughts be torn.
Join in repeated Groans, in fragrant Sighs,
And quench with Tears your ſparkling ſhine of Eyes.
See here! alas! look here what Death has done!
Rend your rich Robes, *and put dark* Cypreſs *on.*
Lament, lament the State of Human Woe:
Nor Birth, *nor* Youth, *can ward the cruel Blow.*
Look on Octavio, *once ſo good, ſo juſt,*
How early mingles he with common Duſt?
From the fair Book of Life expung'd betime,
Snatch'd in his Bloom of Years, whilſt Love was in its prime.
Tho' Sachariſſa's *moſt endearing Arms,*
Like ſacred Amulets, *protects from Harms,*
Protects him from the force of any other Charms.
Mourn all ye Sons and Daughters of the Bays,
Who now ſhall hear, who now reward your Lays?
For Profit ever mingled with his Praiſe.

How

Howl ye Diſtreſs'd, ye miſerable Poor,
Cloath'd by his Goodneſs, fed from out his Store:
Let Sorrow now, what Wretchedneſs had done,
Ye periſh'd all in his expiring Groan:
Unnumber'd were his Grants, like Ocean's *Sand,*
Ev'n Bounty took new Beauty from his Hand:
But——
O Annabel! *Who can define thy Woes?*
Alas! thou doubly feelſt the Mother-Throws.
Thro all the Circle, thy fair Life has run,
Tranſporting Fondneſs bleſt this only Son:
To thee, more than his Birth, *his* Fame *he ow'd;*
Thy Graces *in the* Hero's *Boſom glow'd.*
What didſt thou not, his Vertues to improve?
How early charm'd in Sachariſſa's Love?
So Young, ſo Beauteous, the Beholders thought,
Cupid *and* Pſyche *to their Nuptials brought:*
The Genial-Bed *was fruitful——* There's *thy Care,*
Tranſfer thy Love, *and raiſe thee from Deſpair.*
Guard thoſe fair Bloſſoms from intruding Harms;
O! early guard 'em from unlucky Storms:
View all their Father, in his blooming Race;
See thy dear Son re-lives in ev'ry Face.
Whilſt——
Back to the boundleſs Univerſe he rowls,
E'er this, decides the great diſpute of Souls:
But his immortal Fame *ſhall never waſte,*
Like ſtill enduring Time, it muſt to Ages laſt.

Aſtrea:] We that are us'd to the genuin Elegies of *Melpomene*, and other Performances of the Daughters of *Parnaſſus*, find but a faint Reliſh of the Muſes in this Poem; however, ſince he has ſomething of a *Genius*, we will be indulgent to the Attempt: He has accompliſh'd his

Hero; I would know, whether he drew him as he was, or as he ought to have been?

Intell.] First, Madam, the better to illustrate my Story, I beg your Attention for a second Performance of the same Poet, drawn in by the pretended Repentance, and reiterated Promises of his false Friend, who perhaps (and that's no wonder) may deceive him the second time. 'Tis just warm from the Muse; finish'd but Yesterday, and newly communicated to me, to be distributed abroad.

Astrea.

Mourn'd by Aminta, *thus* Octavio *dy'd,*
A Nymph *who had th' Extremes of Sorrow try'd:*
A Cave she sought, far from the Realm of Light,
It seem'd the dark Aboad of Genuin Night;
Surrounded by a threatning gloomy Grove,
Where everlasting Ghosts incessant rove,
Pale Spectres, *who had met their Fate by* Love.
The Sun, *nor penetrates at chearful Noon,*
Nor at full Night, *the glim'rings of the* Moon.
No pleasing Bird, their warbling Throat employ,
Nor Nymph, *nor* Swain, *e'er tasted here of Joy.*
These fly the dreadful Shade, and haste away;
Those leave the Haunt, to Birds of dreadful prey;
The Regions native *Horror they partake,*
With Vulture Screams, *and the dire Pinions shake,*
They wound the Ear and double Darkness make.
Yet Friendship, *fearless, and alone can trace,*
The congregated Horrors of the Place.
Melissa, *braves the Terrors of the Grove,*
The Path seems rose all, that leads to what we love.
Stretch'd on the Damps of that unwholesom Cave,
The Emblem of her faithful Lover's Grave.

By

By a dim Lamps imperfect ſickly Ray,
The poor Forlorn, Diſtreſs'd Aminta *lay,*
And mourn'd, and wept, and watch'd her Hours away.
When thus Meliſſa——

Meliſſa.

Thou ſeem'ſt a Niobe *of Grief, ſo petrid grown,*
That not one Sigh thy Breaſt, thy Voice a Moan,
Nor other ſign of living Woe is ſhown.
But to re-animate thy ſinking Frame,
If yet thy dying Fire can catch a Flame;
If vital Warmth's not quite extinguiſh'd there,
Or thy dear Eyes retain a latent Tear:
The Muſick of thy Voice not fled away,
Or thy ſweet Muſe in its extreme decay.
But if they were, my Tale *can force new Woe,*
Bound thee from Earth, and every Grief beſtow;
New Vigour add to thy expiring Life,
New Anguiſh to thy Soul, new anxious Strife;
As once thou mourn'ſt the Husband, now to weep the Wife.

Aminta.

Thy Voice indeed is ſad, but deeply moves,
Suiting the Horror of our ruin'd Loves.
Of all thoſe Woes, diſpens'd by Hands divine,
Haſt thou e'er heard a Tale to equal mine?
Can Angela *another Loſs bemoan?*
Oh no! There is no ſecond Grief, Octavio *gone.*

Meliſſa.

Yet I have Woes wou'd damp the Bridegroom's Joy,
And the gay Smiles of Conqu'rors deſtroy.

No new-made Monarchs, eager of the Crown,
This Story told, wou'd put his Glories on.

Aminta.

Speak on my Friend, no more thy Grief refrain,
I live with Horror, and was form'd for Pain.
Thy brimful Eyes, much untold Sorrows ſhow,
Give me the Cauſe, give me the Theme of Woe.

Meliſſa.

Too big for Words, and for Belief too great,
I ſcarce have ſtrength the Story to repeat.
O! Canſt thou gueſs, the worſt ill Fate cou'd do,
That which can ev'n Octavio's *Loſs out-go!*
Reflect on what's moſt terrible to Thought;
The widow'd World to Deſolation brought.
Extinguiſh'd Beauty, Merit fled the Earth,
Youth, Goodneſs, *ev'ry* Virtue *ſally'd forth,*
A rude rough Chaos, indigeſted worth.
Nought elſe remains but, O! to ſum up all,
We need but ſpeak of Sachariſſa's *Fall.*
She, ſhe, is folded cloſe in Death's *cold Arms,*
Death riots now in Sachariſſa's *Charms:*
From her bright Eyes the Lightnings ſnatch'd away,
No more they bleſs the World, no more the Day.
Extinguiſh'd Luſtre, Horror, Darkneſs, Night,
Succeed, alas! there moſt triumphant Light.
The fading Roſes, ſlowly quit the Place,
A pale dead Hue, invades the native Face,
That Tyrant diſpoſſeſſes every Grace.
The Ardor of her Sighs no longer warms,
No more her Smiles, no more her Sweetneſs charms.
In one ſad Hour, how great a Change is made!
In one ſad Hour, Ten thouſand Beauties fade.

Aminta.

Aminta.

This ſtrikes indeed, it wounds with ſtrong ſurpriſe,
But O to happy Realms, bright Sachariſſa *flies.*
The Storm now paſt, and cruel Death *o'ercome,*
New Joys ariſe from their united Tomb.
To bliſsful Worlds they fly, they reſt from Care;
Admir'd and pointed out (by all) the happy Pair.

Meliſſa.

What ſhame to thee, to me, thus long to mourn,
With latent Tears, to hover o'er an Urn?
Had Love, or Grief, poſſeſs'd us as it ought,
We now had been beyond the pain *of Thought.*
Like Sachariſſa's, *had our Flame been ſtrong,*
So ſhort the Torment, and the Triumph long.
She! who had every Bribe that Bliſs cou'd move,
Youth, Beauty, *vaſt Poſſeſſions, ſmiling Love.*
The Tribute of all Hearts, the Wiſh of Eyes,
Neglecting theſe, for her Octavio *dies.*
O lovely, faithful Wife! *O moſt ſublime,*
Unequal'd Fair! *the* Muſes *Theme be thine.*
All Pens, all Tongues, ſhall celebrate thy Fame;
And diſtant Regions learn to Bleſs thy Name.

Aminta.

This then's the Viſion that I lately ſaw,
Charm'd by ſoft Sleep, which gives ev'n Sorrow Law.
Reclin'd, along that melancholy Stream,
I'll tell thee all; 'twas far beyond a Dream.
His Youth appear'd, divinely Bright and Fair;
His Eyes celeſtial Fire, Sun-beams his Hair!

A Silver Wand did grace his lovely Hand,
Which waving twice, he gave this ſweet Command:
Come follow me, thou weeping, conſtant Maid,
And, for a while, be all thy Sorrows ſtaid.
Away! thro' pleaſing Worlds, all beautiful and new,
With ſofteſt caſe, and ſwift as thought we flew.
Till reſting on enamel'd flowry Ground,
Thus ſpake my Guide. Caſt thou thy Eyes around;
See the kind Palms, *how fondly they improve,*
Their mutual Joys, clasp'd by the Arms they love.
Behold the wedded Myrtles; *and again behold*
The ſpreading Ivy *does the* Elm *infold.*
The mated Turtles, *perch on ev'ry Bough:*
Mark how they Coe *and* Kiſs, *and ſeem to* Vow.
By theſe fond am'rous Emblems that appear,
Can'ſt thou not gueſs whoſe Palace ſhou'd be near?
It muſt be Hymen's *ſure, I weeping ſaid;*
Hymen, *who all my tendreſt Hopes betray'd.*
See there! forlorn he is, the Youth reply'd,
Mourning a lovly Fair, *that lately dy'd.*
A faithful Wife, *bright* Sachariſſa, *who,*
Deſpiſing Life, flies to her Lord below.
See, ſee! his Saffron Robe is found,
In pieces rent, and ſcatter'd on the Ground.
Around the penſive God, the weeping Cupid's *lay;*
Far he had thrown th' Hymenial *Torch away:*
Which now, but faintly *glim'ring, ſeem'd t'expire,*
But that the mourning Loves, *as* faintly, *fan'd the Fire.*
A River *next, my Guide, divides the Flood;*
On either ſide the crouded Waters ſtood.
Come view the Plains, he ſaid, the happy Grove,
Where faithful Hearts ſwell with eternal Love.
We reach the ſhining Strand, the Golden Bow'rs,
Where Time's *no* more; *no counting* Days, *or* Hours: *No*

No rolling Years, *that ſnatch our* Bloom *away,*
With change of Seaſons, *bringing* Youth's *decay.*
Like the firſt Pair, in full Perfection form'd;
For ever Charming, *and for ever* Charm'd.
Whilſt thus intent, on all the glorious Throng,
A brighter Beauty, *ſweep'd the Shades along.*
New-come ſhe ſeem'd, new-landed on the Plain;
Careſs'd and crown'd by all the heav'nly Train.
Some Garlands brought, and ſtrew'd with Sweets her Hair;
The falling Sweets o'er-preſs the welcome Fair:
Thro' Acclamations of celeſtial Voice,
They bear her to the Scene of all her Joys.
To her Octavio, *who her Heart had fill'd,*
For, oh! 'twas Sachariſſa *I beheld!*
Whilſt, with unbounded Raptures, they careſs,
A radiant Youth *thus ſung their Happineſs.*

The Praiſes of the Dead.

Strike the harmonious Lyre, *and ſing aloud;*
Sing Sachariſſa's *Glory to the Croud.*
Each Scene ſhe finiſh'd with ſo nice a Care,
No Maſter-piece of Life was ever half ſo fair.
Moſt happy Father, *who has liv'd to ſee*
A Child *of ſuch unerring* Piety.
Bleſs'd Infants, who from ſuch a Mother came,
You, fair Born Daughters, *imitate her* Fame;
As hers may yours, acquire a deathleſs Name.
Ye happy Sons, *tread in the Path ſhe made;*
Keep but the Track, *your* Laurels *ne'r can* fade.
Honour, *that* Idol, *never yet cou'd ſee*
So fair, *and yet ſo* true, *a* Votary.
When Youth, Wealth, Beauty, *all invite to live;*
What the gay Court, *or gayer* Love *cou'd give:*

That part divided, which enrich'd the whole,
Were Bribes too mean for Sachariſſa's *Soul.*
Deaf to the' Enchantments of a tempting Age,
Deaf to thoſe Blandiſhments which Youth engage,
Excluded from all Joy, *to* Grief *a prey;*
The eating Viper *gnaw'd his fatal way:*
Deep ſunk in Woe, ſhe ſcarce beheld the Light,
Never, O never, taſted of Delight.
Till Death, ſo often call'd for, came at laſt;
Death, when intreated, makes but ſlower haſte.
Sullen and proud, he bids the Wretched ſtay,
But ſnatches the moſt Proſp'rous in a day.
Theſe Storms o'er-paſt, the happy Pair *unite*
Their Virtues, *crown'd with uncontroul'd Delight.*
Fix'd in the higheſt Orb, they brighteſt move;
The ſhining Gods *ſuch Happineſs approve.*
New Conſtellations! *they ſo grace the* Sky,
Look up the World, and laud *their* Memory!

Aſtrea.] I doubt this is but your Poet's Compliment; for, as lately as I came from thence, they knew nothing of the matter then.

Intel.] That's no Buſineſs of his, he cares not whether ever they get there or no. I ſee his Flattery has not catch'd your Mightineſs's Applauſe nor Approbation, and yet 'tis well enough, according to the rate of the preſent Writers. There are ſo few in this warlike illiterate Age, that underſtand the true Beauties of Poetry, that the *happy Few* that can diſtinguiſh themſelves (in a juſt Indignation at its Ignorance) are ſilent. The Critick is degenerated from his firſt Original; 'tis now only underſtood as ſpeaking of a Perſon of Spleen and Ill-nature, who profeſſes againſt being pleas'd at any thing but his own Compoſitions, or when he can find fault with

with others; he never applauds, tho' in the right place, but often condemns in the wrong. And theſe (by Faction and Party) are Leading Men among the ignorant, who are fifty to one the greater number. This ſilent Reſentment, from the real Worthy (thoſe that can reſcue declining Poetry) gives the greater liberty to the Poetaſter to fire the Town, and overſwarm it with their Bumbaſt. A certain Author ſays, "That he taſtes Verſes like Melons, "if they have not ſomething in their Flavour "approaching to Perfection, he cannot reliſh "'em". I'm afraid he muſt have reſolv'd, had he liv'd now, not to have eat at all, or at leaſt without the *Bon Gouſt*.

Virtue.] My Lady *Intelligence* is wandred from her Subject; ſhe has forgot the dead Lady, and her Hiſtory.

Intell.] But a ſhort Digreſſion, Ladies: 'Tis natural to our Sex to Elope. You muſt know, then, that the Lady *St. Amant*, the Poet's *Sachariſſa*, dy'd for Love; a Love ſo violent and indigeſtive, that ſhe could not throw it off at a leſs Price than her Life.

Aſtrea.] That is but what we found in the Eſſay: Can your Poets here below ſpeak Truth?

Intell.] *Metaphorically*, or by way of *Allegory*. The Lady *St. Amant* dy'd for Love indeed; but for whom? Not for *Monſieur Octavio*?

Aſtrea.] On to the purpoſe; for we have great Affairs upon our Hands.

Intell.] And I have yet very much to ſhow and to inform you of: Call'd to ſo eminent a Station, I ſhall endeavour to diſcharge my ſelf as I ought, of an Employment honourable and diſtinguiſhing.

Mon-

Monſieur St. *l'Amant* was Maſter of a very great Eſtate; ſo far the Poet s Character is right. He found the Wife his Mother beſtow'd upon him much to his Mind, being neither nice nor enterprizing; he lov'd lazy Pleaſures, and therefore never gave himſelf the Fatigue of Flattery and Diſſimulation to the Ladies, without which you ſeldom prevail with them, unleſs it be by dint of Money; and that he could employ more to his Mind in the Revels of *Bacchus*, than the Rites of *Venus*; and that's one more Perfection agreeing with the Hiſtorian. But I ſhould be at a loſs to carry the Parallel any further. As to his being a *Patriot*, I never heard of any thing he perform'd that way, diſſenting but by a *No*; and encouraging that Party he would fain have it thought he was of, but by a *Yes*. His Pleaſure was in his Appetite, I mean good Eating; eminent for the diſtinction of his Taſte, and a nice order'd Table. Wine, and the hotter Liquors were the occaſion of his Death; the Phyſicians vainly forbad him too liberal a uſe of 'em. He dy'd memorable for nothing, but introducing a Boſom-Friend of his to his Lady's Intimacy and Favour, and leſſening his Children's Fortunes to enlarge her Dowry. 'Twas kind and obligingly done of him; he could do no more but die quickly out of the way, to leave her the richeſt Widow in all *Atalantis*.

A Donative ſo much to her advantage, gave her Parents the Alarm; her Mother, like a wiſe and prudent Woman, after the firſt Guſt of her Sorrow was blown over, read her perpetual Lectures of Widows that were undone and ruin'd by marrying of ſecond Ventures. Her Husband's Family were not at all pleas'd at the Diſtin-

Diſtinction he had made in prejudice to the Children, and probably were then upon the Watch, to find what they might have to object againſt her.

The young Baron *de Mezaray* was of a very ancient Family, but the too liberal Exceſſes of his Forefathers, had extremely impair'd the Eſtate; he could no more maintain it in its former Splendor: There were who love to concern themſelves in the Affairs of all Men, that wonder'd he did not ſeek to better his Circumſtances, by applying himſelf either to the *Court* or *Army*; probably it was not his Principle, or he did not love the Fatigues of the *Camp* or *Cabinet*.

Monſieur St. *l'Amant* lov'd nothing ſo tenderly as he did the Baron; he would not by his good Will have breath'd a Day without him; he was the *Zeſt* to all his Pleaſures. *Bacchus* (as well as he lov'd him) had not his true Flavour when he was wanting; and one would think he could have e'en ſhar'd with him the Delights of *Venus*, by ſo frequently forcing him upon his Lady. He would tell her, That if there were any thing ſhe could more oblige him in than other, 'twould be in tenderly reſpecting the *Baron*, who deſerved Admiration more than all Mankind put together; that this degenerate Age had nothing elſe to boaſt of; had not Nature put him into the World, we muſt have been at a loſs to have gueſs'd at the perfection of our People of Virtue, that were born ſo many Ages before us. When the World was young in Vice, he was indeed a true Copy of 'em; their ſhining Qualities all center'd in him; his extraordinary Modeſty only kept him from univerſal Admiration, a Quality

in-

in-born to the moſt worthy, that when he pleas'd, 'twas but making himſelf known to receive the firſt Dignities and Employments of the Empire; tho' the ill-natur'd will tell you, his greateſt Merit, according to *Monſieur*'s *Gouſt agreeable*, conſiſted in being a *bonne Companion*, in knowing when your *Cray-fiſh*, *Soups*, *Olios*, *Terren*, *Fricacies*, and other Elegancies of the Table, were in perfection; which were beſt for a Preparative, which for a Digeſtive; Spirit of *Clary*, Tincture of *Saffron*, *Barbadoes-Water*, *Perſico*, *ouleau de vit*, *avec le Fleure d' Orange*. Madam *de St. l'Amant* had been marry'd ſo young, that Love had nothing to do in that Affair; he was not at all neceſſary to a Match made up by Friends; however ſhe grew up with great Inclinations to comply in every thing with a Husband ſo obliging, therefore we muſt not think it at all ſtrange, that ſhe ſo readily obey'd him, in eſteeming the *Baron*. He was by freedom of Converſation let into a thouſand Intimacies, which gave him Opportunities of diſtinguiſhing himſelf by a more inſinuating Behaviour, than was neceſſary to a Husband at eaſe, and in full poſſeſſion of whatever a Wife can beſtow. Love, that dangerous Enemy of our quiet, that ſooner or later forces every Heart by Experience to acknowledge him the Maſter, had a malicious deſire to poiſon that eaſie manner of Life, between *Monſieur* and *Madam St. l'Amant*; he trick'd up the *Baron* in all things that could appear lovely to the Eyes of the Lady: Dreſs'd up his Air with killing Smiles; furniſh'd his Eyes from his own Quiver; begg'd ſome of his beautiful *Mother*'s Sweetneſs, and her beſt Water for Complection; pilfer'd from every one of the *Graces*, to adorn his Favourite,

vourite, and e'en ſtole ſome of the *Ambroſia*, to diffuſe throughout his Perſon, ſo that nothing appear'd ſo charming as he to the Lady. I had forgot to tell you, that *Cupid*, tho' he be not very good-natur'd, in compaſſion to the reſt of the Sex, made theſe Perfections viſible to none but her; as to the ſuper Ornaments of the Mind, they were not neceſſary in this Caſe. What have Lovers to do with Senſe and Judgment? Wiſdom was never ſo much as ever made mention of in their Court of Requeſt: Brisk Repartees; ſome ſuperficial Sparklings of Wit; a well-turn'd Period; an agreeable manner of telling a Story, no matter whether the Story be good or bad; eternal Compliances; inceſſant Flattery; never-ending Praiſes; perfect Reſignation, and continual Importunities, are their Letters of Mart, and paſs better in Love's-Exchange, than fine Underſtanding.

Madam *S. l'Amant*, who was no Conjurer in unravelling Myſteries, tho' they were e'en thoſe of Nature, wonder'd what ſort of new Gueſt ſhe had entertain'd; ſhe neither eat nor ſlept, a ſort of languiſhing Melancholy made her Days and Nights uneaſie to her; *Spleen* and *Vapours* were then faſhionable Appellations for Diſtempers they could ſtrictly give no other Name to. If a Lady wanted Money for the *Baſſet-Table*, and her Lord refus'd her, preſently ſhe was troubled with the *Vapours*; if a Set of Jewels to go to the Apartment, or Preſents for a private Favourite, ſtill 'twas the *Vapours*; if ſhe was forbid the freedom of a Hackney-Coach, with her Boſom-Friend the Mantua-maker, the *Vapours* were intolerably powerful, and nothing like a Jaunt *incognito* to allay 'em. In ſhort, poor *Vapours* was forced

forced to farther abundance of Inconveniencies. Madam St. *l'Amant* had recourſe to them; ſhe refug'd under the Title of *Vapours*, a Diſtemper all new and perplexitive. Signior *Mompellier*, the Womens Phyſician, was order'd to ſit in Judgment upon my Lady's Indiſpoſition; according to his way of rambling, finding it lay chiefly in the Fancy, he began to entertain her with ſomething which he thought very diverting, his own Amours, and the Favours that had been beſtow'd upon him. Madam St. *l'Amant* had indeed heard that was his way, but had never prov'd it before. She aſſum'd the ſevere Air of a Woman of Honour, ſhock'd at the extreme Liberty the Doctor took in his Buffoon Relation. When he ſaw he had miſs'd of his Aim, and could not divert, he ſeriouſly advis'd her Husband to take care of her; ſhe had the heighth of *Vapours*, which might degenerate into Lunacy. To prove this, he repeated thoſe Stories which her Melancholy Spleen had been proof againſt; and becauſe ſhe was not entertain'd with them, and did not burſt out into a Laughter at his Jeſts, he concluded her mad; and yet this is the firſt rank'd Wit of the Age. But ſince I intend to carry you where your ſelves ſhall be Judges of his Converſation, I'll not foreſtal it by Deſcription.

Still the poor Lady languiſh'd under this nameleſs Melancholy. *Monſieur* was good-natur'd, and made himſelf troubleſomly officious; but all his Kindneſs but increas'd her Malady; every thing he did was diſpleaſing; ſhe had even a Repugnancy in her Nature at ſpeaking civilly to him; when he would touch her Hand, it redoubled her Diſtemper, but to kiſs her Mouth was *Vapours* wrought

wrought up to Frenzy. She wonder'd more than he did at this apparent Diſlike; he began in good earneſt to fear the Doctor was infallible, and that ſhe would be mad. When he offer'd at careſſing, ſhe would ſqueak out as if ſhe were poſſeſs'd. Love for the *Baron* caus'd her (without her own knowledge) to hate her Husband; ſhe receiv'd him with Frowns; anſwer'd him perverſly, and from the purpoſe; hated to eat or ſleep where he was. But when the *Baron* appear'd, 'twas the Reverſe; ſhe ſmil'd whether ſhe would or no, maugre her ſelf, her Eyes ran into a Dance of Joy; her Heart rebounded in her Breaſt; Spleen and Vapours were no more, her Converſation took a gay turn; the little affected Arts by which the Fair would inſinuate, became natural; ſhe new-ſtampt her very Air and Words; all that the *Baron* ſaid, all that the *Baron*, did, was delightful to her; ſhe could ſit at Table, nay ev'n eat, ſo he were but one of the Gueſt; ſhe could reconcile her ſelf to Cards, provided he made one; nay more, her Husband became tolerable to her in his Company. There was nothing to be ſeen but Smiles of perpetual Joy, whilſt the *Baron* was by, but when he departed all was Sun-ſet, or worſe, riſing Miſts, and cloudy Vapours. Her Husband (without any Reflection to her prejudice) ſaw that nothing diverted her but the *Baron*, and therefore begg'd him as earneſtly as if he were ſuing for the greateſt good, to keep his Wife Company till her Health was recover'd. He did not in the leaſt wonder that ſhe ſhould think well of him; he had endeavour'd all he could to raiſe a Friendſhip and Eſteem in her; and becauſe he himſelf was never ſo well pleas'd as when he was with him,

he

he eaſily believ'd another might have the ſame Sentiments, and be as well entertain'd with what he found ſo diverting.

The *Baron* was not ſo great a Novice in Love-Affairs, but he could gueſs himſelf the occaſion of Madam's Diſtemper; whether he prided himſelf in the good Fortune, is not very material; or how great the Conteſt was between Friendſhip for his Friend, and Charity for the Lady. At laſt he concluded, that 'twas height of Friendſhip to have Charity, for by that means he ſhould preſerve and put out of Pain a Creature that was dear to his Friend; but the difficulty lay not in his good Intentions, but the manner of aſſwaging the Griefs of the afflicted Fair One. She had been bred up in a perfect reſerve to all the World but her Husband, the Offers of Love from another might probably ſhock her to a violent degree, and ſhould ſhe once take a Diſguſt, it might re-cal and fix her wandring Heart to its firſt Object; he therefore concluded it beſt to redouble, if poſſible, his Diligence, and to let Chance determine the reſt.

The Seaſon was come for going into the Country, the Lady's want of Health ſeem'd to require it, but ſhe could not tell how to part with the *Baron*'s Company; not that ſhe ſuſpected the Foulneſs of the Infection; ſhe was pleas'd, without knowing what pleas'd her; the flushing Blood, obedient to the Dictates of her Love-ſick Heart, would immediately fly into her fair Face and Neck at his approach; a ſort of ſhivering, an alternative of heat and cold would ſeize her; but ſtill this was but the Lady's friendly Diſtemper, *Vapours*; but ſuch *Vapours*, that was not in the power of *Sal-volatile*, *Sal-armoniac*, nor Spirit of

of *Harts-horn* to cure; in vain did the Gentlemen of the Faculty ſit in Conſultation; the *Baron* had more Vertue than all their Medicines; and becauſe good Nature and Friendſhip were his Talent, to oblige Monſieur, and ſerve his Lady, he ſtirr'd from her as little as he could. But the Husband, who lov'd nothing ſo well as his Friend, and his Wife, always made a third; the Debauch went round in her company, tho' ſhe would not ſhare in it, which was her own fault, in not believing this Doctrine of her Maſter's, *That the Bottle was a Cure for all Diſtempers.*

Still was the *Fair* ignorant of the Evil that tormented her. The *Baron* one Day alone with her, ſhe ſaid to him, What melancholy Hours, my Lord, are Monſieur St. *l'Amant*, and my ſelf, going to paſs in the Country, unleſs you can have the Goodneſs to go with us? I do not uſe to ask Favours of any one; but I find you ſo neceſſary to my Diverſion, from this dangerous Melancholy that has ſeiz'd me, in pity to my ſelf, I make you this requeſt. By this fine ſet Speech, you may gueſs at the Lady's Innocence; ſhe was not accuſtom'd to read Books of Gallantry; knew no more of Love than what ſhe had got from *Opera's* and *Comedies*, where, unleſs a Lady be in Love before, ſhe ſeldom makes application. Thoſe of the Sex that have that happy Indifference, go to a *Play* but when 'tis cry'd up and becomes the faſhion, and then only becauſe the reſt of the World goes; ſhe'll go for Company, to ſee if any Lady have finer Jewels than her ſelf, to expoſe her own, and to obſerve the Modes, *&c.*

She even ſpoke to her Husband to entreat the *Baron* to go along with them: He deſired no more; he was over-joy'd at the Sympathy

he found in his Wife's Inclinations; he bid her be eaſie, the *Baron* ſhould go with them. Then he fell to teizing the *Beloved*, who did not want half that Courtſhip as he pretended; where could he be better regaled? Where could he live ſo well as at *Monſieur St. l'Amant*'s? Beſides, the fair Lady's Admiration and Pain for him, made him reſolve to pleaſe himſelf, and oblige her. They were no ſooner got down, but the Lady fancied herſelf much better. The reaſon was plain, the *Baron* was ſeldom from her, and her Intervals of Melancholy conſequently ſhorter. Indeed, thoſe Days that they went a Hunting it went ill with her; then ſhe had nothing to do but to have the *Vapours* in perfection: In ſhort, ſhe declared herſelf a mortal Enemy to that Diverſion, and oblig'd 'em to keep at home more than they would have done.

A young Relation of hers, nam'd *Berintha*, to divert herſelf and others, came there upon a Viſit, with an intent to paſs away the Summer: ſhe was very witty, entirely agreeable, full of *Amuſement*, and *Coquet* enough. She would have thought it a great Injury to her Charms, if any *Cavalier* ſhould not ſeem to be ſenſible of them; at firſt ſhe did not give herſelf thought enough to examine the different Intereſts of the People ſhe was with. She expected no great good (as to matter of admiration) from *Monſieur* St. *l'Amant*, who had never been in Love in his Life, unleſs you'll call it Love to be a good and kind Husband to a Wife that he had marry'd when he was a Child, and grew up with. Thoſe are tender Friendſhips, free from the Diſquiets, the Hopes and Fears for poſſeſſion; calm are their Deſires; calm are their Joys; they

they may be well term'd discharging ones Duty with a good grace, wearing your Fetters with no inclination to Freedom; but the fierce *Delights*, and ravishing *Sweets* of consenting *Love*, *after-Toils*, *Assiduities*, *Despairs*, and *ardent Desires*, are all foreign to a *Hymen* imposed upon us before we have either Age or Leisure to desire it. But Parents think their Children can never be unhappy, if they do but take care of their Interest, which is the true reason that we so seldom see People of Condition fortunate in their Marriages. The Men seek their Diversions abroad, and the Ladies often are not more innocent; at best, their Husband's Inclination self-where never fails to render them miserable.

Berintha having small Hopes of being adored by one that preferr'd *Bacchus* to *Venus*, thought she shou'd have a melancholy time of it, if the *Baron* did not prove more sensible. Your true *Coquet* thinks all Pleasures insipid, that are not mingled with the Pretence of Love: I say the Pretence, for their varying Tempers never know what true Love means. What Pains will such a one give her self, to procure a little Flattery? How indefatigable will they be, to gain the Offer of a vain taudry Heart, which they are sure to despise, if once it becomes their real Conquest? But if a Man of Sense ever be so miserable, she is sure to make him suffer all that *Ostentation*, *Pride*, and desire of having the World see her sovereign Power, can inflict.

Berintha, being *Coquet* in Perfection, whenever she spoke to the *Baron*, she softned the Tone of her Voice, call'd Smiles to her Mouth, and Dimples to her Cheeks; assum'd a dying Sweetness in her Eyes; threw out the Bait with all the

Artifice of a skilful hand; not that she lov'd him, any other Man would have serv'd her Business as well. Her *Pride* was this, to be admir'd: She mortally hated that Lady, whom she could not rob of her Gallant. Such a Solitude was affrighting to one of her Temper; if the *Baron* had immediately surrender'd, she had changed her first Designs of passing the Summer there, and gone to the *Hot-Baths*, where a much more numerous Assembly promis'd her much greater probability of Admiration.

The *Baron*, grateful to the Pains Madam *de* St. *l'Amant* felt for him, would not give in to the Artifices of the *Coquet*, at least till he had suffer'd her to play all her Tricks over, and was come to the down-right advance, of telling him, That his Indifference displeased her; nay, (perhaps inflam'd by his Coldness, the Antiperistasis had really warm'd her;) she reproach'd him one Day in the Garden, after so gallant a manner, that he knew not how to defend himself. She told him, 'twas highly unnatural, in a Man of his Age, to let a young Lady pass so neglected; she would not believe that these were Times for Gentlemen to leave their Hearts behind them; that should a Beauty (as she did not doubt) have engross'd it whilst he was at *Angela*, he knew better, than not to have it now at Command, since new Places generally produced new Conquests, to People of his Merit.

Nothing could have been said more obliging; he was very near being catch'd with it: At another Time, and in another Place, he would not at all have hesitated; that fair Lady, or any other fair Lady might have commanded him, as far as she pleas'd, at least to the extent of his Power,

Power, tho' he had ev'n ſtrain'd to oblige her. But he knew very well, that *Coquets* deſire nothing ſo much of the Conqueſt, as the Reputation of it. 'Twas impoſſible to have an Affair with any of that Stamp a Secret; they are the firſt themſelves in proclaiming the advantage they have over other Women. He ſhou'd loſe tender Madam *St. l'Amant*, her Virgin-Heart, her appropriated Kindneſs, for one that had not the leaſt part of her value; ſo that he did not know what to anſwer her. *Berintha* was as cunning as a Witch; by the perturbation of his Mind, which ſhow'd it ſelf upon his Face, and the ſilence he held, ſhe had her Eyes open'd in a Minute. She recollected with an admirable ſwiftneſs of Thought, all Madam *St. l'Amant*'s Complaiſances to the *Baron*, and his Aſſiduities to her; ſhe no longer doubted but that was the Myſtery, and wonder'd that ſhe ſhould be ſo long unravelling of it; ſhe was ſure that Coldneſs could not be natural to him. Oh poor *Baron!* continu'd ſhe, with a loud Laugh, I pity you; I ſee how 'tis with you, you are afraid to make Madam *St. l'Amant* jealous.

Madam *St. l'Amant*, he anſwer'd, with a ſevere Frown, is not a Subject for us to trifle with, her Virtue is above being cenſur'd by the Standard of others; if your Thoughts and Inclinations be gay, you are not to judge of hers by your own. Nothing could have been ſaid more diſobliging. It confirm'd *Berintha* in her Suſpicions; therefore to be reveng'd on them both, ſhe was reſolv'd not to throw up her Cards, till ſhe had ſufficiently perplex'd the Game. She feign'd to be of his Opinion; that what he ſaid he was in the right of, for Madam

St. l'Amant was a Woman of undoubted Honour; what ſhe had ſpoke was only by way of Raillery, to find (if poſſible) ſome Excuſe, though never ſo improbable, for that exceſſive Coldneſs, wherewith he receiv'd the Favours, a young Lady, (not wholly diſagreeable) beſtow'd upon him.

The *Baron* fell into her Snare; he believ'd what ſhe ſaid, and to confirm her, ſpoke and did ſo many kind things, as would have pacified one leſs acquainted with the World; but ſhe was too cunning, and knew whence they were deriv'd. She hated being obliged to another, for what ſhe thought her own due; yet ſhe feign'd to give in to what he ſaid, but violently, (with a premeditated Deſign) oppos'd him as he kiſs'd and pull'd her. He proceeded neither with the Reſpects nor Tranſports of a Lover: *Berintha* was not to diſtinguiſh, at this time of Day, between the *real* and the *pretended*; ſhe had ſo often acted her ſelf, that ſhe ſoon diſcover'd the Counterfeit in him. They had left Madam *St. l'Amant* upon a Bed of repoſe, in a Banquetting-Houſe, in the Garden, to try to get a little Sleep. *Berintha* did not think her ſelf half enough tumbled, but with her little Graces and Affectations, ſhe ſtill provok'd the *Baron* to kiſs and teize her, which ſhe reſiſted as much as her Strength wou'd permit. Warm'd by the ſoft Play and Touches of a young willing *Coquet*, he follow'd her in good earneſt, and pulled her down by main force upon a Bed of Greens, in an Arbor where they were, till he had almoſt kiſs'd and ruffled her to pieces.

Proba-

Probably he had made greater advantages, if *Monſieur* St. *l'Amant* had not ſurpriz'd him. Oh, good Couſin, ſays the Lady, getting up from the Baron, (who did then let her riſe) was there ever ſuch a Brute? He's ruder than a Bear! is this your modeſt Gentleman? I'll never truſt my ſelf with him again. Then bruſhing briskly by them, ſhe ran down the Walk, and ſtruck up another that led to the Banqueting-Houſe, all diſcompos'd and ruffled as ſhe was, and quite out of Breath with running, ſhe flings open the Door in a pretended fright, and throws herſelf upon the Marble-Floor, by Madam St. *Amant*'s Bed of Repoſe; who did not fail very earneſtly to enquire the occaſion of that Diſorder. It was a long time before ſhe pretended to have power to ſpeak; at laſt ſhe told her, the Baron had undoubtedly raviſh'd her, if her Husband had not come in and prevented him. What became of poor Madam St. *l'Amant* at this moment? this was the worſt *Vapours* of all! Her Blood ran to Heart, and left her Face pale as the dying or dead. New-born *Jealouſie* met with it in its paſſage, and, by a fluſh of Rage and Fire, return'd it back in perfect Scarlet. It cover'd her Neck and Breaſts, as well as her Face, glowed all over her Body, and roſe to choak her Words; ſhe cou'd not bring out the leaſt Syllable. Lord, Couſin, cry'd cunning *Berintha*, (who had done all this to provoke her) are you out of your Senſes? What's the matter with you? I'll lay my Life you are ſick of a Diſtemper you don't know: 'A my Conſcience you are Jealous, and love the Baron. Here the infallible Lady preſs'd the Afflicted to ſpeak to her, but ſhe could only burſt out in a greater

paſſion of Tears; and then 'twas all like to be well enough: No Woman ever dies of a Diſtemper of the Mind, when ſhe can once come to cry it out. *Berintha* us'd all poſſible Arts to pacifie her, her Inſinuations were almoſt irreſiſtible. Madam *St. l'Amant* was all generous and ſincere, far from ſuſpecting Artifice in others, ſhe never was her ſelf acquainted with any. *Berintha* had nam'd to her that terrible Diſeaſe, which ſhe had ſo long felt, and yet could give no name to. *Jealouſie* had diſcover'd it to be *Love*, becauſe he never appears in a place where Love is not. *Jealouſie* confirm'd it to be *Love*; becauſe in a moment ſhe paſs'd to an averſion for her Couſin, who before had been very well in her kindneſs. What ſhould ſhe do? That airy Creature was Miſtreſs of her Secret, and would infallibly divert the Town with it; what could ſhe do? She ſaw ſhe was in a moment going to loſe that long-valu'd Reputation and Eſteem that ſhe had been hitherto in poſſeſſion of. But what moſt amaz'd her, was, that ſhe could be ſo many Months ignorant of her own Diſtemper. She hop'd it was ſtill a Secret to all the World but *Berintha*; that even the Baron himſelf was unacquainted with it, whoſe knowledge ſhe more dreaded than her Husband's. He had ever been ſo extreme reſpectful, that ſhe had reaſon to think him ignorant; for few Men but grow preſuming, when they believe themſelves deſirable.

Berintha favour'd her Modeſty, and gave her time to ſet her Heart and Mind in order; for as yet ſhe had not ſpoke one Word. The *Coquet* had what ſhe wanted, and did not care, upon ſecond Thoughts, to be made a Confident, for

fear

fear it might be ſome ſort of a Tie upon her not to blaze abroad the Secret. Seeing her Couſin had left crying, and was fall into a profound *Reſuery*, forgetting her late Misfortune, as if ſhe had not been like to be Raviſh'd, nor no ſuch thing had happen'd; ſhe got up (ſinging a Tune in the new Opera) to adjuſt herſelf at a Glaſs. But when ſhe ſaw what a Figure ſhe was, how tumbl'd and diſorder'd, ſhe burſt out in a loud Laughter, tho' not able to draw the Lady from her Cogitations. When ſhe had compos'd her Dreſs, repeating the ſame Opera-Air, ſhe went out of the Banqueting-Houſe, and left her to herſelf.

The Baron, who had ſhifted off *Monſieur St. l'Amant*, under pretence of taking a little Sleep, in that Arbour, to recover his amorous Fatigues, no ſooner ſaw him return into the Houſe, but he aroſe, and, by a round-about way, got to another part of the Banqueting-Room, wherein the two Ladies were. He liſtned and heard *Berintha* very buſie upon his Chapter. This was exactly what he expected, but he did not know what to think, whether he ſhould be ſad or joyful at her telling her Couſin that ſhe was in love with the Baron, and jealous of her. He heard the poor afflicted Lady's Paſſion of Tears, the *Coquet* endeavours to appeaſe, and draw from her the Confirmation (by Words as well as Actions) of that dangerous Secret; and, in ſhort all that paſs'd till *Berintha* went out. He lean'd againſt a Tree, as if it were to weigh and determine with himſelf what to do; whether he ſhould leave the Lady to recover her Diſorder, by time and reflection, or offer his Mediation. He gueſs'd the worſt of her Diſtemper (if ſhe really

really lov'd him as he believ'd) must be *Jealousie*; therefore he thought it but Charity to ease her Mind in that particular. He fetch'd a little compass to bring him into the Walk which fronted the Door *Berintha* had left open, because he would not have her think he had overheard them. So profound was her Contemplations, that she saw him not, tho' her Face was that way, till the noise he made in entring rais'd her Eyes, which were heavy and weigh'd down with Weeping. He appear'd so lovely to her Imagination, and so respectful to her Sight, that she had no Inclination to receive him roughly. In the most insinuating and passionate Terms, he begged (without Interruption) a short Audience of her; and tho', as he said, it was what no Gentleman ought to do, to betray the advances that were made him by any of the fair Sex, yet he had so ardent a Desire to vindicate himself to her, that he would sacrifice his very *Devoir* to compass it. Then he told of his whole Affair with *Berintha*. *Coquets* do not always appear such to their own Sex, their free-behaviour are generally attributed to Youth and Gaiety, which possibly may be innocent. This is what Madam St. *l'Amant* always believ'd of her Cousin. But when she heard the Baron report of the advances she had made him, and of her telling him that he durst not take advantage of them, for fear of making her Jealous; the apparent design she had to get him to tumble her in that manner, only that she might the better draw the Secret from her, by her pretended discovery of the Baron's Rudeness. That Air of Truth with which he spoke, and her own powerful Inclinations to believe well of him, made her no longer

longer doubt any part of the Relation. He durſt not take notice to her, that he thought (by her Eyes) that ſhe had been crying, but contented to juſtify himſelf; which, if there had been no *Jealouſy* in the caſe, he wou'd have thought himſelf oblig'd to do. No Man would deſire to be found guilty of ſuch a breach of Manners, as to attempt to Raviſh a young Woman of Condition in a Relation's Houſe.

The greateſt part of Madam St. *l'Amant*'s uneaſineſs, vaniſh'd with her *Jealouſie*; her Heart aſſum'd its former Tranquility (if there can be any tranquility in a place where Love reſides) and yet undoubtedly there may be a calm, when compar'd to the tempeſtous Sea of *Jealouſie*. She begged him not to diſquiet himſelf for what ſuch an unthinking Creature as *Berintha* ſaid; ſhe thought ſhe ſerv'd him well enough to report what ſhe did of him, ſince he would kiſs and teaſe her againſt her Will. She found it beſt to turn the Matter into Raillery; but did not once repeat what had been ſaid of her ſelf, that was too tender a Point. They walk'd back to the Houſe in a perfect good Intelligence; *Berintha* met them with ſome Country-Ladies that were come to Viſit. She ſwell'd almoſt to burſting to find her Miſchief had no better effect, no longer doubting but ſhe was made the Sacrifice, and that the Baron was as happy as Madam St. *l'Amant* could make him. The ill luck ſhe had at Cards that Evening, gave her a good pretence to vent her Spleen and Ill-nature. The Baron won, and did not fail (contrary to the exact Decorum of Good-manners) to inſult a little: *Berintha* cou'd not bear it; there were a great

great many ſecret Reproaches thrown out, which were underſtood by none in the Company but Madam St. *l'Amant* and themſelves.

Berintha ſaw the beſt of her Market was over at that place, and therefore thought it high time to remove to another; beſides, ſhe long'd to be ruining her Couſin's Reputation, and proclaiming her Amour with the Baron. The World is ſo uncharitable to Lovers, they never will believe that they ſee one another without Conſequences, though nothing could be more innocent than Madam St. *l'Amant*, nor reſpectful than the Baron. *Berintha* ſoon made it be thought otherwiſe. The firſt of theſe Ladies, warned by what ſhe had found by her wicked Temper, had repented to her Heart thoſe dangerous Proofs of Diſquiets and Jealouſie in the Banqueting-Houſe; becauſe her Tongue had been ſilent, ſhe would have had it thought, that ſhe was only agitated by a prodigious Fit of the Vapors, ſo that ſhe knew not what ſhe did. *Berintha* was too cunning a Baggage to let this paſs upon her, though ſhe had too much Manners to contradict her Couſin. The Ladies parted with a world of indifferency on both ſides. 'Twas worſe between her and the Baron; he goes a Hunting and ſtays at a Country-Gentleman's Houſe two days before ſhe went away, that he might be ſure not to ſee her depart, becauſe of being obliged to take his leave of her.

Aſſoon as *Berintha* was got to *Angela*, ſhe laid about her very handſomly, in reſpect to her Couſin's Honour; and not only made a Confidence of her Affair with the Baron to all ſhe met, but even told Madam St. *l'Amant*'s Mother (who was her

her near Relation, and enquired of her why ſhe left her Daughter before the Seaſon was over?) That for her part, ſhe did not love to ſtay in a place where People grew uneaſie; ſhe could not help it, if the Baron thought her younger and more agreeable than her Couſin; but that ſhe thought again ſhe was not over-prudent to publiſh her Reſentment and Concern to all the World; neither did ſhe find it was ſafe for her to ſtay in a place where her Honour had been attempted with ſuch Impunity. Theſe Reports were highly ſcandalous in the Ears of the old Lady; ſhe did not fail to write a large Sheet of Paper to her Daughter, ſtuffed full of Reproaches for her paſt, and Admonitions for a better future Behaviour. Neither did *Berintha*'s Malice ſtop here (ſo effectually ſhe purſu'd it) that an old blunt Gentleman (highly ſcandaliz'd at what he heard) by her Agent's Inſtigation, wrote to *Monſieur* St. *l'Amant*, whoſe Friend he was, to adviſe him to take care of the Baron and his Wife.

This fatal Letter found the Husband ill at eaſe, by the return of a Diſtemper which, young as he was, us'd to afflict him. He could not believe what he read; the pain of his Body then became little, compar'd to that of his Mind; it ſeem'd to him as if he awak'd from a Sleep of Popies; he could not but wonder how he ſhould thus long be blind, to what was ſo clearly ſeen by the World. His Lady and the Baron, had before employ'd their Endeavours to make him return to *Angela*, for better Advice; but this Letter only determined him, he ſhould have an opportunity of getting rid of that dreadful Friend from under his Hoſpitable Roof.

The

The Baron did not fail to accompany 'em to their own Palace, where he he took his leave at the Gate, with a Behaviour ſo tender and reſpectful, that *Monſieur* St. *l'Amant* almoſt juſtify'd him in his Thoughts. He kept this Anguiſh cloſe confin'd to his own Breaſt, not without a Million of times accuſing himſelf, for ſo imprudently preſſing his Wife to eſteem the Baron; and yet he knew not how to condemn them, ſince herſelf had been acquainted with her own Diſtemper. She had more avoided the Lover, and ſought her Husband; there was nothing omitted by her that an honeſt Woman could do in the like extremity. She maſter'd herſelf as to thoſe Diſguſts ſhe formerly ſeem'd to receive from his Careſſes, and declined being Entertain'd by the Baron; ſhe preſcrib'd herſelf a perfect Rule of Behaviour, from which ſhe was reſolv'd rather to die than depart; and endeavour'd to juſtify herſelf to her Mother, by informing her of *Berintha*'s Malice.

Since the Baron knew nothing of all this, he was as aſſiduous as before; and the World, who knew he was perpetually there, did not diſcontinue their Cenſure.

Monſieur St. *Amant*'s Diſtemper redoubled, he could not confine himſelf to *Wine* and *Water*, or *Tiſſanes*, as the Phyſician would have him; his Troubles of Mind ſeem'd rather to call upon him for higher Cordials, that he might drown their Memory. One day, after a dreadful Fit, he caus'd his Lady to be called, and ask'd her, if he had ever fail'd in a tender Husband's Duty? She anſwer'd him in Tears, That he had not only exceeded all others, but even her own expectations and deſert, however partial ſhe might

be

be to her ſelf. He then ask'd her, (ſomething abruptly) how ſhe could excuſe her ſelf for ſo ill performing hers? At the ſame time he gave her that Letter to read, which the old Friend had ſent him into the Country. She threw her ſelf upon her Knees, at his Bed-ſide, and fell a weeping. He ask'd her whether ſhe were really guilty? He could forgive her if ſhe would be ingenuous. Madam *St. l'Amant*, who was bred to hate a Lie, and held it unworthy of that generous Confidence her Husband had put in her, to abuſe it, told him all ſhe had ſuffer'd, from the beginning to that preſent Moment. *Berintha*'s Malice, her own Innocence and the *Baron*'s, who had never attempted any thing but what might have been heard and ſeen by all the World: There's ſomething ſo perſuaſive in Truth, that he was convinced. She begg'd him to pity what he could not approve. It was not in her Power to maſter the Paſſion ſhe had for the *Baron*, but it had been ever ſo from giving him any Teſtimonies of it. He told her, he did with all his Heart, and he forgave her; nay, even return'd her Thanks for ſo well diſcharging her Duty, when it was ſo powerfully oppos'd by her Inclinations. He wiſh'd that he had ſpoken ſooner of it to her, that he might ſooner have receiv'd that Satisfaction, which he was now afraid came of the lateſt to him; that he believ'd it had precipitated his Death, which he found coming very faſt upon him. But to convince her, that his Eſteem was ſtill the ſame for her, he would have his Will remaining as it was before this had happen'd; that he would ev'n have alter'd it, if it could poſſibly have been made more for her advantage. But having

left

left her all he could leave her, though to the prejudice of their common Children; he begg'd her to be contented with being the richeſt Widow in all *Atalantis*, without ever beſtowing her ſelf or her Fortune upon the *Baron*. Not but he eminently deſerved every thing; but upon the Score, that it would confirm the bad World of thoſe Reports the baſe *Berintha* had ſpread abroad. Madam St. *l'Amant* promis'd him more, never to marry again, tho' it were much to her Honour or Advantage. 'Tis poſſible he might not believe her in that point, becauſe all Women aſſure their Husbands of as much. He ſeem'd only to accuſe himſelf for ſo indiſcreetly introducing a Man of the *Baron*'s Merit to his Wife; and dy'd ſoon after, an eminent Warning to all Husband's from falling into the like Inadvertency.

He was no ſooner interr'd, and his Elegy publiſhed, but all the Town gave her to the *Baron* for a Wife. They even laughed to think how much out of Countenance the Poet would be, when his Mourning, Conſtant *Sachariſſa*, ſhould take the Comforts of a new Bridegroom. Thus they entertain'd themſelves at her Coſt, and *Berintha* did not fail, in all Companies, to report the Buſineſs as good as done.

Poor Madam St. *l'Amant*, Heart-broke with inward Paſſion, ſtruggling between *Love* and cruel *Decency*; full of Veneration and grateful Tenderneſs to her departed Husband; aw'd and terrified by her Mother's perpetual Remonſtrances; rack'd at the remembrance of the *Baron*'s Charms, and the Promiſe ſhe had made *Monſieur* St. *l'Amant*; forſook the Town, to retire to a ſmall *Villa*, where ſhe gave up herſelf to perpetual Melancholy. Her Health was much impair'd by

theſe

these Conflicts of the Mind. She wou'd sometimes think that she was destin'd by Fate, to retrieve and draw the *Baron*'s low Fortune from obscurity, by her abundance; that he was rich enough in Merit to deserve all things. When he came to condole with her the loss of their common Friend, he allow'd much to Decency, and in several Visits spoke nothing of his own Pretensions; but at length, having found the time favourable, he began with an elegant Discourse of what he had so tenderly suffer'd for her: He pleaded Merit from the Respectiveness of his Flame, and unwearied Silence, to hinder her from those Formalities that might retard his Happiness: He cut her short, by telling all that happen'd in the Banquetting-House, and the knowledge he had of that esteem she had honour'd him with; but appeal'd to her self, if from thence he ever assum'd any Merit from it, so as to presume to declare it to her. The Lady, in return, told him, with the same Sincerity, the whole state of her Heart; *Monsieur St. l'Aimant*'s Discourse; the Promise she had made him, and her Resolution to adhere to it. She begg'd him to see her no more, since it could not be significant to either, but hurtful to both; assur'd him, that as she did not marry *him*, she never would marry any other; but whatever was in her Power to serve his Fortune, he might not only depend upon, but command.

Her Mother taking the Alarm from the *Baron*'s Visits, never left teizing her, till she fell down-right sick: She was continually remembring her what she ow'd her Children, and the memory of her Husband, to keep her from marrying a Beggar, as she call'd him; how poor and scandalous

dalous it would appear to the World; that she would rather follow her to her Grave, than see her in the Nuptial-Bed, with one, whose very Acquaintance had been the Death of so dear a Husband, and the only Blot of her own Life. Unable to bear up under all these Disquiets, she was not long in giving the World a very singular Proof of Love and Constancy, tho' the Enemies of the Sex do not fail to interpret it thus, *Cross a Woman in her Will, and you take away her Life.*

Virtue.] And this has given occasion to the second Elegy. I think the Poet has been mistaken in his Theme; 'twould have been something very new, if instead of making her die for her Husband, he had taken the Story as it was, and shew'd her resolv'd upon any Extremities, rather than be wanting in her Devoir.

Intel.] There I must beg your Mightinesses Pardon; for, with submission, Madam, its much a newer thing to have a Lady die for Love and Grief for the Loss of her Husband, than at any other thing under the Sun.

Astrea.] Tho' what my Lady *Intelligence* has told us in this Story, be entertaining, yet I find nothing in it of Use to my Prince, at least not till he be marry'd; unless it be, that he take care before-hand, to make his Wife in love with him, because she will else fall in love with somebody, and so far the Moral may hold good.

Vertue.] We are far advanced in our Journey. Behold that goodly Temple that stands open: Shall we not go in, and pay our Adoration to *Juno*, to whom it is dedicated?

Intel.] The Fabrick is Noble: Cast your Eyes upon the Elevation, what a majestick Height it bears,

bears, it ſeems to loſe its Spire in the Clouds. Mark thoſe curious Images! the Carving, the whole Architecture, is admirable: As you enter you ſhall paſs thro' Columes of Marble-Pillars, numerous as the Hours in a revolving Year: Mark the Beauty of the Windows; how various and lively are the Colours; how fanciful are the Works of Mortals! They alſo are numbred by the Days that *Phœbus* counts in his Solar Courſe, and to compleat the Syſtem, equivalent to the Number of the Moons, are the Gates of this magnificent Structure. The Founder was order'd (in a Dream) by *Juno*, to erect this Temple to her Honour; which has a Promiſe annex'd to it, of enduring 'till the end of Time, that Creation take a new Form, or be no more. The Foundation, (to make it more wonderful) is laid in Water, which is periſhable to all things, but this divine Fabrick; there is not above ſix Foot depth of Earth, all beneath is of the more liquid Element.

Aſtrea.] Methinks I am not half ſo much ſatisfied with the Devotion offered in the Temple, as with the Temple it ſelf: The High-Prieſt ſupine and drowzy, ſcarce attended to the Duty of the Place: He has a majeſtick Appearance, is clad in becoming Ornaments; but ſtill he ſeem'd to be little at eaſe, drowzy, and rather fitted for a Bed of repoſe at Home, than his Devotion here.

Intel.] That is, becauſe it was not now his time for declaiming to the People; then none more vigorous, fuller of Motion, vehement in Speech and Geſture; he is admir'd and follow'd for his Oratory: But the Snares of Beauty, (againſt which he has not been able to defend himſelf) Pride, and ſome other Vices, have dared

to mingle with his Character; the reſpect I have for all that attend the Service of the Altar, makes me chuſe rather to conceal than publiſh their Defects.

Aſtrea.] Methinks little of Devotion mingled among the behaviour of the other Prieſts; the numerous Train caſt their Eyes upon the Fair; they perform'd their Hymns as things they had by rote, without ſolemnity, as if the Heart, nay the Mind, had no part in it: In ſhort, I am diſguſted at the Coolneſs of their Behaviour; they ſeem rather to be paid for what they do, than to be pleas'd or affected, I will not ſay tranſported, as if the Service were only eſſential to their Body, not their Soul.

Virtue.] Night has overtaken us, it will be inconvenient travelling, 'till *Aurora* return; *Cynthia* is already mounted for her Journey, ſhe is ſeated in her Car; behold her taking the Reins of Night, and adminiſtring to the World in the abſence of her Brother. This lovely Walk of Trees, that leads to that Houſe before us; this Arbor and Bench will ſerve us to repoſe, 'till we can re-aſſume our Travel.

Aſtrea.] I ſee a Lady with a maieſtick Mien, beautiful, and her Motions genteel, coming towards us; there is a Cavalier with her, who ſeems earneſt in perſwading: They take the next Seat to us; we can at eaſe hear all that they diſcourſe.

Bar.] Why will you force me (my Lord) to give you ſo fatal a Proof of my Eſteem, as muſt deſtroy all yours for me? Can nothing elſe prevail with you to leave me in repoſe? Muſt I demonſtrate, as well as tell you, the impoſſibility there is of ever touching my Heart?

Count.]

Count.] Nothing leſs can precipitate me into that Deſpair, that is neceſſary for leaving you in Repoſe. Quite bereave me, (as you have promis'd) of all hope, make me to ſee that you merit not to be belov'd, and this Ghoſt that inceſſantly haunts you, that gives you ſuch Occaſion of Compliant, may diſappear; but till then, permit me to wander on, not utterly void of hope, of one Day touching your Heart in my Favour.

Bar.] 'Tis impoſſible. I am my ſelf devoted to Deſpair. Oh, my Lord! let it not be ſaid, that one of ſo much Merit, as the Count of *Meilliers*, employ'd it only to make an unfortunate Woman more unfortunate.

Count.] I renounce any ſuch thought: But, charming *Baroneſs!* Why ſhould my Love ſo prodigiouſly diſturb you? Setting our Perſons aſide, (there I confeſs it will be hard, in the whole World, to find an Equivalent to yours) my Birth and Fortune may deſerve you. In this languid Retirement, you give up your ſelf a Prey to black, melancholy, ſplenetick Vapours, and talk of Deſpair, which never yet knew how to approach a Lady ſo amiable as you.

Bar.] Alas! How deceitful are Appearances? I muſt rid my ſelf of your Love, tho' by it I loſe your Friendſhip and Eſteem; the Oath you have took to keep inviolably my Secret, will make me diſcover to you the only important Action of my Life: A Life waſted in Diſguſts, and not ſo much as chequer'd with Pleaſures, whilſt I am by all thought happy; not deform'd, young, bleſt with the Smiles of Fortune, yet I find, and know my ſelf a Wretch: Permit me the weakneſs of a few Tears, and then I will proceed in what you deſire.

'Tis needleſs to report my Birth to you; you know the Reputation my Mother had for Gallantry; ſhe liv'd divided from her Husband; the Baron of *Somes* was reputed her Favourite in the higheſt manner. He was then paſt the Flower of his Youth, declining, but handſom for his Age. The firſt thing I was taught to love, was the Flattery he beſtow'd upon me; Flattery, the moſt pernicious Weed in the Garden of Education! My Mother betimes accuſtom'd me to hear Praiſes of my Beauty, ſhe even beſtow'd 'em upom me her ſelf: There is nothing more poiſonous for young Maids of Faſhion; they are early (by it) taught to believe well of themſelves, and contemptibly of others; eaſily impos'd on in the Point of Self-merit, they are betray'd into a groundleſs Eſteem and Deſire to make themſelves ador'd. How much to blame are Mothers, that heedleſly paſs by the firſt tender Hours of their Children, without a true endeavour to bend 'em to Virtue? Mine manag'd not her ſelf in that Point, ſhe ſaid and did things before me, that young tho' I was, I ought for ever to be ignorant of. I ſpeak not this to accuſe her Memory, or to excuſe my ſelf; to all others I ſhould defend her, but, my Lord, I would have you believe, that I intend nothing but Truth in my Relation. The Baron ever carry'd himſelf more regularly in all his Viſits, nothing came from him but what was Polite; if he had any criminal Converſation with my Mother, he took the utmoſt Pains to conceal the leaſt Appearance of it from me; he was a Man of Letters, had an elevated Genius, refin'd by Courts, where he had perpetually paſs'd his Time. In ſhort, why do I dwell ſo

long

long upon his Character to you, that muſt needs have heard often of him, or at leaſt have admired him, in thoſe Pieces of his Compoſing that he has given to the World. He took upon him the Buſineſs of a Parent, gave me Inſtructions of Behaviour, Conduct, and, in ſhort, Rules to accompliſh a Maid of Faſhion. As I grew up, his Eſteem grew with me, and he reſolv'd to divide me from my Mother, whoſe Education of me he did not approve, tho' he ſo much admir'd her. By his Intereſt at Court he procured me an advantageous Settlement about the Queen. Here it was that I diſplay'd in Perfection, thoſe firſt Principles I had Imbib'd, the love of Flattery, and a greedy deſire of Admiration. I might have prov'd an accompliſh'd *Coquet*, had not Love touch'd my Heart in favour of the Prince of *Sira*. I ſaw him often at Court; his Employment about my Miſtreſs gave him Audience when he pleas'd, but durſt not pretend to engage ſo elevated a Heart as his. My Fortune was to make, and tho' I had a little pretence to Beauty, yet theſe are ſcarce times (without a Miracle) that Princes (who have as much occaſion for Money as other Men) take themſelves Wives of Inclination. About this time my Mother dy'd, and the Tears I ſhed for her, join'd to thoſe new Sentiments my Heart had entertain'd, brought me into an habitable Melancholy. I declin'd all Diverſions of a ſplendid Court, Praiſe nor Flattery no longer pleas'd me; I was no more a *Coquet*; ſo true it is, that a real Paſſion extinguſhes in us that pernicious Humour. I ſaw the Prince often, but, alas! he ſaw not me; that is to ſay, he diſtinguiſh'd me not from the reſt. I durſt not tell him of my

Love, becauſe he had none for me. After the time of Mourning was expired, much to my ſurprize, the Baron of *Somes* addreſſed himſelf to me as a Husband; he made me an Offer to ſettle his whole Fortune upon me, which was very conſiderable; by the courſe of Nature he could not long ſurvive, he was already paſt that Age that is generally allotted by Nature for the Life of Man, bow'd down by Diſtempers, and nothing could ſeem more prepoſterous, than his deſiring a Wife of my Youth. However, he repreſented to me ſo many Advantages to my Fortune, that I conſented to it, to the Admiration of the whole Court; who did not know the ſecret Hopes I had, to make my ſelf one Day, by my Circumſtances, worthy of the Prince of *Sira*.

After I was marry'd, my whole Endeavours ſeem'd to be to pleaſe my Husband; I evaded giving him the leaſt ſhadow of Jealouſie; I went rarely to Court, and never without him; avoided the *Opera's*, and all publick Aſſemblies, confining my Diverſion among the Viſits of thoſe particular Friends that he did not diſlike. I do not know but that my Conduct was generally approv'd of. I could with the greater eaſe abandon Pleaſure, of which I had no Taſte, becauſe my Heart only regretted the Prince; that Prince who I every day heard was engag'd with the firſt Favourite of the Princeſs of *Inverneſs*. I ſecretly ſigh'd at her good Fortune, nor could the guiltineſs of her Amour (for ſhe was marry'd) hinder me from envying her being belov'd by the Prince. I did, I knew not what I did, I ran upon my Deſtruction, by making a particular Friendſhip with her, where I had an Opportunity

tunity often to behold that dangerous Prince. After once or twice, methought he receiv'd me with quite another Air; that Face which he had neglected whilſt I was a Maid, and no leſs a Price ſet upon it than Marriage, became his Care and Admiration now I was Marry'd. It was not long before he found an Opportunity to tell me ſo. I never till then knew the true pleaſure of Words! How inſipid had my Life paſs'd before? The Whole extracted to a Point, could not have made the leaſt part of that Joy I felt by his enchanting Declaration. I had ever a native Sincerity; whether I did not enough endeavour to diſſemble, or that my Love was too powerful for Diſſimulation. The Prince ſaw I was eaſily Charm'd, and perhaps ſecretly condemn'd me for it, not allowing for his own ſuperiour Merit, nor the firſt wound of a tender Heart; but this laſt he was then ignorant of. In ſhort, he immediately (when he ſaw he was ſo well in my Eſteem) preſs'd me for the Effects of it. This he would not have ſo early preſum'd to do, if he had not had an Opinion of my Levity, by the apparent Tranſport with which I receiv'd his firſt Confeſſion of Love. I knew not how to be angry when he ſpoke, leſt he ſhould ſpeak no more; I contented my ſelf calmly to refuſe him, without forbidding him to hope that he might one Day be ſucceſsful. He left nothing undone that was neceſſary to make a Lady's Excuſe, for yielding to the Aſſiduities of a belov'd Lover; all was pleaſing to me that he either ſaid or did; our Opportunities were few, and never alone, 'twas that he requeſted; I had the Courage to reſiſt all his Efforts; I dreaded the Conſequence of ſuch a Meeting, 'till

tired

tired with that perpetual conſtraint I put upon my Inclinations, and weary'd by his Importunities, I promis'd him within two Days, and we took our meaſures not to be diſappointed nor diſcover'd; but the Day after this conceſſion, the Baron fell dangerouſly Ill. I never ſtirr'd from his Bed-ſide, gave him all that was neceſſary with my own Hands; he dy'd ſoon after, in a perfect good Opinion of me, and, as you know, left me in poſſeſſion of a Fortune conſiderable enough to raiſe my Pretenſions, even to the Prince of *Sira*. The real Honour and Friendſhip I had for my Husband, even before he was ſuch, my Duty (which the ſweetneſs of his Behaviour, and extreme Kindneſs, had made eaſie, if not pleaſant to me) gave me a true Concern for his loſs; had not my Heart been prepoſſeſs'd for the Prince, I doubt not but I ſhou'd have been much more inconſolable. All the Court came (aſſoon as I was viſible) to condole my Loſs. I receiv'd 'em with a decent Sorrow, without any Salleys of that exceſſive Mourning ſo naturally affected by young Widows; and this gave the World no ill Opinion either of my Senſe or Sincerity. I was ſurpriz'd and touch'd that I found not the Prince among thoſe who pretended to comfort me. Six Weeks, two Months paſs'd, but no News of my Lover. I eaſily condemn'd my ſelf for that fatal Promiſe I had made him, which might give him too bad an Opinion of my Virtue, tho' I concluded with my ſelf, that it wou'd have been proof againſt all his attempts. I had in my mind caſt about how to regain his Eſteem, by an Air of Virtue reaſſum'd; but his not coming broke all my Meaſures. I cou'd no longer bear to live in the uncertainty of his Sentiments,

timents, I writ him three Lines to intreat him to ſee me, at an Hour when he knew there would be leaſt Company with me. He came according to my Deſire, the Moments were favourable; we were alone, and after the uſual Compliments were paſt, I gently reproach'd him for leaving me ſo long in my Affliction, without attempting to alleviate it, tho' he knew that it was in his, and no one's Power beſides, to do it. I found his Pride had been a little piqued at my not meeting him according to my Promiſe; but I immediately clear'd my ſelf, by proving to him how ill the Baron was at that Time. We were reconcil'd, and he renew'd his Pretenſions to me; though, had I not been wilfully blind, I muſt needs have concluded he could not love me very much, who could live ſo long and not tell me of it. However, my Heart was for him, and Reaſon would in vain have attempted to have made a Party againſt him. When he preſs'd for Favours, I inſiſted upon Marriage. He ſeem'd really fond of me, and I was reſolved not to ſtoop to him upon lower Terms, now I had a Fortune to deſerve him. He came over to mine, ſeeing he could not gain me to his. There was no delays for a Paſſion ſo ardent as his ſeem'd to be. I had been but three Months a Widow, the time was indecent, what ſhould we do? A private Marriage, in an Age like this, would not long have been ſuch: I was afraid of being ridicul'd at Court, for one of thoſe haſty Widows that ſecure themſelves of a new Husband, before the old one is ſcarce cold. Oh how fooliſh were my Scruples! How much wiſer had I been, to have riſqued a little Tattle, than have loſt my whole

Repoſe

Repoſe and my Honour together? The Prince was eager for what he call'd Happineſs; my own Deſires pleaded for him; a curſed Medium was found to prevent the Diſcourſe of the World, and undo me; we were ſolemnly Contracted by Words and Writing, before a Woman of my Bed-chamber, who was faithful to me; that done, I receiv'd him without ſcruple to my Arms; but long I could not hold him there; a Diſguſt he both gave and receiv'd at Court, (of which it is not neceſſary I ſhould inform you) made him reſolve to Travel. I was all in Confuſion (ſucceeded by Deſpair) when he mentioned it to me as a thing reſolved on. In ſhort, amidſt my Sorrows, Swoonings, Exclamations, unfeigned Tears, and bitter Anguiſh, he took his leave of me, with a Promiſe to return before my Years of Mourning were expired. Baſe and perfidious Husband! it was not ſo much from the Court, as me, that he ran away. Pierced to the Heart by his Unkindneſs! Diſtracted by ſlighted Love and Deſpair! I retir'd to this ſolitary Houſe, where Time and Reaſon, together with his Ingratitude, in never writing to me in Years, has reſtor'd me a little to my Senſes.

The only thing that diſturb'd my Tranquility, was your Addreſſes. I ſaw you as a Neigbour and Friend; you have Senſe, your Converſation is Polite; I thought my ſelf happy in the Friendſhip of a Perſon of your Merit; you put an end to my Pleaſure, by declaring your ſelf my Lover; I was alarm'd at your Aſſiduities; you did more than was neceſſary to convince me of your Sincerity: I choſe to uſe you nobly, as you had done me, to free my ſelf from the Cenſure of having

ſo

ſo ill a Taſte, as to refuſe a Perſon of ſuch accompliſh'd Merit. I have let you ſee all my Weakneſs; I have told you the important Secret of my Life, whilſt all *Angela* is ſeeking in vain for Reaſons, why (in my bloom of Youth) I ſhould retire from the Court, and Converſation, to bury my ſelf here, in Melancholy and Obſcurity: You are the only Perſon that is acquainted with the true Cauſe of an Action, which by moſt is condemn'd, and but by few applauded.

Count.] Tho' you have told me too much, Madam, have you no more to tell me? Or will you tell me no more? 'tis indeed enough to drive me into deſpair, but not to compleat your Relation.

Bar.] Alas! What can I ſay more? My own Misfortunes, my Tears, my Diſquiets, my loſs of Reſt, and perpetual Exclaimings, are what I have contracted, for fear of wearying of you with 'em. Of the Prince I can give you no other Account, than what we have from the publick; he made the *Tour* of *Germany*, *Great-Britain*, *France*, and *Italy*, and our laſt Advices ſpoke him at *Bruſſels*, poſſibly upon his return for *Angela*. Oh Heav'ns! Why do I flatter my ſelf with ſuch pleaſing Hopes? He that left it only to avoid me! me! who he hates to ſuch a ſuperlative degree, as to live a baniſh'd Man, an Exile voluntary, from his Country, rather than make happy, by his preſence, a Wife that adores him: A Wife, whoſe Heart was never ſenſible but for him; a tender Wife, who waſtes her Bloom in perpetual Solitude, aud Tears, regretting his abſence.

Count.]

Count.] And is this all the Relation you think fit to give me of the Prince? How little ſincere are you? Or perhaps, indeed, you may be ignorant of your Misfortunes.

Bar.] What mean you, my Lord? Do you believe I have left any thing material untold? O I perceive you! You know well the Jealouſie of my Temper, and would alarm it; you have ſucceeded, at this Moment the Furies are enter'd; my Breaſt is glowing with Doubts, Suſpicions, Jealouſies, and horrid Diſtruſt; but ſince Uncertainty is the worſt of Torments, I conjure you, (by all your former Kindneſs) to relate to me what you have heard of the Prince.

Count.] Is it poſſible you can be ignorant of what Rumour has ſo confidently proclaim'd? — He is married——

Bar.] O Heavens!——But go on: I wonder at nothing villainous in Mankind: My Solitude, and Reſignation to the Gods, has taught me to receive all things with Moderation; my Heart is in a moment becalm'd, my Paſſion ſunk into an abſolute Contempt, for a Prince ſo void of *Gratitude*, *Principles* or *Religion*.

Count.] I am pleas'd to ſee you receive as you ought ſo terrible a Stroke; but you will more deſpiſe him, when you know who he has marry'd, and how ſufficiently you are reveng'd. 'Tis a Lady without any Advantages, but Birth; paſt her Youth; never a Beauty; no Fortune, and had been long in vain endeavouring to make her ſelf one, by her Addreſs and Converſation, wherein conſiſts all her Charms, tho' there is neither Judgment nor Depth found in it; a flaſhy Repartee, a Wit that permits it ſelf to ſay every thing, muſt ſometimes ſay ſomething

to

to the Purpoſe, and eaſily finds Applauſe among the young unthinking Men of Quality, who having in themſelves no Foundation, never look for it in others. She had in vain (for more than thirty Years together) ſat every Night at the *Baſſet-Table*, at her Aunt's, (who is a Woman of Quality, that holds Aſſemblies for noble Foreigners, and others of the ſame Rank of her own Nation) without having the good Luck to engage any to her Advantage, till the Prince of *Sira* came among them. There are who want to give themſelves Reaſons for all Things, (not conſidering Men often act without it) and report that the Prince only deſign'd a Gallantry with her, but was over-reach'd by her, and her two Brothers, and forced to marry her; but I find no other Ground for this Story, but the Lady's want of Youth and Fortune. He is exceſſively fond of her; they are upon their Voyage for *Atalantis*; notice is already given for his return, and 'tis only to your Solitude that I muſt attribute your Ignorance of an Affair, that has found matter of Entertainment for the whole Court. The new Princeſs, it is ſaid, Careſſes all of our Nation, whom ſhe meets Abroad; and by her Induſtry and Intelligence has furniſh'd her ſelf with the Hiſtory of all our People of Condition; ſhe pretends only to be ſhow'd a Perſon, and then immediately to diſcourſe him, with that Knowledge and Addreſs, as if ſhe had been born and bred in the ſame Family with him. This is all that I find wonderful in her Character; but whether this exceſſive Curioſity and Addreſs be an Ingredient of Vertue, I leave to others to determine, who perhaps may place a Woman's

Woman's Merit more in her Wit and Tongue, than her Modeſty and Silence.

Bar.] Does the Traitor with Impunity dare to think he may live in a Place where he has ſo potently injur'd a Woman like me? ——— Help me, my Lord, I am undone with this laſt Shock: How neceſſary is a faithful Friend's Advice! Paſſion miſguides me; that Calmneſs I boaſted of is vaniſh'd; my Heart is upon the hurry; all things are in utmoſt Confuſion and Diſorder within; I would keep my Glory, and yet be reveng'd, puniſh him, yet preſerve my Reputation.

Count.] Your beſt way will be to do nothing. You can pretend but to a Contract, which tho' Prior, is not ſo binding as the Ceremony it ſelf: He will undoubtedly oppoſe your Pretenſions, to the prejudice of your Fame; for unleſs he can wound *that*, he muſt himſelf be wounded. The World that are not in Paſſion, when they are Judges of yours, will condemn you for too haſtily believing what you deſir'd, and for truſting a Man upon his Promiſe: There's ſomething unaccountable, 'tis one of the *Arcana*'s of Nature not yet found out, why our Sex cool and neglect yours after poſſeſſion, and never, if we can avoid it (and have our Senſes about us) chuſe our ſelves Wives from thoſe who have moſt obliged us: 'Tis, I confeſs, the grand Specifick of Ingratitude; but it ſeems ſo in-born in all, that I wonder there are ſtill found Women that confide in our falſe Oaths and Promiſes; and that Mothers do not early, as they ought, warn their Virgin-Daughters from Love and Flattery, the Rocks upon which the moſt deſerving are generally loſt. Chaſtity is recommended as the greateſt

greateſt Ornament of your Sex, as Valour is of ours, becauſe of the difficulty there is in maintaining 'em, though I do not think the Compariſon equal, becauſe Courage we ſee in-born to many, whilſt Chaſtity muſt be acquired, becauſe it moves directly againſt the prior Law of Nature, and has the whole Artillery of *Venus* to contend againſt.

I count you extremely happy in the midſt of your Misfortunes, that your Secret is unknown. What pity 'tis Inclinations ſo noble as yours, wanted the firſt Principle to ſupport 'em; that your Education did not enough arm you againſt the too haſty Impruſſions of Love: Of Love! 'till Gratitude, and true Merit in the Perſon that you ſhould be beloved by, might make your Flame not only warrantable, but meritorious: But theſe Reflections are of the lateſt. I much more wonder, (conſidering your Infancy) that your Errors have been ſo few, than that you have had any. If you will be adviſed by me, continue in this Place, but abate of your Solitude; ſuffer your ſelf to taſte of the Diverſions that you may find in the Converſation of thoſe Neighbours who are ſeated round about you, and who have an unfeigned Reſpect and Admiration for you. Loſe your Cares in little Amuſements; put the Ax to the Root; uſe your own Endeavours (powerfully) to tear this corroding Anguiſh from your Heart; go to the innermoſt Receſſes of it; deteſt Perfidy and Ingratitude in all its Forms, and then you will quickly deteſt the Prince; have all unlawful Paſſion in an utter abhorrence, ſo ſhall you ſoon extinguiſh that, which you feel for one who can no longer be yours, ſince he is by the moſt ſacred

Ceremony made anothers; but, above all things, practice Moderation; learn Patience in Adverſity. Think that the juſt Gods, who perpetually chequer the Lives of Mortals, leſt they ſhould loſe in Proſperity the remembrance of their Creation, has given you a gentle Stroke, to recal you to themſelves; fix there your Thoughts; transfer the warmth of your Paſſions to their great Originals; you cannot love too much; you cannot too much adore them, who are all Virtue, all Goodneſs, and will give you whatever is neceſſary for your Happineſs. They have already divided you from a Husband, with whom (his Principles being ſuch as they are) you could never have taſted of any true Happineſs.

Aſtrea.] We cannot hear what Anſwer the *Baroneſs* gives to the *Count*; they are gone down the Walk; ſee they are entring the Houſe; her Tears and Sighs, I believe, are her only Language. Methinks, for her ſake, I am incenſed againſt the Prince, and could with a very good Will revenge her Cauſe; there is ſomething of Ingenuous in her Relation. What pity 'tis ſhe was ſo injur'd? The *Count* muſt himſelf have worth, that can ſo worthily inſtruct and admoniſh her.

Intel.] He has indeed the appearance of it, no more; all this fine Advice tends only to his own Intereſt; he does not deſpair of getting the *Baroneſs* for his Wife, and can you blame him then for making her vertuous? Her Fortune is convenient for him; a concealed Mortgage eats up the Profits of his whole Eſtate; he will not be long in a Condition to ſupport his Title without a Dowry; this Lady is by much the richeſt in all the Province; ſhe will do his Buſineſs, if

he

he can accompliſh her, and has let him into a dangerous Secret. If ſhe be wiſe, ſhe will never marry him after, leſt he upbraid her with it: See her Indiſcretion, he will be provoked at her Refuſal, as ſhe will ſtill refuſe him, becauſe ſhe has an Averſion to his Perſon, and would rather chuſe a favourite Domeſtick for her Maſter; and conſequently he'll divulge her Secret at the expence of the World's Opinion, both of her Conduct and Honour.

Virtue.] Her ſeeming Ingenuity has made a Party for her in my Breaſt; I will do all that is poſſible to recover her to Virtue. I'll try if the Maxim be not falſe, That a Woman once departing from me, never returns, till old Age and Wrinkles have fitted her for nothing elſe. I will endeavour to warm her with my Precepts, and ſo render her as renown'd for her return to Virtue, as ſhe is for Beauty.

Intell.] The *Count*, who declaims ſo well, keeps two Women for his debauch; he viſits 'em by turns; who would believe it! but Hypocriſie is not the leaſt reigning Vice among the Illuſtrious.

Aſtrea.] I will have my Prince avoid it, as the poyſon of all other Virtues; warn him againſt the Perfidy of the Prince of *Sira*; he has robb'd a Woman of her Honour upon a ſpecious Pretence: He has not been afraid to play with Oaths; how criminal is this! A Man of true Honour would deteſt ſuch a Practice. I will have my Prince renown'd for his Chaſtity. I will have him introduce the faſhion among the Men; let the Reformation begin but there, and the World will be modeſt; if it were but held a Crime in the eſteem of the Great, to

ſolicite a Lady with unlawful Love, all would be vertuous. Women ſeldom are, and never ought to be the Aggreſſors; if they were, and ſure to be refus'd, with that ſcorn that they deſerve, would it not retort a Bluſh to the Face of the moſt Impudent?

Virtue.] The Morning dawns upon us; let us return to our Travel: Converſation ſweetly beguiles the Time, ſhortens the Length of Way, and ſoftens the Ruggedneſs. See, my dear *Aſtrea*, what a multitude of People are aſſembled upon yonder Heath! Alas! they are ſeeing a Criminal executed; they muſt have a Fierceneſs in their Nature, that can be pleas'd with Objects ſo terrible! Not one in a hundred of theſe People go for Edification, and true Mortification, but Pleaſure! Methinks they ſhould with abjectneſs of Mind, reflect upon the wretched ſtate of Mottals, that like a perpetual Flux ſubjects them to Evil. What barbarous Soul can find diverſion in ſuch a Proſpect? There's a Woman nail'd to the Gibbet; ſhe ſeems a Perſon of Condition; dreſs'd in white, with the Veil of white Taffaty over her Face: Who can unriddle to us this Scene of Death? Methinks I want to be inform'd of what led to this Cataſtrophy. Miſtreſs, you that ſeem all in Tears, returning from this doleful Execution, if you can make a truce with your Sorrows, pray inform us Strangers of what you know concerning this Affair.

Country-wom.] With all my Heart. I have a little Habitation near at hand, if you pleaſe to walk in and repoſe your ſelves, you ſhall be obliged to the utmoſt of my Capacity.

The Lady who ſuffer'd was a Gentleman's Daughter of this Province; ſhe permitted her ſelf to be abus'd by a young Soldier of Fortune, (quarter'd near her Father's *Villa*) whom ſhe fell in love with. Theſe Soldiers are the perfect Bane of all Country-Gentlewomen; their fine Words, and their fine Cloaths, bear down all before 'em; they never go to the Temple to ſacrifice, not they truly; that's the leaſt of their Buſineſs; they mind *Ogling*, as they call it, of the Madams, inſtead of minding better things. Well! they ſingle out one that ſeems beſt to their Fancy; their Rogue of a Landlord gives 'em, at their firſt coming, the Hiſtory of all the People in the Pariſh, and then to work they go, ſhave and powder, and on goes the Blue, or the Scarlet-Coat, every day. Cards and Balls are nothing to 'em; they'll ſquander away their Month's Pay in one Night, when they had better behalf be in their Beds, forecaſting how to pay their Debts: But no matter for that, they never trouble their Heads about it. 'Ads me! if I were a Gentlewoman's Father or Mother, and had Daughters, they ſhould as ſoon eat the Fire, as come near one of thoſe deluding *Red-Coats*. They can all ſing, forſooth, wanton Ditties is all they mind; you ſhall never hear any thing good come out of their Mouths, but Oaths: And then a great many of 'em (this was one of the Gang) can *toot*, *toot*, *toot*, it upon a Pipe; they have another Name for it, but the thing is the ſame; and this raviſhes the young Gentlewomans Ears. Then they have Plays, and dying Love-Speeches at their Fingers-ends; theſe are generally, beſides the cutting of a Caper, their whole Eſtate. If you

look into their Portmanteau (except their Regimental Cloaths) you ſhall find ſcarce any thing but a dirty Plad-Morning-Gown, two or three pair of Shooes, four old Shirts, and as many Neckcloths. Fine they muſt be, forſooth, but worn (with often Waſhing) as thin as a Cob-web; for fall out what will, they muſt have a clean Shirt every day. Some of their beggarly Soldiers Truſs does nothing but Launder for 'em, they'r always at the Waſh-Tub, and, I believe, ſeldom enough paid for what they do.

Then they kiſs and complement the Country-Milliners, to truſt 'em with Sword-knots, and clean Gloves, Ribons for their Sleeves, to hang ſtreaming down, and to dangle their Canes in; and thus ſet out, they go a ſutoring to ſome young Gentlewoman or another. But ſhe you ſaw, had ſixteen thouſand Crowns for her Portion, her Mother was dead; ſhe read Romances (Romances I think you call 'em) and Plays, and was counted to have a notable Wit as any, let the other be who ſhe wou'd, in a great way of her. Her Father's an old curmudgonly Cur, and wou'd never let her go to *Angela* our Chief City, nor wou'd he give her any of her Portion till he dy'd, or ſhe marry'd to his liking; but yet he never look'd out for a Husband for her. Now my mind gives me, that if he had but let her go into fine Company (as other brave Ladies do) ſhe would not have thought a ranting Officer ſuch a *God-a-mighty*. But he was too covetous for that, leſt ſhe ſhould treat 'em again when he came to his Houſe. So ſhe was e'en aſham'd to go to theirs. The young Eſquire, her Brother, is as compleat a Man (tho' I ſay it) as any the Sun ever ſhone upon.

on. He was gone abroad into ſtrange Countries, to learn their Linguo, when this Rogue of red and blue-Coat, courted her, or elſe he had never got his Will of her; he would have watch'd his Waters for him to ſome purpoſe; he's afraid of ne'er an Officer of 'em all. But, the more's the pity (poor Gentlewoman) 'twas not her Luck. The Rogue would not marry her; becauſe he knew her Father would not give her a Groat with him, but beſpoke her very fair. He uſed to be let in a Nights at the Back-gate in the Garden, and carry'd up to her Chamber. I know all their Intrigue (poor Soul) you could not have lit upon one that could tell you better. He ſo be-praiſed her, and inveigled her, that the ſhort and the long on't, in plain downright Terms, he took her Maidenhead from her, and left her nothing in the room but a big Belly. Well, this paſs'd on, no Body perceived it. Our Officer wanted to be gone, and go he did; their Company march'd away, but left I know not how many unborn Baſtards behind 'em. Joy go with 'em, I hope they'll never come here again. From the higheſt to the loweſt, a young Girl could not go about her Buſineſs, but they kept a kiſſing and teaſing of her. I reckon the poor Soul that ſuffer'd cry'd her Belly-full, when her louſie *Hat* and *Feather*-Fellow march'd off. I know nothing of that, but as I gueſs; only this I know, that the Eſquire came home juſt as ſhe was at her time. He was hugely fond of his Siſter; ſhe fell into Labour when he was in the Room with her, but had provided no verſal Thing for the Child. She told her Brother ſhe was tormented with the Tooth-ach, and wanted to go to Bed. His Chamber was next to

hers, away he went, and to't ſhe goes; Pain after Pain, Tear after Tear, Cry after Cry. The Eſquire heard her, and wondred what was the matter. He came twice to the Door, but ſhe would not let him in, but ſaid ſhe was up in her Shift, and almoſt mad with her Teeth. Well, to Bed he goes, and after a few more Labour-pains, ſhe is deliver'd all alone by her ſelf of a brave Boy. Leſt he ſhou'd cry, ſhe tore out his Bowels in the Birth. 'Twas the Lord's Mercy ſhe did not murther herſelf by it; but ſuch have beſt luck, an honeſt Woman can ſcarce be brought to Bed without a Midwife. Well, up ſhe wraps Child and Bowels, and altogether, in one of her Gowns, and to Bed ſhe goes. In the Morning ſhe rings for Mr. *Alice* (that's her Chamber-maid) and orders her to fetch a little Plague-water, for ſhe was very ill, and horribly troubled with the Vapours. After a great many Good-morrows, and round about Stories, ſhe gives *Alice* an old Gown and Petticoat; to be ſhort, makes her ſwear to be true, and not reveal her Truſt, as ſhe hop'd not to die in her Sins, and then tells her all about it, but conceal'd her part of the Murther, and beg'd her to carry the Corps upon the top of the Houſe, and there lay it in a Leaden Gutter, that ſeldom or never was viſited, till ſhe was got well enough to help her to dig a Grave to bury it; for the Maid durſt not do it alone. The Girl, with much fear and trembling, did as ſhe was ordered. Some two or three days paſſed on, *Alice* was pricked in Conſcience, or, may be, like a right Chamber-Maid, ſhe longed to tell all ſhe knew; and ſo ſhe reveals to *Doll* the Dairy-maid, that was her Bed-fellow. Theſe two Wenches, after this,

this, fancied, when they were a-Bed a-Nights, that a cold little Hand ſtroked them over their Faces; they ſo corrupted one another with theſe Figuaries, that at laſt they believed, nay, and ſwore to it, that the Child walked; who, if it had been alive, could not yet have ſtood. This Ghoſt frighted 'em out of their Wits; they lov'd their Miſtreſs, and was unwilling to diſgrace her, for as yet they did not know of the Murther; but *Doll* had a Sweet-heart, one *Criſpin*, a Shoomaker in our Town, as honeſt a Fellow as ever liv'd; him ſhe opened her Mind to. The Fellow ſmelt a Rat preſently, and was reſolved to diſcover it to the next Cadet or Judge. Away goes he, makes Oath of what *Doll* had told him. This Magiſtrate mortally hated the young Lady's Father; a Warrant was granted, the Houſe ſearched, and the Child found. She was try'd for her Life, and condemned for wilful Murher; but died very Penitent. She was a handſome Gentlewoman: I wiſh all young Women may take warning by her Fall.

The loquacious Country-woman had the thanks of her new Gueſts for the pains ſhe had taken to oblige 'em. She ſet before 'em Curds new-preſs'd, Cream freſh from the Bowl, excellent brown Bread, and deſired them to refreſh themſelves. The two Divinities, (who in all things were reſolved to appear as Mortals) did not diſdain her Bounty. She added to her Entertainment a Basket of Strawberries juſt gathered, a Pitcher of Wine from her own Cowſlips of the Meadow, and Butter fragrant from the Churn. Finding themſelves ſo clean and heartily regaled, they omitted nothing to expreſs their Gratitude.

After

After they were ſufficiently refreſh'd, they proceeded in their Journey to *Angela*, which lay not far before them. They were to croſs a Meadow where a numerous *Congreſs* of Coaches preſented themſelves: Beauties reſplendent, both by Art and Nature; *Cavaliers* dreſs'd *en Campain*, and well mounted, beſides a ſwarm of Populace of both Sexes, a ridiculous Medly of Human-kind, fantaſtically habited in Faſhions of all Ages, and Airs of none. They ſeem'd to have forgot, or rather to be ignorant, of the King's dangerous Illneſs, for as yet the News of his Death was not publickly divulg'd. The occaſion of that *Bell-Aſſembly* was a *Chariot-Race*. The Prize conſiſted in two Gold Goblets, and eight hundred Crowns in Gold. The fair *Marchioneſs du Cœur* was to beſtow it. The Gentleman who informed the *Divinities*, was well-faſhioned, talkative, and vain: He made 'em remark the Number of Prieſts that ſwarm at all Races, and are the foremoſt in the Diverſions of the Place. Some mounted upon lean lank Horſes, others ſtarch'd up (them of the better ſort) in little Chariots, with an appropriated holy Air, cramm'd with Women and Infants, Gazing and Betting, and more earneſt than any of the Racers themſelves. The Beaux ſaw theſe ſtranger Ladies (for that time they were pleaſed to be viſible) gracefully Charming, he had too great a *tendre* for the Sex not to oblige them with all Things in his Power; he gave himſelf Airs of Scandal, as well as Gallantry, and affected to appear knowing in all the Intrigues of the Place. He ſhew'd them a Prince of the Empire at eaſe in a Coach and ſix Horſes, he was one of the Racers, but his Servant was to run. Thoſe days

days are long ſince paſt, when the Royal Charioteer thought it Glory, in Perſon to gain the Goal before his Competitor. Then the Prize was Renown and Applauſe, not Gold and Jewels. The Gentleman made 'em obſerve the cloſe and moroſs Countenance of the Prince; he aſſur'd them that the Prize would be his, for that was the way now. He had brib'd the Racers to yield to his Charioteers. My Lady *Marchioneſs* her ſelf muſt loſe to him, tho' ſhe thinks herſelf ſafe in her Politicks, becauſe ſhe has alſo brib'd, but not ſo hig as the Prince. True indeed, another young Prince ſtartles their aſſurance of Succeſs, he puts in for the Prize, but will run himſelf, and there's no bribing in tbat Caſe: But the Marchioneſs has a remedy even for that. See he's at her Coach-ſide, and ſhe entertains him with all the affability immaginable; ſhe has a Bottle of *Ratafia* with her; mark what a pint Glaſs they give; Oh, brave Prinee! 'twill bring you to the Goal indeed! If his Head does not ſwim with this, and the violence of the Courſe, my Lady Marchioneſs will be much diſappointed; but the other Prince will be more, who has paid better for it. He loves Mony above all things, unleſs it be Chaſtizing his Domeſticks. In a Word, he is a Man of a proud, ſullen, yet choloric and avaricious Temper; no Body will be pleas'd if the Prize falls to him, and yet he cannot poſſibly fail of it. They are already ſtarted, and are to have three Heats. Charming young Hero! the Prince himſelf, by the favour of *Ratafia*, has gain'd it; he is Conqueror for the firſt time; but ſee, the ſecond Bout his Eyes dazzle, he has miſtook his Ground, and runs on the other ſide of the Poſt. This is the

Mar-

Marchioneſs's Cunning, but ſhe ſhall not be the better for it; the moroſe Prince has got the Prize, as I have foretold, and there are but very few upon the Place that are pleas'd at his Victory.

Aſtrea.] Pray, Sir, who is that Lady Marchioneſs? Her Lord ſeems to be old; ſhe has all the Appearance of Joy and Eaſe upon her Face, and ſomething that is ſprightly and agreeable.

Gent.] The Marquis himſelf is one of the moſt artificial Men of the Age; he loves nothing the plain way, all muſt be Intrigue and Management where he is concern'd; he has made himſelf eminent upon that Score; yet far greater are the Party that wonder at his Cunning, than thoſe that approve or eſteem his Capacity. His firſt Lady was a Woman of real Worth and Honour, rich in all the Graces of the Mind, as well as bleſs'd with thoſe of Fortune, yet could he never affect her; and when this Lady, with her large Dowry, fell into his poſſeſſion, there were none that knew him, and beheld her Youth and Innocence, but condol'd with her in their Hearts, for thoſe melancholy Hours ſhe was then going to paſs; but it has happen'd quite otherwiſe. My Lord Marquis wanted an Heir to her Poſſeſſions and his own, nor did he much matter which way he came by it; whether he diſtruſted himſelf upon that Head, as the Report runs; but he gave her ſo many Opportunities, taught her the Reliſh of Gallantry, and, in ſhort, made her ſo entirely Miſtreſs of her Conduct, that it would have been wonderful indeed, if ſhe had miſs'd the Cenſure of the World, in that Miſcellanea of Company that ſhe kept. Her Favourite-Woman had an Affair with an Officer of the

the Court, 'tis believ'd ſhe drew in her Lady, that ſhe might not have any thing to object againſt her. The young Cavalier *Bellair* fell paſſionately in Love with the Marchioneſs, as who can reſiſt her, that has the Honour of taſting her eaſie and agreeable Converſation? Then her Perſon has inexpreſſible Charms; her Face without boaſting of what you call a regular Beauty, has ſomething ſo gay, ſo ſweet, ſo genteel and agreeable, that one cannot defend one's Heart againſt her? She breaths the Air of nothing but *Love*, *Pleaſure*, and *Diverſion*; the more criminal *Vices*, *Scandal*, *Revenge*, *Hatred*, *Cruelty*, *Pride*, with that mixture of *haughty* and *ſullen*, are put ſo far away from her, that ſhe knows not what they mean; then ſhe is as bountiful as *Ceres*, generous as the Deity, when he enrich'd one Man with ſo valuable a World as this. In ſhort, all that know her, can't but forgive, (let them be never ſo ſevere) her little Excurſions of Love and Gallantry.

The *Gentleman* having ended his Relation, they would have took their leaves of him in an obliging manner, but he was too gallant to part with 'em ſo, all the Arguments they could uſe would not hinder him from following them, till by virtue of their Divinity, having made themſelves inviſible, they left him to wonder at their diſappearing.

Intelligence, who neither bore *him*, nor the *Country-woman* any great good Will, for uſurping upon her Province, and forcing her to a long and painful Silence, drew away the Ladies to attend the Shrieks and Cries that came from a little Houſe, at the end of a neigbouring Village; the Door was open, and a vaſt Crowd about

about it. The ſight was pleaſant enough, an old thin raw-bon'd Prieſt, in his Sacerdotal-Habit, combating his Wife, who buffetted him again, and ſeem'd to be the Aggreſſor. He had not only loſt his Hat and Peruke in the Scuffle, but his Face look'd all over beſmear'd with ſomething, no Body could tell what; but at laſt it was known to be piping Hot Apple-Pye, out of the Oven, which ſhe had ſcalded him with, in a very handſome manner, but was ſo kind to throw a Pound of Butter immediately after, to cool him again. His righteous Spirit, raiſed by the ſmart of the burning, catch'd hold of her Top-knot, to demoliſh that Fabrick; it was faſten'd ſo cloſe to her Head, that he pull'd and pull'd in vain. She ſhriek'd out as he pull'd, and well ſhe might, for he had tore a piece of her Ear from her Head, which made the Blood run down, and was eaſier to come off than the Head-Geer, which was ſo interwove with Pins, Top-knots, *falſe* and *true Curls*, that it ſtood impenetrable, like a Rock buffeted by the Waves. *Aſtrea* aſſum'd a Viſibility to part the Combatants, which none but her ſelf and her Companions endeavour'd at, among the great Crowd of People. They knew her too well, and were delighted to ſee the Scuffle. As ſoon as they were parted, the *Prieſteſs* flounced out of the Houſe, call'd for her Coachman, and bid him put in his Horſes, for away would ſhe go, (in that very Condition) to ſue for *Juſtice*, if there were any *Juſtice* in the Nation. The poor Fellow durſt not but obey her, tho' he lov'd his Maſter ten times better.

Intelligence was very forward to inform herſelf about the Combat, the good old Gentleman had

had Water brought him to waſh off the baked Mask from his Face. The Gazers diſmiſs'd from the Gate, (and then after recovering a little vital Air) he begg'd *Aſtrea* and her Companions to repoſe themſelves, and have pity upon a poor Man, who for his Sins was match'd to the She-Devil incarnate. You ſee what ſhe is for Perſon, my good Friends, and new Acquaintance, ſaid the Prieſt, nothing was ever ſo homely; her Face is made in part like a Black-a-more, flatnos'd, blobber-lipp'd; there's no ſign of Life in her Complexion, it ſavours all of Mortality; ſhe looks as if ſhe had been buried a Twelvemonth; neither her Cheeks nor Lips can claim any diſtinction, they all are of an earthy hue; her Teeth rotten, and ſweet as the Grave, or Charnel-houſe; and yet the Devil was in me, I marry'd for Love. Lord bleſs us! Love of what? not her good Conditions; I'm ſure. But I am an old Man, as you ſee, and ſhe's a *Wit*, that took me, tho I underſtood never a Word of what ſhe *writes* or *ſays*. Deliver me from a poetical Wife, and all honeſt Men for my ſake! She rumbles in Verſes of *Atomes*, Artic and Artartic, of *Gods*, and ſtrange things, foreign to all faſhionable Underſtanding. Becauſe ſhe was Ingenious, I thought ſhe'd have been a Help-meet to my Memory, being ſomething decay'd; but ſhe hates her Duty to me, and to the Gods, and never goes to the Temple above twice a Year, and then ſhe falls into counterfeit Fits; the Bottle of *Harſhorn*'s ſent for, and her ſelf carry'd in a languiſhing poſture home. Her Tongue is at perpetual War; her Diſcourſe one continu'd Reproach, derogating from mine and my Childrens Honour. If there be any Body preſent

ſent then ſhe's ſure to be moſt virulent; if I happen to bear it with heroick Patience, ſhe is defeated and undone, falls into Fits, beats her ſelf to be reveng'd on me. She has often kick'd all the Bed-cloaths off, and her own Linen, till ſhe has been ſtark-naked, when the Under-Prieſt, the Coachman, and Boy, have been holding of her down; yet I've good reaſon to think all this but a Sham, I mean her Fits, for if you'll let her alone, ſhe'll quickly come to her ſelf. But any Body that compaſſionates her, (as People are apt to do till they know her) ſhe'll hold 'em tack from one Frolick to another, for four long Hours, and then to compleat all, as if nothing had ailed her, ſhe'll ſtart up of a ſudden, and fall a boxing of me couragiouſly, or her Chamber-Maid, or both. When ſhe has had her Revenge, ſhe's at eaſe: But if by chance ſhe finds my Mind unguarded (againſt the bitter Aſſaults of her Tongue) and that I do fall into a Paſſion, as it is not poſſible always for me to forbear, then ſhe's pleaſed, then ſhe's delighted, and finds her Joy in my Torments. Is this any thing but the Temper of a Devil? The Day before I'm to ſacrifice, ſhe's ſure to perplex me all Night long, on purpoſe to diſcompoſe, and put my Mind out of Frame. I've often attempted, upon ſuch occaſions, to lie in another Bed, but that won't do, I ſhould be too much at my eaſe, and that would be her Hell. Up ſhe comes roaring, and ſtamps her Foot impetuouſly and inceſſantly againſt the Door, till 'tis broke open. She's as ſtrong in her Freaks as a *Granadier*; then ſhe falls a howling and ſobbing; tells me ſhe can't ſleep without me, and either forces me to riſe to her Bed, or comes to Bed to me,

and

and is ſure to keep me awake all Night long with her Scolding; as that's all her End and Deſign, there's no Intervals; no Truce to be had with her. She has frighted away all my Children, won't ſuffer one of 'em in the Houſe; had once like to have choak'd my Daughter, that's a Woman grown, by flying upon her, with her two Hands about her Throat, ſhe had ſtopt her Wind-pipe, till the poor Girl's Tongue hung out of her Mouth, and her Face was grown black, and had certainly kill'd her in a few Minutes more, if I had not come in and prevented her. What ſafety (think you) can my Life be in with ſuch a Fury? And yet I know not what's the Remedy; ſhe won't go from me, if I were to give her all that I have, (tho' ſhe's ſordidly covetous) becauſe ſhe dares not torment any Body elſe as ſhe does me; and yet I keep her a Coach, and four Servants, have a plentiful Income and an Eſtate of my own, and ſhe had little or no Fortune; I was bewitch'd to marry her. Then ſhe's in love with all the handſome Fellows ſhe ſees; but her Face, I believe, protects her Chaſtity, for none ſure was ever yet ſo couragious to aſſault it. She vents her Paſſion in Love-Verſes and Dialogues of *Clarinda* and *Daphnis*. A pitiful Lawyer's-Clerk was a long time her *Alexis*, and there was Love-Letters and Verſes printed, with rattling Epithets, bombaſt Deſcriptions, romantic Flights, and, in ſhort, nothing of Nature in 'em; yet theſe muſt be printed, with an Epiſtle to her adored *Moneſes*, who I've underſtood ſince, was a fooliſh Apothecary that us'd to recover her from her Fits, without the help of *Galen*, or *Hippocrates*: Then for her Morals, a Lady whom ſhe had invited to ſtay

at our Houſe that Summer, aſſum'd the reaſonable Freedom to adviſe her againſt Paſſion and Anger; ſhe took it ſo ill at her Hands, that to be reveng'd, ſhe made her ſelf a voluntary Evidence in a Law-Suit againſt her, of all the Diſcourſe they had had together in Freedom, and by adding a great deal of falſe to the true, made her loſe her Cauſe. I had been abroad to Day about my Buſineſs, and had miſs'd my Dinner; coming home, I ask'd for ſomething to eat; ſhe had took care, (after dining plentifully her ſelf) that there ſhould be nothing left for me. One of the Maids whiſpered me, that there was a large Apple-Pie in the Oven to be kept hot for the Gentlewoman's Supper, but I was to know nothing of it. Being pretty ſharp-ſet, I went to the Oven, as by Inſtinct, out I drew the Pie, got a Plate of Butter, and fell to buttering of it in happy Security, as I thought, becauſe ſhe had retir'd to her Cloſet, pleas'd with putting the Victuals out of the way, that I ſhould have nothing to eat. The Devil would not let her reſt long without tormenting of poor me; down ſhe comes, and before I was aware, ſnatches the Pie, and by a dextrous whirl of her Hand, ſends it full in my Face and Eyes; the Plate of Butter follow'd, then the Tankard full of Drink, and, in ſhort, whatever came to hand. Enraged at the Pain I felt, my uſual Moderation forſook me; I leap'd briskly at her Top-knots; ſhe ſqual'd, which alarm'd the Neighbours, and your ſelves, to behold this comical Combat. 'Twas Nuts to thoſe Rogues, my Neighbours, who would not have parted us, tho' we had kill'd our ſelves upon the Spot. But for you, my good Friends, I am much oblig'd to your

Endea-

Endeavours, but I ſee ſmall Hopes of redreſſing theſe Grievances, that lie heavy upon me. Were I of another Profeſſion than I am, by a juſt Indignation, I would aſſert the Authority of a Husband; but our Talent is expected to be meek under Perſecution, Long-ſuffering; particular Scandal often reflects upon the general; my Brethren may be aſperſed for my ſake, ſo that I content my ſelf to ſit down under this Chaſtiſement, coming from the Hand of Heaven as a puniſhment for my Sins, in marrying a Wife not above half ſo young as my ſelf, when I had Children grown up to keep my Houſe, and adminiſter comfortably to my Neceſſities.

Here the two Divinities, by ſtroking with their Hands, and applying a proper Antidote, expelled the Fire that had ſwell'd the poor Prieſts Face and Eyes in a terrible manner: He returned them a thouſand Thanks for their Civility. They took their leaves very courteouſly, often regretting the Miſeries he ſeem'd to ſuffer with ſuch a Fury of a Wife.

Intell.] You are now, Ladies, very near *Angela*; but juſt at hand is the *Prado*, a Place eminent for what's either Illuſtrious or Conſpicuous; here the Rich and the Fair, adorn'd in their moſt diſtinguiſhing Habits, come to take the Duſt, under pretence of Air. If a Lady be new-married, and longs to ſhew her Equipage, no Place ſo proper as the *Prado*. A Beauty juſt come to Town, that has a mind to be a Toaſt, expoſes herſelf firſt upon the *Prado*; the Gameſter, after a lucky Run, from no Shoes, and a Coat out at Elbows, ſteps into a large well-built Coach with Pillars and Arches, glorious

Horſes, and Trappings, with rich Liveries, and where's the place ſo proper for Admiration as the *Prado?* The Aldermen's Wives comes to learn Faſhions, and make the Court envy the Luſtre of their Jewels at the *Prado*; young amorous *Beaus*, that have a mind to ogle the airy vain *Coquet*, whisk to the *Prado*; a Town-Husband would have but an ill Life (theſe faſhionable Times) if he grudg'd his Wife a Chariot for the *Prado*; nay, the very Country-Gentlewoman, (humble in Town, and proud in the Country) when ſhe has got her Husband in the mind, to let her come to *Angela*, thinks ſhe had as good ſtay at home, if ſhe be not able to have her only pair of Horſes drag her thro' the dirty Roads, in order to carry her to the *Prado*, with her Country-built Coach, and her ruſtical Airs, to divert the reſt of the Company. Nay, the very Coachmen here are ſo refin'd, they ſhall ridicule a Brother, come from the Country, and find fault with his driving, becauſe it mayn't be exactly *a la mode de Prado*. Both the Men and Women, who are not able themſelves to keep Coaches, make their Court with indefatigable Induſtry to thoſe who have, flattering all their *Haughtineſs*, *Affectation*, *ill Nature*, and *Vanities*, calling their very *Vices Virtues*, to purchaſe by theſe egregious Follies, a back-place in their Coach, that they may ſpark it in the *Prado*. Not long ago an honeſt Gentleman, (whoſe Father being alive kept back the greateſt part of the Eſtate) ſuffer'd his handſome Wife, to compound with her Gallant, (who had given her a Settlement for Life) upon ſuch and ſuch Terms, provided he toſſed in a Jewel for her Neck, and a Chariot for the *Prado*; and therefore, Ladies, if you have

Curioſity,

Curioſity, it muſt be impoſſible you ſhould not deſire to ſee the Cavalcade of the *Prado*.

Aſtrea.] My Lady *Intelligence* judges of us by her ſelf, that we likewiſe find Diverſions among the moſt Company: Tho' I cannot foreſee any great uſe this will be to my Deſign, yet being an Eſtabliſhment ſince I left the World, I am contented to follow you to your admirable *Prado*.

Intel.] See there the Prince *Adario*, conſpicuous for his Equipage, but much more for his having his Princeſs in the ſame Coach with him. She come down deep to his *French Valet de Chambers* for this Favour. My Lady *Vertue*, ſhe is certainly of your Court, and the greateſt Ornament of that of *Angela*'s: Is not her Perſon graceful, her Air ſweet and modeſt? Would not one believe her Charms are ſufficient to conquer a thouſand Hearts? Yet they make no impreſſion upon that only One ſhe deſires to touch. Her Birth is moſt Illuſtrious, deſcended from a Race of Heroes; neither has Scandal, (which ſcarce ſpares your very Ladyſhip) tainted her Character; but when they object, they tell us, ſhe loves Cards too well, which was a Diverſion ſhe probably took up, to amuſe her trouble of Mind from her Lord's repeated Inconſtancy. How great and how little is that Man? Something ſo very high, and yet ſo very low in his Character; even his Generoſity is a Virtue too much extended, and borders ſo intimately upon Extravagancy, that one knows not how to divide 'em: Then the Merit of his Courage is ſo allay'd by his want of Conduct, that in praiſing one, it always puts us in mind how much we ought to blame the other. So ambitious in his

Principles; ſo humble in his Converſe; ſo managed by his Favourites, and ſo miſtaken in his unworthy Choice of them. In his Amours only there's no Contradiction, there 'tis all of a piece, Vice without any allay; he has corrupted more Women than a Grand Signior; his Pleaſure conſiſts in Variety; he leaves nothing undone to compaſs his Ends, and becauſe Mony makes the beſt diſpatch, he is laviſh of that to profuſeneſs. The Traders in *Amour* no ſooner ſee a handſome young Girl come to Town; a Citizen marry'd to a pretty Wife; a beautiful Daughter expos'd to the Frowns of Fortune by the death of her Parents, but they run with their Intelligence to his Highneſs. The *French Valets* introduce them, one is very well rewarded, and the other, by theſe Services, keep themſelves in Favour. Yet has he this of Magnificent in his Temper, he turns none of his Women to ſtarve when he has done with 'em; there are ſeveral, (that ſometimes ſhine in the *Prado*) to whom he has given large Cantons of his Eſtate. His now favourite Miſtreſs is a Woman of exalted Birth; he purchas'd her of her Mother, (and that was moſt abominable!) by a conſiderable Sum to her ſelf, and a Settlement of two thouſand Crowns a Year upon her Daughter; the reverend Matron did not bluſh to ſell the Prince's Favour to all that would purchaſe; (a wretched Principle.) She was not aſham'd to take ſixty Pieces of a poor Poet, (all the Profit that his Brains had ever been able to preſent him) to make him only a *Subaltern*. The *French Valets* rejoic'd at her Death, becauſe ſhe was very like, during her Daughter's Reign, to run away with their Profit, the Bribes having all found the way

to her. When the Prince went to his *Vice-Royalty* in the *Indies*, the Princeſs, his Wife, was forced to give an incredible Sum to thoſe raſcally Fellows, or ſhe had been left behind; yet had ſhe the new Mortification to find her Lord ſo wholly neglectful of her, and of all Buſineſs, as to ſhut up himſelf whole Days, to write long tedious repeated Aſſurances of Love to his then reigning Miſtreſs: Neither was he ever eaſie till ſhe arriv'd. But thoſe Tranſports are pretty well abated of their firſt Violence; he has return'd long ſince to his darling love of Variety. 'Tis pity no kind Hand is found to reſcue him from this continu'd Vice, to paint out his Lady's ſuffering Merit, that if poſſible, he may, tho' late, do Juſtice to it. He's now no longer in his Youth; 'tis time theſe Follies ſhould paſs away; but I doubt there's ſmall hopes of it whilſt he is in thoſe Hands, that manage him (but by the continuation of his Frailties) and will not, in all probability, ſo much to their own prejudice, awaken him from that Lethargy he appears ſo many Years to have been buried in. He's poſitively good natur'd; all the Errors of his Life ſeem not to proceed ſo much from himſelf, as his Flatterers, who have cheriſh'd and encourag'd them in him. Had his Choice firſt light upon Men of Honour, and true Principles, how eminent might he now have been? Neither is it yet too late, if he ſtrive to redeem his Character, it will appear, as if thoſe ill Habits had been rather acquir'd, than natural to him.

Be pleas'd to look into the Coach that follows next the Prince, there ſits the proudeſt Woman in *Atalantis* (if you can tell for what)

except her Sister, who ran Mad for Pride. A certain Grandee had no other method of gaining her, but by bribing her Women, and carrying the Lady to a Mount, whence they had the prospect of Men making Bricks in the neighbouring Fields. He assur'd her those were his Slaves, the People he held in Captivity, for he was the King of *Egypt*. This tumbled the Lady and all her Wealth into his Arms, she wanted to be a Queen, but having once possessed himself of that, he shut her up of her own side for a Lunatick; holding a large Estate by her Life, it's thought (by most People) he won't find it convenient for her to die, so long as he lives.

This Sister of hers that just pass'd us, carries her pretty Daughters to the Opera-Market and *Prado* for Husbands; her own has out-liv'd five Brothers of his to come to the Estate, and there's yet one remaining that hopes he shall be the seventh that survives the sixth. The Lady her self, tho' neither handsome or distinguishable, (for any thing but Pride) believes so well of her self, she scarce does any one below her the favour to rise when they come in. There seems nothing in her so commendable, as her value for that fourth Person which was with them in the Coach. The Lady once belong'd to the Court, but marrying into the Country, she made it her Business to devote her self to the Muses, and has writ a great many pretty things: These Verses of the Progress of Life, have met with abundance of Applause, and therefore I recommend 'em to your Excellency's perusal.

The

The Progreſs of LIFE.

I.

HOw gaily is at firſt begun
Our Lives uncertain Race?
Whilſt that ſprightly Morning Sun,
With which we firſt ſet out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

II.

How ſmiling the World's Proſpect lies!
How tempting to look thro'!
Parnaſſus *to the* Poet's *Eyes,*
Nor Beauty *with a ſweet ſurprize,*
Does more inviting ſhew.

III.

How promiſing's the Book of Fate,
'Till thro'ly underſtood!
Whilſt partial Hope *ſuch* Lots *create,*
That does the youthful Fancy *cheat,*
With all that's great *and* good.

IV.

How ſoft the firſt Ideas ~~*move,*~~ *roave*
That wander in our Mind!
How full the Joy, how fair the Love,
That do in this early Seaſon move!
Like Flow'rs the Weſtern Wind.

V.

V.

Our Sighs are then but vernal Air,
But April *drops our Tears;*
Which ſwiftly paſſing, all grows fair,
Whilſt Beauty compenſates our Care,
And Youth each Vapour clears.

VI.

But Oh! too ſoon, alas, we climb,
(Scarce feeling we aſcend)
The gently-riſing Hill of Time;
From whence with Grief we ſee that prime,
And all its ſweetneſs end.

VII.

The Die once caſt, our Fortune known,
(Fond Expectation paſt;)
The Thorns that former Tears have ſown,
To crops of late Repentance grown,
Thro' which we toil, at laſt.

VIII.

Then every Care's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which fading Smiles no more can charm,
But every Tear's a Winter's Storm,
And every Look a Frown.

IX.

'Till with ſucceeding Ills *oppreſs'd,*
For Joys *we hop'd to find,*

By

By Age ſo rumpl'd and undreſs'd,
We gladly ſink us down to reſt,
And Leave ~~following~~ vacant Crouds behind.

Aſtrea.] The Lady ſpeaks very feelingly; we need look no further than this, to know ſhe's her ſelf paſt that agreeable Age ſhe ſo much regrets. However, I'm very well pleas'd with the Thought that runs thro'; if ſhe had contracted ſomething of the ſecond and third Stanza, it had not been the worſe. I preſume ſhe's one of the happy Few that write out of Pleaſure, and not Neceſſity: By that means it's her own fault, if ſhe publiſh any thing but what's good; for it's next to impoſſible to write much, and write well.

Intell.] See that beautiful Gentleman at Loll in the next Chariot, born from as beautiful a Mother! he has made a dreadful Havock among the Ladies. I can name you three (all of Rank) that have had dangerous Compliances with him; and yet an indigeſted Girl, with four hundred thouſand Crowns, has reſiſted his Charms, and the Grandeur he could raiſe her to; to beſtow her ſelf, (as 'tis thought ſhe will) upon a Perſon who has more of his Vices, and leſs of Quality and Eſtate.

How likes your Excellencies that goodly Lady that rolls on next in courſe? Has not ſhe Fat enough to have prevented any Wife in *Angela* from running mad, thro' Jealouſie of her Lord and her? The Wife came in one Day very inopportunely, to viſit at a Woman of Condition, where ſhe had the misfortune to ſurprize her Husband, and the Perſon before us, in very convincing Circumſtances; the poor Lady fell into

into ſuch an ill Habit of Mind, that ſhe could never recover her Peace, but led the *Count* ſo very diſagreeable a Life, ſo outragious and *jealous*, that unable to bear the continuance, and hopeleſs to reform her, they are parted, and ſhe has the Mortification of lamenting alone her too warm Reſentments, which all prudent Women will diſſemble, if they do but conſider that Husbands have often been reclaimed by gentle Methods, never by rough, unleſs they depend upon their Wives Fortune for the beſt part of their own, and that, I muſt confeſs, varies the Caſe; yet notwithſtanding her known Gallantries, an honeſt Gentleman has lately ventur'd to make a Wife of her.

Look what a grave Seignior comes next, he was once in the Government, and the Head of a Party, but he too much neglected both, to admire a ſinging Creature at the *Opera*, whom no Body elſe could admire, and yet he gave her Four thouſand *Chequins* for her Favour, and the like Sum repeated to keep it ſecret; but as there are few things ſuch in the Prince's Court to whom I belong, you may depend upon Dame *Intelligence* for what you hear.

See that gay Lady that laughs aloud, and lolls upon her Companion; her Eyes by intervals thrown abroad in ſearch for Gazers; eager to be admir'd; ſhe has lately perſecuted her Husband with a conſiderable addition to her Fortune, tho' ſhe had a large one before; a Relation has been ſo kind to die, and leave her the power of ſuch a Compliment, which is no more than is neceſſary to ſoften her ill Conduct; at this very minute ſhe receives a *Billet* from the Orange-Wench, under the Pretence of buying

that

that Basket of Cherries; *Coquet* as she is, 'twont be easie to her, unless the whole *Prado* know she is admired; at the next round we shall find her reading on't, that the World may see how well things go with her. The Husband of this airy Lady is as great a Libertine as her self; he has always distinguish'd himself by his Humility and good Nature, in caressing despicable poor Creatures, abandoned by all things but the extremes of Vice; these he can with Pleasure revel away his Time, and lage Estate upon, tho' he be reported to have Understanding. The Lady had an Affair with one of the young Sons of the Sea-green-Deity; handsome, and of an eminent Extraction; Lady *Bertha*, his Sister, was intimate with *Clarissa*, so's the Lady named that we were speaking of; they would often wonder together at the Caprice of the Men; how *Clarissa*'s Husband neglecting her, could doat as he did upon the last and lowest of Womenkind. She scorn'd however to revenge these Abuses upon her self, and so to be a sufferer both ways; she knew better than to take up with the solitary Reliefs of Prayers and Tears, there were other Comforts better fitted to her Genius; she would not vainly waste her Youth in Retirement, expecting a Reformation that might never happen, but Dresses, Rambles, Plays, Intrigues, is managed by her Woman, and a Mantua-maker is her chief Favourite. Lady *Bertha*'s lovely Brother pursu'd his good Fortune, and was even put into *Clarissa*'s Bed, in his Sisters Night-Dress. I believe Lady *Virtue*, they did not consult your Excellence, so much as Convenience, when the fashionable Establishment was made of separate Beds. *Clarissa* us'd to have whole Nights to her self,

ſelf, and therefore did not ſo much diſtruſt her ill Fortune, that ſhe ſhould be diſturb'd now; but as ſhe was throwing off her Cloaths, to fly to Lady *Bertha*'s Boſom, her Husband comes into the Room to paſs the Night with her. She runs to the Door to ſtop him, fawns and ſmiles, throws her Arms about his Neck, and with a Kiſs, whiſpered in his Ear that Lady *Bertha* was gone into his Bed, very ill of the Head-ake, and he ſhould take heed how he made a noiſe to diſturb her. *Monſieur* lov'd the Ladies too well to be indifferent on that Chapter; he could not hear ſo handſome a one was laid in his place, but he reſolved he would be paid for his Conceſſion; therefore he tells *Clariſſa*, a Kiſs he muſt and would have of Lady *Bertha*, and half a dozen good Huggs, or ſhe muſt not expect to lie there. *Clariſſa* begg'd he would return to his own Apartment; Lady *Bertha* would never forgive her, ſhe did not uſe to be kiſſed and tumbled. That was all one, ſhe muſt begin now then, what did ſhe do in his Bed? The Plot thickened, gueſs at their Confuſion. As to the Hero in Pinners, I ſuppoſe he ſcorn'd to tremble, unleſs it were for the ſake of his Miſtreſs; however, he left the matter to the Woman, who are always readily aſſiſted by Fortune, when their ill Conduct precipitates 'em into Dangers; he only hid himſelf in the Pillows, and pulled the Bed-cloaths over him, leſt his Chin ſhould not be quite ſo ſoft as his Siſters. The Husband threw himſelf upon her, (as he imagined) hugg'd and embrac'd her as ſhe lay covered up, endeavoured to get at her Face, pull'd the Bed-cloaths with all his might, *Clariſſa* him, but both in vain, till he roſe of himſelf, and ſwore Lady

Bertha

Bertha was the ſtrongeſt Woman he ever met with in his Life; begg'd but one Kiſs, and he would be gone. *French Mademoiſelle* cry'd Lady *Bertha* would never come again; ſhe was certainly provok'd, and would ſpeak to none of them, whilſt he was in the Room. *Clariſſa* gave her ſelf violent Airs, and asked him if he would never have done being a Brute, did he know no diſtinction? Was a Woman of Quality, (who did her the Honour to paſs a Night with her) to be us'd in that manner? Fie upon him! he might be aſham'd of himſelf for ever. Thus ſhe taunted the kind Husband to his own ſide, but not without threatning how many Kiſſes he would have in the Morning, when her Head was better; and begging *Clariſſa* not to let her go, 'till he had made her pay ſufficiently for robbing him of his place. But the Lady durſt not ſtand the Encounter; when he came there to drink his Chocolate by her Bed-ſide, as he thought, he found the Bird flown: *Mademoiſelle Frippery*, the *Suivante* told him, Lady *Bertha* was ſo very angry at his Rudeneſs, and ſo afraid of him, that ſhe could not ſleep all Night long, leſt he ſhould come in, by vertue of his Maſter-Key, to diſturb her, which made her Head ake ten times worſe than it did before, and ſent her away, at Five in the Morning, to her own Houſe, to recover the Fatigue ſhe had ſuffered that Night for want of ſleep.

Your *Divinities* having naturally a regard to the Ingenious, be pleas'd to direct your Eyes towards that pair of Beaus in the next Chariot; the Equipage belongs to him that ſits of the left Hand; by boaſting of an intimate Friendſhip with the other, he has got himſelf enroll'd

enroll'd among, and in the Catalogue of Wits, not forgetting a very neceſſary Ingredient, a good Eſtate; as large as you ſee him, his Father and Grandfather are both profeſs'd Sparks, and ſpruce up in Cherry, and other gaudy colour'd ſilk Stockings; he talks of *Rochefoucault*, *Fontenelle*, *la Bruyere*, as his intimate Acquaintance, and ev'n gives the latter the Preference; when I can't but find what ſeems moſt eminent in him, is but borrow'd from the other two. If a Man of Eſtate has a mind to be thought to have a Genius, he has but to fall in labour of ſome little Trifle, a *Prologue*, *Epilogue*, *Song*, or *Flouriſh* to *Cælia*, and be generous to the next Poet he can get (his Friend) to adviſe to dedicate to him, and preſently he's *Virgil* and *Mecenas* too. The Gentleman looks indiſpoſed at preſent, his native Fire quenched in unnatural *Tiſſane*, elſe nothing ſo gay and ſo coquet; pardon the Expreſſion, it may not be thought ſo proper to the Sex, but they of late ſeem to put in for an equal Claim. He angles not without a ſtrain of Affectation for Hearts; catches at Applauſe; ſoftens his Eyes and Voice, gives Snuff to the Ladies upon his Knees, that his fair Perſon may appear to advantage, with that graceful and ſubmiſſive Turn. His Buſineſs (till of late) has rather been to make Love than take it; but a certain Military's Wife has had more Darts for him than is neceſſary; he was too nice to divide her even with her Husband; far from ſuſpecting Partnerſhip with another, and therefore took her to ſubſiſt upon his Fortune, which was laviſh'd with the prodigality of a new and true Lover. He had a troubleſome Place of profit in the Government, a thing quite out of

his

his Road; he lov'd Writing, indeed, but not that ſort, it engroſs'd too much of his Time, he could not ſpare it from his fair Miſtreſs, and the Muſes; but to quit it with the better Grace, he took the laudable and ſingular Pretence of being diſguſted, becauſe a Friend of his, who procur'd it him, was diſcharg'd from an Office upon which his, in ſome meaſure depended; tho' the truth is, himſelf had made ſuch Diſcoveries againſt the ill Management of the Miniſter, that it was but vain for him to hope to keep it after.

They tell you that his Miſtreſs, not contented with all the Love that handſome Perſon of his could beſtow, went in ſearch of other Adventures, the conſequence of which, is ſending him to the *Doctors* for *Tiſſane.* They ſay he loves her even to a Forgiveneſs of that, and all other Faults. I can but ſmile to think, whilſt the height of the Love-ſick Fever laſts, the Women have their turn of revenging the Injuries that are done to others of their Sex. A Perſon, whilſt ſhe is beloved, can commit no Crimes, for as *Rochfoucault*, *As long as we love we can forgive.*

That Friend of his on the right, is a near Favourite of the *Muſes*, he has touch'd the *Drama* with truer Art than any of his Contemporaries; comes nearer Nature and the Ancients, unleſs in his laſt Performance, which indeed met with moſt Applauſe, however leaſt deſerving. But he ſeem'd to know what he did, deſcending from himſelf, to write to the *many*, whereas before he wrote to the *few.* I find a wonderful deal of good Senſe in that Gentleman; he has

Wit, without the Pride and Affectation that generally accompanies, and always corrupts it.

His *Myra* is as well celebrated as *Ovid*'s *Corina*, and as well known. How happy is he in the favour of that lovely Relation? She too deſerves Applauſe (beſides her Beauty) for her *Gratitude* and *Senſibility* to ſo deſerving an *Admirer*. There are few Ladies, when they once give in to the Sweet of an irregular Paſſion, care to confine themſelves, even to him that firſt endear'd it to 'em; not ſo, the charming *Myra*, ſhe loves the Pleaſure, but in regard to the Lover, not the Lover for the ſake of the Pleaſure.

Wou'd you believe that Weather-beaten Equipage, of two Years ſtanding, belongs to the richeſt Prince in *Atalantis?* Nay, almoſt as rich as all the Princes put together, with as narrow a Soul; nothing ſeems to me to be a truer Emblem of it, than the Entrance into his own Palace, the large magnificent Gate is intirely made up, there's no Paſſage that way; you go in by a ſmall Poſtern, or Back-door, an exact Reſemblance of that narrow Channel by which Generoſity is convey'd to his Heart. A certain Poet had occaſion to name him in a Panegyrick, not doubting of a very good Reward, preſented one of 'em to his Highneſs: He order'd two Pieces for a ſorry Gratuity; but before it could be receiv'd, the Poet was oblig'd to leave a Receipt with the Steward, for ſo much in Silver, Gold not hap'ning to be in the *Treaſury* at that time. I would fain know, if there's to be found upon the *File* at any other *Prince*'s in *Europe*, a Certificate of that Nature?

That

That opulent Heireſs, his Daughter, makes the *Princeſs* ſmile, whom I ſerve; ſhe will give her occaſion, in a little time, to make uſe of her thouſand Ears, and her Thouſand Tongues.

Behold the Reverſe of what laſt paſs'd us; ſee that magnificent, young and graceful *Prince*, the *Duke de Beaumond*; his Horſes are, in their kind, almoſt as well caſt as himſelf, and all from his own Breed. He claims a Deſcent from a long Race of Kings, and an untainted Loyalty, deriv'd from his glorious Predeceſſors. He is young you ſee, juſt ſtep'd upon the Stage of the World; his Inclinations are adequate to his Birth: He will ſhow what it is to be a Prince, that is, what a Prince ought to be, Magnificent, Humane, Sedate, free from all thoſe Vices that ruffle the Calm of Youth, and coſt the beſt part of their Time to reform from, if ever they reform. He's an Encourager of the real Ingenious, not fond of Applauſe; nor yet with Pride and Sullenneſs rejecting it from thoſe who know where to give it; he will imitate his illuſtrious Grand-father in his Practice of all the *Virtues*. Oh *Aſtrea!* We muſt lead you to his *Palace*, where both your Divinities will be ſatisfied, will be charm'd, to find ſo perfect a Reſemblance of your ſelves!

Does your Excellencies behold who fills that large handſome Coach? People that ſeem to be very merry, and infinitely at eaſe, but many a Heart-ake has gone to the forming of that Equipage; a notorious Gameſter, who for his Excellency in that Faculty, has a Mock-Title given him; he's call'd *Monſieur le Chevalier*, by thoſe Fools he has cheated out of their real Eſtates. No Body

lives greater than he does; luxurious Dinners; *Quails*, *Hortolans*, *Terrene*, *Pheasant's-Eggs*, *China-Birds-Nests*, *Hermitage*, *Champaign*; whatever is to be bought or procur'd. The jolly Woman on the left-hand passes for his Wife; tho' the Lady I have the honour to serve, not only whispers, but speaks aloud, notwithstanding her Demureness. Her appearing in all Places of Credit; haunting the publick, visiting, and being visited, when she has a lawful Husband alive. Observe but the Widow on the right-Hand; because he loves Niceties, he has got her to live in the House with them; she's a Lady of the best Intelligence in the World; she knows what's done at all the Assemblies; who goes to the *Chocolate-House* for Letters; whence they come; what Answers are return'd; who wins at the Races; who loses at *Hazzard* and *Basset*; when such a Lady granted the Favour; how long before 'tis probable that such a one may be brought to do the same; she's very near being one of the youngest Grandmothers in *Atalantis*, and yet she's older than she looks for; that artificial Face of hers is still the same; for how can that be said to wear out, that's made new, or renew'd every Morning? She's handsome by Nature, but loves Mony too well; her Admirers are infinite, has been the fashion these twelve Years, and that's a long time in this varying Age, especially when we consider *Le Grand Maistre du Hostel-Royale* furnishes great part of her Expence, and upholds her Chariot for the *Prado*, where this *faux Prude* set at gaze, scorns to own the least Acquaintance in publick, nor will return a civil Salute to those, whose lesser Vices are not crown'd as eminently with Fortune's Favours as her

her own; tho' she made no scruple in private at Cards, to manage them out of their Money. As to the *Chevalier*, by Whim and Custom so called, he rose, (if it may be called rising) from the very Dregs of the People, a waiter at a *Bowling-Green*, from the most abject Slavery, to the greatest Profusion of Wealth and Pleasure. Had either of your Divinities assisted his Ascent, it would have been Glorious; but in his practice he has nothing to do with *Justice*, or any other of the *Virtues*. *Fortune* only is pleas'd to show how prepostorously she can work, to make the gaudy Gamester shine in the *Circle*, whose original Place was among his Livery-Companions, at the Gate; she makes them acceptable to, and Companions of the Greatest; those eminent both for Quality and Beauty, hug these Scoundrels to their Bosom, set them glaring in the Face of Day, for the well-managing a Die; for if a Man be but once Master of Money, this complaisant Age never scruples how they came by it.

Virtue.] Who is that alone in yonder Chariot; his Equipage is handsome, and his Person needs no setting-off; he appears much a Gentleman, his Eyes are continually on the next Coach, which is adorn'd with a wonderful gay Lady. She either sings well, or fancies she does, for I've observ'd that still as she came round, she was humming an Air; sure she was at the Chariot-Race; he seems to steal his Glances, and be upon the reserve.

Intel.] I must take leave to answer your Mightiness, (without power) by a Leer, and a malicious Smile, because I am infinitely pleas'd at your Query, it borders so much upon my beloved Diversion, Scandal, and lets me into a

very ample Theme: 'Tis the *Chevalier Bellair*, of an ancient Family, and a conſiderable Eſtate, yet fond of Honour; he has liſted himſelf under *Bellona*, and moſt part of the Year expoſes himſelf (that fine Perſon of his) to the Fatigues of the Campaign, the reſt of his Time he devotes wholly to the Lady you ſee in that Coach. At firſt he was as happy as Love and Opportunity, with the help of the favourite Mantua-maker, (for thoſe People are now mightily the faſhion) could make him; but the Lady ſoon grew inconſtant, and has left him to wait whole Days together at the *Chocolate-Houſe*, in expectation of the happy Moment for her calling of him, according to her Promiſe; whilſt ſhe, drown'd in the looſer Revels of Wine, and new Love, forgets that he is upon Duty, impatient, and fretting at her Delay. One of his Rivals, is a Perſon of Poetical Dignity, he firſt made her a Muſe, and ſhe in return made him a Fortune; his Bounty was imaginary, hers ſubſtantial. A beautiful Youth of Quality, whom I have already ſhewn you in the *Prado*, is another; but ſtill the *Chevalier* is the ſtanding Diſh, and may very well go down when in the Country, where her Husband is going to confine her, their *Villa*'s are not far diſtant from each other. Her Lord has what he wanted, an Heir, to deprive the next Succeſſor, whom he mortally hates, and thinks it high time, by baniſhment, to put an end to her publick Indiſcretions.

The *Prado* empties apace; 'tis almoſt Night; the King's Deceaſe has put all things out of Frame; at another time you ſhould have ſeen twenty times the number of Coaches. View that beautiful black Lady, ſhe has the Killing Eyes

in

in the World, ſhe firſt brought the bright Olive-Beauty in Requeſt; but weary with her own native Charms, ſhe chang'd her Complexion, and turn'd Fair, the Town would not be impos'd upon, they could not ſo ſuddenly loſe their Memory, they would attribute to Art what the Lady endeavour'd to paſs upon 'em for Nature. To her it is that we owe the firſt Aſſembly and Invention of giving Muſick in the *King's-Gardens*. A certain Miniſter, renown'd for Wit, and call'd a Poet by all the Poets, (for fathering one Copy of Verſes, by whom ever wrote) the *Mecenas* of the Age, an Honour acquir'd with little Expence, where few or none are found to conteſt it with him, they ſcorn to be guilty of that unfaſhionable Vice, Generoſity to the Ingenious. He was in Love with this Lady, and wanting Opportunity to declare his Paſſion, bethought himſelf of giving the Royal-Muſick, and beſt Voices, in a manner, where the whole Court would not fail to come, becauſe they were ſure to find only themſelves, the Cits being either ignorant of the Aſſembly, or excluded. It fortunately anſwer'd his Expectations; after the Muſick was over, the Lady was ſeen to walk with him down a cloſe Walk, where ſome that belong to my Prince's Court, do not ſtick to report, ſhe gave him the Promiſe of a more fortunate Rendezvous.

See that dapper ſquat Gentleman, with a tolerable Face, poring on a Book, and feigning to read, tho' it be too dark to ſee: He would willingly be thought a Wit; not one of the Writers, but brisk at Repartee. By large Promiſes, he has often bubbled the common Women out of what they had to beſtow, but is now with his own conſent ſufficiently bubbl'd

himſelf. *Laurentia*, a young *Courtezan*, who owes her Birth to the free-born Joys of Love, has had the good Fortune to captivate him in ſuch a manner, that he renounces the whole Sex for her ſake, and 'tis thought he may be ſuch a Fool as to marry her, which is more than ever her Mother could perſuade her Father to do for her, tho' ſhe be a Woman of an intrieguing Brain, but having profited by her own Miſtakes, ſhe inſtructs her Daughter in the Art of Management. This ſeems to me a ſort of lengthning of Life, or of living one's time over again; at this rate a *Courtezan*, (the Daughter of a *Courtezan*) muſt be much too cunning for any Man in the World. She joins her Mother's Experience to her own Youth and Charms, and ſo ſet out, might pretend to out-wit the Devil himſelf, if he once appear'd in the Shape of a Gallant.

Laurentia's Mother affecting Quality-Airs, in all what ſhe ſays or does, drew in a pretty Boy to marry her Girl, while they were very young; the Boy had Friends at Court, that might have provided very well for him, but this unlucky Marriage put 'em out of Hopes; they ſent him among the *Marines*; in a little time he grew in ſo great Diſlike of what he had done, and was either kill'd, or elſe he dy'd, ſo ſoon after, that ſhe was left a young Widow, and a moot Point whether not a Virgin. So the Mother would have had it believ'd, by all that were not likely to make Experience of the contrary; their Circumſtances were very low, ſomething to better 'em; ſhe could not refuſe the Privilege of her Houſe to a declining *Coquet*, who was her intimate Friend, and had made her many Preſents. This Lady, after a long Run of Love and Gallantry,

lantry, having rather increas'd than diminiſh'd the Fortune her Father left her, found a young Gentleman Fool enough to marry her, tho' he had a pretty Eſtate in Hopes, depending on a pretended Uncle, or a real Father. One would have thought it was an Obligation to her, to prove a good Wife, but like the *Cat*, metamorphos'd into a *Lady*, ſhe muſt run at the *Mice*, tho' ſhe were ſure to loſe her Preferment by it, and be turn'd into a *Cat* again. So Cards and Gallantry were not things ſo eaſily renounced; but becauſe ſhe had ſomething more to manage than before ſhe was marry'd, ſhe met with her Lover *incognito* at this Houſe, 'till at laſt *Laurentia*'s Mother, by her Artifice, and extolling her Daughter's Charms, drew the *Chevalier* to conſider 'em; he became falſe to his old Miſtreſs, and as 'tis ſuppos'd, paid his price for his new. Then was the Girl ſeen in a Gold-watch, that had ſcarce before a Shoe to her Foot; thus was ſhe introduc'd, till from one degree to another, ſhe aroſe to the Honour of pleaſing this Gentleman, who has One of the beſt Eſtates beneath the Nobility in *Angela*.

He parted with a very conſiderable Employment for ready Money, to put his Miſtreſs into Repair; from a narrow Compaſs, and poor Education, ſhe is riſen to the height of Expence and Delicacy, nothing almoſt is nice enough to pleaſe either her Mother, or her ſelf. The *old Ones* Diſcourſe trolls all upon *Virtue*, that her Daughter would ſooner die than do an ill thing; ſhe can anſwer for her Daughter's Honour. I wonder ſome *Macilente* (when he hears her thus exclaim) does not ask, whence then are deriv'd theſe fine Lodgings, Wax-Lights, Card-Aſſemblies,

blies, nice Eating, and rich Cloaths? We live no longer in an Age when *Fairy Kings* and *Queens* bring Riches to Mortals: People are ſeldom ſeen to change into ſuch Extremes, without a viſible *Wherefore*. The Spark, I think, does not pretend to diſſemble, or elſe whence comes thoſe paſſionate Raptures? That he'll never love another Woman, *Laurentia* will never ſuffer another Man. They have made a reciprocal Vow, not to kiſs, touch, or ſcarce to come near any of the Sex but themſelves. Hence I ſuppoſe it is that we find him reading in the *Prado*, for fear he ſhould be thought to take a pleaſure in looking at any Woman but his Miſtreſs.

That diſagreeable Woman, that whisks away next, is always dirty, when ſhe's ſet out with Jewels; ſhe loves Cards better than any thing but Mony, and for the ſake of Mony ſhe loves Cards. Being firſt upon the Place appointed, the Day that ſhe was going, (within the Year) to beſtow her ſelf in ſecond Marriage, ſhe told the Gentleman, ſhe hop'd 'twas lucky, for ſo it happen'd with her other Husband, who fortunately dy'd firſt, and left her very rich. One would have thought this Compliment would have diſorder'd the Bridegroom; but he wanted nothing of her but her Money, and therefore made her this Repartee; The Omen was not leſs auſpicious to him, for exactly ſo it happen'd with his other Wife, who more fortunately for him, dy'd firſt, and left him the poſſibility and honour of becoming her Husband.

She lets a Brother of hers want Bread, in a common Priſon; 'tis true he has loſt to Gameſters an incredible Sum of Mony, and a very great Eſtate; but ſtill, let one's Relations be never

never ſo abandon'd, I think they ought to receive bare Subſiſtance from ſo near a one as a Siſter, eſpecially when it is ſo much in one's Power, as it is in hers.

O let me eaſe my Spleen! I ſhall burſt with Laughter; theſe are proſperous Times for Vice; d'ye ſee that black Beau, (ſtuck up in a pert Chariot) thick-ſet, his Eyes loſt in his Head, hanging Eye-brows, broad Face, and tallow Complexion; I long to inform my ſelf if it be his own, he cannot yet ſure pretend to that. He's call'd *Monſieur Le Ingrate*; he ſhapes his Manners to his Name, and is exquiſitely ſo in all he does; has an inexhauſtible Fund of Diſſimulation, and does not bely the Country he was born in, which is fam'd for Falſhood and Inſincerity; has a world of Wit, and genteel Repartee: He's a Poet too, and was very favourably receiv'd by the Town, eſpecially in his firſt Performance, where, if you'll take my Opinion, he exhauſted moſt of his Stock; for what he has ſince produc'd, ſeem, but faint Copies of that agreeable Original. Tho' he's a moſt incorrect Writer, he pleaſes in ſpight of the Faults we ſee, and own. Whether Application might not burniſh the Defect, or if thoſe very Defects were brightned, whether the genuine Spirit would not fly off? are Queries not ſo eaſily reſolv'd.

I remember him almoſt t'other Day, but a wretched common Trooper; he had the luck to write a ſmall Poem, and dedicates it to a Perſon whom he never ſaw, a Lord that's ſince dead, who had a ſparkling Genius, much of Humanity, lov'd the Muſes, and was a very good Soldier. He encourag'd his Performance, took

took him into his Family, and gave him a Standard in his Regiment. The gentile Company that he was let into, assisted by his own Genius, wip'd off the Rust of Education; he began to polish his Manners, to refine his Conversation, and in short, to fit himself for something better than what he had been used. His Morals were loose; his Principles nothing but pretence, and a firm Resolution of making his Fortune, at what rate soever; but because he was far from being at ease that way, he covered all by a most profound Dissimulation, not in his Practice, but in his Words; not in his Actions, but his Pen; where he affected to be extreme Religious, at the same time when he had two different *Creatures* lying-in of base Children by him. The Person who had done so much for him, not doing more, he thought all that he had done for him was below his Desert; he wanted to rise faster than he did. There was a Person who pretended to the great Work, and he was so vain as to believe the illiterate Fellow could produce the *Philosopher's-Stone*, and would give it him. The Quack found him a Bubble to his Mind, one that had Wit, and was sanguine enough to cheat himself, and save him abundance of Words and trouble in the pursuit. Well, a House is taken, and furnish'd, and Furnaces built, and to work they go; the young Soldier's little ready Money immediately flies off, his Credit is next staked, which soon likewise vanishes into Smoak. The Operator tells him, 'Twas not from such small Sums as those he must expect perfection; what he had hitherto was insignificant, or minute, as one Grain of Sand compar'd to the Sea-shore, in value of what he might assure himself of in the noble Pursuit of Nature;

Nature; that he would carry him to wait upon a Gentleman very ingenious, who had ſpent more than ten times that Sum, in the Hands of the Ignorant, yet convinc'd of the Foundation, was ready to join with him for the Expence to go on with a new Attempt. Accordingly *Monſieur* is introduced to One, who was indeed a Friend to the Quack, but did not abſolutely confide in his Skill, tho' he ſtill believ'd there was ſuch a thing as the *Philoſopher's-Stone*; yet hearing how illiterate this pretended Operator was, he could not imagine he had attain'd that Secret in Nature, which was never yet purchas'd, if ever purchais'd at all, but with great Charge and Experience. This Gentleman had an airy Wife, who pretended to be a ſort of a Director in the Laws of Poetry, believ'd her ſelf to be a very good judge of the Excellencies and Defects of Writing; ſhe was mightily taken with *Monſieur*'s Converſation, pray'd him often to favour her that way. Being inform'd of the narrowneſs of his Circumſtances, ſhe gave him credit to her Midwife, for aſſiſtance to one of his Damſels, that had ſworn an unborn Child to him; the Woman was maintain'd 'till her lying-in was over, and the Infant taken off his Hands, *par la ſage Femme*, for ſuch and ſuch Conſiderations upon Paper; he had no Mony to give, that was before-hand evaporated into Smoke. Still the Furnace burnt on, his Credit was ſtretch'd to the utmoſt; Demands came quick upon him, and became clamorous; he had neglected his Lord's Buſineſs, and even left his Houſe, to give himſelf up to the vain purſuits of Chymiſtry. The Lady who had taken a Friendſhip for him, upon the Score of his Wit, made it her Buſineſs to inform her ſelf

from

from her Husband, of the Probability of their Succeſs; he gave her but cold Comfort in the Caſe, and even went ſo far as to tell her, he believ'd that Fellow knew nothing of the matter, tho' there was a great City-Hall taken, and Furnaces order'd to be built, that they might have room enough to tranſmute abundantly. The Operator had perſwaded the young Chymiſt to ſell his Commiſſion; which he was very buſie about, and even repin'd that he met not a Purchaſer as ſoon as he deſir'd, for he thought every Hour's Delay kept him from his imaginary Kingdom; but it was to be fear'd, when he had put the Money into the Doctor's Hands, to be laid out in *Mercury*, and other Drugs, that were to be tranſmuted into *Sol*, (as ſmall a Sum as it was) he would give him the Slip, and go out of the Nation with it. The Lady was good-natur'd, and deteſted the Cheat; ſhe begg'd her Husband that he would give her leave to diſcover it. He adviſ'd her againſt it, it might do 'em both a Miſchief; but ſhe inſiſted ſo much upon it, that he bid her to do what ſhe would. The Lady was then in Childbed, among a merry up-ſitting of the Goſſips, *Monſieur* made one; his Genius ſparkled among the Ladies, he made Love to 'em all in their turn, whiſper'd ſoft things to this, ogled t'other, kiſs'd the Hand of that, went upon his Knees to a fourth, and ſo infinitely pleaſs'd 'em, that they all cry'd he was the Life of the Company. The ſick Lady was gone to repoſe her ſelf upon her Bed, and ſent for *Monſieur* to come to her alone, for ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him. Vain of his Merit, he did not doubt but ſhe was going to make him a paſſionate Declaration of Love,

Love, and how ſenſible ſhe was of his Charms; he even fancy'd ſhe withdrew, becauſe poſſibly ſhe was uneaſie at thoſe Profeſſions of Gallantry he had been making to others. He approach'd the Bed-ſide with all the Softneſs and Submiſſion in his Air and Eyes, all the Tenderneſs he well knew how to aſſume. The Lady deſir'd him to take a Chair, and afford her an uninterrupted audience in what ſhe was going to ſay. This confirm'd him in his Opinion; and he was even weighing with himſelf, whether he ſhould be kind or cruel, for the Lady was no Beauty, but lay all languiſhing in the becoming Dreſs of a Woman in her Circumſtances. She entertain'd him very differently from what he expected. In ſhort, ſhe diſcover'd the Cheat, and advis'd him to take care of himſelf, and to withdraw from that Labyrinth he was involv'd in, as well as he could: He was undone if he ſold his Commiſſion, all the World would laugh him to ſcorn, and he would hardly find a Friend to help him to another. A Thunderbolt falling at the Foot of a frightful Traveller, could not more have confounded him than this did our Chymiſt. What! all his Furnaces blown up in a moment, all evaporated into Smoke and Air; he could never believe it, the Plumes (all elate and haughty as he appear'd before) ſunk upon his Creſt. Who would have believ'd there could have been ſuch a ſhrinking of the Soul? ſuch a contractedneſs of Genius; ſuch a poorneſs of Spirit; ſo abject a Fall from ſo tow'ring a Height. He was not able, in half an Hours time, to ſpeak one Word; his Addreſs was departed, he knew not what to ſay, only begg'd leave to retire. 'Twas neceſſary that he muſt go thro' the Chamber

where

where the Ladies were, to go to the Stairs; he pull'd his Hat over his Eyes, without ſeeing 'em, and away he went. The Lady was ſatisfied with doing the friendly and honeſt part, let him receive it how he would; the *Coquets* fell upon her with violence, and asked her what ſhe had done to *Monſieur?* What ſhe had ſaid to him had certainly bewitched him. Never was ſuch an Alteration, for they had eaſily ſeen his change of Countenance and Air. She defended herſelf as well as ſhe could, and they were forced to conclude the Entertainment without him.

The young Chymiſt was ſo baſe (as he afterwards told the Lady) to believe this only an Artifice of her Husband, to keep the Learned Doctor to himſelf, and deprive him of his ſhare of Philoſophical Riches; in this Thought he mortally hated the Diſcoverer, but his Eyes being opened, and his Sight cleared, he quickly ſaw the Fallacy as plain as the Sun at Noon. He was already undone, or very near it; they had contracted abundance of Debts; the Doctor was a ſort of an inſolvent Perſon, the Creditors knew that, and did not trouble their Heads about him. *Monſieur* was forced to abſcond, all he could preſerve from the Chymical-Shipwrack, was his Commiſſion. This Lady engaged her Huſband to ſerve him in his Troubles, and ſent him perpetual Advices when any thing was like to happen to him; ſhe prevented him ſeveral times from being perſecuted by the implacable Midwife; he uſed to term her his *Guardian-Angel*, and every thing that was Generous and Human.

But Fortune did more for him in his Adverſity, than would have lain in her way in Proſperity,

rity, ſhe threw him to ſeek for Refuge in a Houſe, where was a Lady with very large Poſſeſſions; he marry'd her, ſhe ſettled all upon him, and dy'd ſoon after. He re-marry'd to an Heireſs, who will be very conſiderable after her Mother's Deceaſe, has got a place in the Government, and now, as you ſee, ſparks it in the *Prado*.

The Lady who had ſerved him, loſt her Husband, and fell into a great deal of Trouble; after ſhe had long ſuffered, ſhe attempted his Gratitude by the Demand of a ſmall Favour, which he gave her Aſſurances of ſerving her in; the Demand was not above ten Pieces, to carry her from all her Troubles to a ſafe Sanctuary, to her Friends, a conſiderable Diſtance in the Country; they were willing to receive her if ſhe came, but not to furniſh her with Money for the Journney: He kept her a long time (more than a Year) in ſuſpence, and then refuſed her in two Lines, by pretence of Incapacity; nay, refuſed a ſecond time to oblige her with but two Pieces upon an extraordinary Exigency, to help her out of ſome new Trouble ſhe was involv'd with.

It is not only to her, but to all that have ever ſerv'd him, he has ſhew'd himſelf ſo ingrateful; the very Midwife was forced to ſue him: In ſhort, he pays nor obliges any Body, but when he can't help it.

Aſtrea.] I think you have dwelt much too long upon ſo bad a Subject; we may find perpetual Inſtances of Ingratitude, but very few Specificks againſt it. A Man, whoſe Principles are corrupted by Hypocriſie and Covetouſneſs, can never be either good or grateful; it is a great Misfortune to the Generous; they judge others by themſelves, and are never undeceiv'd till at their

own Coſt, and when it is too late to remedy it.

Intel.] There's a demure Lady in that Coach, and of Quality too, who had a comical Adventure happen'd to her ſome Nights ago; her Gallant ſhe has choſe is neither Young, nor Rich, nor Sweet, nor Handſom! All ſhe could find to induce her muſt be his Impudence, and the Reputation he has of pleaſing the Lady that favours him; beſides, he's a Drunkard, and in his Sleep tells all that he does, and acts over again the Buſineſs of the Day. This old Stallion of the Senate-Houſe, had a Note ſent him by the Lady that her Husband was gone into the Country, and would not return that Night, conſequently ſhe invited him to paſs it way with her; he ſent her word he would not fail to obey her Commands, but ſtay'd too long at the Bottle after Supper, believing the Doſe would heighten his Spirits: When he came to the Lady it was two Hours beyond the time ſhe had appointed him, Gay, and fluſter'd with Drinking. He's one of thoſe that intend ever to be Young tho' in deſpight of Time, let his Looks contradict his Tongue never ſo much; this laſt depends upon him, and that will always be youthful. Whilſt he was pacifying the Lady's Choler, juſtly rais'd againſt him, for baulking her of two Hours Diverſion, her Husband with Authority knocks at the Door, the Lovers were in the Dreſſing-Room over the Bed-Chamber, ſhe begg'd the Senator to ſtay there in the Dark; her Husband uſed to fall aſleep as ſoon as ſhe was in Bed, and then ſhe would come up to him, for 'twas impoſſible to get out now, whilſt their People were about; orders the Woman to blow out the Candles,

dles, and down ſhe goes into the Bed-Chamber. The Husband was return'd ſooner than he deſign'd, and very weary, ſo to Bed they went. She waited but the Sound of his Noſe to riſe and go to her Lover, who by this time, being in the dark, and the Fumes of the Wine beginning to work, was fallen aſleep himſelf. He put his Hands upon his Cane, and reſting his Forehead upon his Hands, reſolv'd to take a little Nap; there was a Couch and eaſie Chair in the Room, but he would not indulge himſelf there, leſt he ſhould ſleep too long, and the Lady finding him in that Poſture, might be ſcandaliz'd at his ſecond Neglect. In his ſleep he fell into a fit of talking, and acting over again what he had been doing at the Tavern whence he came. It ſeem'd (according to Cuſtom) he had been quarrelling with the Drawers, who knew him ſo well, 'till he had call'd and knock'd twenty times, they never car'd to come to him. Being thus agitated in his ſleep, he baul'd as loud as he could, *Ricardo*, *Tomaſio*, *Willielmus*, and knock'd with all his might with his Cane over the Husband's Head, never waking himſelf with all that Action. The Lady immediately heard him, and was frighted out of her Wits; ſhe could not think what he ſhould knock for, in that dangerous Place, unleſs he were a dying. Nothing, no not even giving up the Ghoſt, ſhould have forced him to make a Noiſe there. Whilſt ſhe was making theſe Reflections, he redoubles his Efforts; he dreamt himſelf very angry at the Fellows for not coming, and knocks and calls again. This quite awaken'd the Husband, who had heard the firſt Attempt imperfectly; he ſtarts up in the Bed, feels for his Night-gown to riſe, and ſee what

was the Matter. Thieves were in Poſſeſſion of the Houſe, and were knocking down the things over Head. His Lady cling'd to him, not in a pretended but a real Fright, and begs of him for the *Lord*'s ſake not to expoſe himſelf; they would ſhoot him dead upon the Spot, for they were apparently Maſters of the Houſe (juſt at that inſtant the knocking and bawling was repeated) they were calling of their Rogues together, and they ſhould be all killed. At the ſame time ſhe rung her Bell for her Woman, who was gone down Stairs for ſomething; when ſhe was come into the Chamber, the Senator renew'd his Battery over-head, which was Information enough to the Chamber-maid how things went; ſhe pretended to let fall the Candle in her Fright. The Husband animated with the ſight of the Light (notwithſtanding his Wife's Efforts) was got half out of Bed; the Woman pretends to be bereav'd of her Senſes with fear, runs out and double-locks the Door after her, goes to the noiſy Gallant, wakes him, and tells him the Miſchief he has done. There needed not many Arguments to induce him to withdraw, which he was ſo lucky to do, before the Houſe roſe. The Woman had the Preſence of Mind to throw open the Dreſſing-Room Window which anſwer'd upon a Garden, and conveying away her Lady's Dreſſing-Plate, and ſome ſmall Jewels that were left upon the Toilet, ran and call'd the Footmen, and other Servants, telling 'em there were Thieves in the Houſe. Mean time her Maſter made a terrible battery to burſt open the Chamber-door; the Lady rung the Bell inceſſantly, the Family came together, the Houſe was ſearch'd, but no Thief; the things miſs'd, and the Window

dow found open. It was not doubted but at the hazard of their Necks, being diſturb'd, they were gone that way. The Lady had opportunity to ſell or beſtow, as ſhe pleas'd, her Set of Plate and Jewels, for her Husband preſented her with new: However, ſhe tells her Woman, it ought to be a warning how People make choice of a *Debauchee* for their Lovers, for if all were like hers, they can neither keep Counſel awake nor aſleep.

The next departing Coach brings us the famous laſt Years Toaſt (a modern Title for a reigning Beauty) her Health was drunk by the Name of the *Bloſſom:* She had paſs'd all her Life before in her own Country, without any ſuch reputation of Charms, they even diſtinguiſh'd her not at all; but after the prodigious *eclat* ſhe had made here, Heav'ns! how they were throng'd to admire her; they could ſcarce believe they had ever ſeen her before, or any thing ſo beautiful; accus'd their own blindneſs! Sure they were infatuated! and a thouſand ſuch Exclamations! So true it is, that we often borrow from others, even to our very Opinion of Things and Perſons.

I ſee but two Coaches remaining; the laſt is a Hiſtory, and therefore to be told at leiſure.

If your Divinities pleaſe to remove a little out of the Duſt they have rais'd; the Moon begins to dance upon the Water in the Canal, we will repoſe our ſelves near the Bank, and then I'll tell you, That the laſt Coach but one holds a young Lady, whoſe Mother had ſomething particular in her Fortune. Her Husband was a *Chevalier*, but under ſome Circumſtances that had impair'd his Eſtate: He reſolv'd to abſent

himſelf till time had redeem'd the Misfortune; his Lady knew little of the Matter, or ſo pretended: She had a young Son and a Daughter by him. The *Chevalier* had made a ſlight Acquaintance with a Gentleman of ſo conſiderable an Eſtate, that few (who are not Noble) had better, and even many of them not ſo good. He takes his Wife and two Children with him ſome ſixty odd Miles into the Country to this Gentleman, under pretence of making him a Viſit. The Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Ramires*, entertain'd him according to his Temper, not only with Hoſpitality, but Generoſity; his Soul was large, he lov'd Expence, and to live up to that mighty Fortune he poſſeſs'd. After a while, the *Chevalier* takes his leave of him, and begs that his Wife and Children may remain there 'till his return, which you may be ſure he told 'em ſhould not be long. His Lady was not handſom, but had a prodigious deal of Wit and Management. Some think ſhe was let into the Secret by her Husband, or at leaſt cou'd not but gueſs at their indifferent Circumſtances. She apply'd her ſelf with all poſſible Artifice to gain *Ramires*'s Eſteem, knowing that a Friend of his Capacity could do her no harm. As much a Country-Gentleman as he was, he lov'd Magnificence, and a well-order'd Table. The Lady *Laurentina*, that is her Name, had a very good Genius for that, and every thing elſe; ſhe knew one certain Maxim, That to be well receiv'd, it is indubitably neceſſary, to make our ſelves uſeful to thoſe we wou'd recommend our ſelves to; no matter whether to their Buſineſs, or their Pleaſure, ſo we be but uſeful. *Ramires* wou'd often ſay, He had never known the Elegancies

gancies of Life, if he had not known *Laurentina*; without her he had been ignorant of the true uſe of an Eſtate, and dead to all the Charms of Wit and Converſation: She it was that had put a new Spirit into him, had refin'd him from a Brute into a Man. In ſhort, ſhe had put ſomething into him that he was unacquainted with before; that little Devil of Love was got into his Breaſt, from whence the Lady took care it ſhould not be frighted. Mean time they heard nothing from the *Chevalier*, nor *Ramires* did not deſire ſhe ſhou'd; tho' amidſt all his Paſſion, he cou'd not help wondring, what he meant by leaving his Lady and Children ſo many Months in a place ſo entirely ſtrange to them, and almoſt ſo to the *Chevalier*; but he was miſtaken in him, he knew what he did; in the ſmall time of his Acquaintance he had ſtudy'd him throughly; generous and open Tempers are much eaſier ſeen to the bottom than others; the *Chevalier* knew the Charms of his Wife's Converſation would quickly compenſate, in *Ramires*'s Eſteem, for the Charge of their Subſiſtence; which was a Trifle he deſpis'd in compariſon to the Company he lik'd, even when Love was not in the Caſe. The Lady pretends (and it might perhaps be really true) that ſhe knew not what to think of it; however, as ſhe had always been obedient to her Husband, ſhe was willing to expect his return in that very place, becauſe he had commanded her not to ſtir till he came to fetch her. In ſhort, one Year, two Years, and ſeveral Years paſt on, but no News of the *Chevalier*; ſtill ſhe was entertain'd with as much, or more Reſpect than at firſt. Care was taken that the beſt Maſters ſhould be had to educate her Children,

who were both very handſome, you ſaw the Daughter, and I can aſſure you nothing is more agreeable than her Son. *Ramires* paid her a moſt profound Reſpect; ſhe manag'd the whole Family with the ſame Air and Authority as if it were her own; the beſt Apartment was hers; the Servants plac'd or diſplac'd as ſhe pleas'd; her own and Childrens Expence (even to their very Cloaths) defray'd out of the Eſtate. *Ramires* never was ſo eaſie, as when he ſaw her ſo; neither cou'd there be any thing that he heard was the Mode, either for Dreſs or Living, but what he caus'd to be preſented to her and *Mamoiſel Margerita* her Daughter. *Ramires* was a young Man, all his Friends preſt him to Marry for an Heir to preſerve his Name; he told 'em, he was very much at eaſe for that, an Eſtate ſeldom wanted an Heir. He caus'd his Siſter's Son to be brought to his Houſe, and made him take his Education with *Laurentina*'s Children; they were now grown up to an Age, wherein the Inclinations begin to diſtinguiſh themſelves. *Laurentina* had ſo well pack'd the Cards that ſhe was almoſt ſure of the Game. *Ramires*, at her inſtigation, order'd his Nephew young *Rinaldo*, to make his Court to *Mamoiſel Margerita*, and endeavour to pleaſe her; the Youth was one of thoſe, that without being very ill-natur'd, had nothing benign in his Temper. He was come from a Mother who deteſted Lady *Laurentina* and all her Works; they look'd with utmoſt prejudice upon her, blackned her Reputation; tho' all her Behaviour, if ſhe were criminal, was ſo well manag'd, that not one of the Servants, tho' all Servants are Spies, cou'd ever diſcover it. Young *Rinaldo* had no very ſtrong Head;

pre-

prejudic'd by his Mother and Uncles, he hated *Margerita* and my Lady, not conſidering *Laurentina* wou'd not have conſented to the Marriage under leſs advantageous Circumſtances, than his being declar'd *Ramire*'s Heir; but that he look'd upon himſelf as deſign'd for, without being oblig'd to marry *Mamaiſel Margerita*. The ſurly Youth oppos'd her in all her little Deſires; thwarted her at their Exerciſe, whether in Dancing, Singing (for ſhe had a very pretty Voice) or any other Diverſion; there was nothing but perpetual Complaints of *Rinaldo*'s rudeneſs to *Margerita*; his Uncle reprimanded him in vain, his perverſeneſs was diſpleaſing to him, till he ſent him off to the Academy to perfect his Studies, and prepare himſelf for ſomething leſs than being his Heir.

Mean time certain News arriv'd, not from himſelf but others, that the *Chevalier* was well and in the *Indies*; elſe it is not doubted, but *Ramires* had perſuaded Lady *Laurentina* to marry him; but that being no longer practicable, his Friends rais'd ſuch a clamour againſt her, that he ſaw wou'd infallibly ruin her Honour; he muſt reſolve to marry, or part with her out of his Houſe, where ſhe could no longer ſtay with Reputation, but under the umbrage of a Wife. Her Choice directed him to a Lady of a very paſſive Temper, eaſie; provided ſhe had no trouble given her, ſhe was ſure to give others none: Her Dowry was forty thouſand Crowns, which tho' inconſiderable to what a Man of *Ramire*'s Eſtate might expect, yet it was counted a great deal for a Wife to beſtow upon a Husband, whoſe Heart was in poſſeſſion of another. They were marry'd, and Lady *Laurentina* continu'd her former

mer Empire; the Bride was as complaiſant to her as the Bridegroom, becauſe ſhe was naturally good, and the other only artificial. But *Ramires* did not ſo eaſily reliſh this new change of Life; all his Eſtate could not make him happy, ſince he had not his former freedom to talk whole days apart with *Laurentina*: He fell into a languiſhing Diſtemper, of which he dy'd about ſix Months after he was married.

He ſo far reſented *Rinaldo*'s Contempt of *Madamoiſel Margerita*, that he ſtruck him out of his Will, leaving only a ſmall Legacy in compariſon, and call'd his Brother's Son to the Eſtate (tho' he had at firſt deſign'd it for his Siſter's) a new Name being to be aſſum'd by the Poſſeſſor (that of the Family) it was of no Importance what they were before. When they came to examin the Caſh, they could not find how forty thouſand Crowns cou'd have been conſum'd in ſix Months, beſides his own large Income, and no Debts paid; they cou'd account for none of it, neither as to Plate or Jewels, and not above two thouſand Crowns was found in Specie, ſo that it is not at all doubted but he gave the whole to Lady *Laurentina*. Her Husband is not yet return'd; ſhe lives in a very handſom manner, and which is wonderful, *Rinaldo* (come back from the *Academy)* fell paſſionately in love (as much as his Soul cou'd love) with *Madamoiſel Margerita*. Thoſe that pretend to Divine, ſeem to think, that it will one day be a Match, tho' it does not appear to be either of their Intereſts, unleſs the Lady draw out ſome of her conceal'd Bags, if ſhe have any; but ſhe'll ſcarce do that while ſhe lives, or till her Husband return, leſt ſhe confirm the Opinion, that *Ramire*'s Lady's Fortune was empty'd into her Lap.

Ri-

Rinaldo is perpetually with *Margerita:* Her Charms drew, ſome time ago, the Vows of a young Gentleman, Nephew to the Favourite; they hop'd he wou'd marry her, but that is not yet done, and therefore not probable, if they ſtay for the conſent of thoſe who will never be brought to give it.

Aſtrea.] The Moral that may be drawn from this Story is, That the two Sexes ought never to meet in ſuch dangerous Intimacies, where the Conſequence is forbidden. Perpetual Converſation with the Ingenious, Habitude, Friendſhips, Tenderneſs, eaſily riſe to Love; to defend themſelves againſt ſuch Arms, they muſt have ſupernatural Aids; 'tis not to be purchaſed from below, under the forfeit of their Inſtincts. The Puniſhment fell as it ought, upon him, who could make the Holy Tie of Marriage ſubſervient to his unlawful Paſſion. We may alſo ſee in *Rinaldo* how deprav'd is Human Nature; when it was his Duty to love, he hated *Margerita*; when he knows not well how to attain, he loves her. But pray, my Lady *Intelligence* proceed, the Moon aids us to view a beautiful, tho' limited Proſpect; 'tis better paſſing a Night in your Converſation, than otherwiſe; nothing can be better underſtood than what you ſay in your Diſcourſe; I ſee the World without going into it, and hear ſo much, that I do not deſire to ſee it.

Intell.] Yet will your *Excellence* be much better inform'd from your own Obſervation. I pretend to Morrow to have the honour of Conducting you to the *Imperial Palace*; there you ſhall behold our graceful *Empreſs*, whoſe Heart is intirely Upright, were ſhe but to judge all things

by her own Eyes and Ears, all things wou'd be adminiſtred with the ſame Impartiality and Juſtice, as if your ſelf held the Balance. But, alas! What defence is there againſt the Corruption of Favourites, and the by-Intereſts of Miniſters? 'Tis impoſſible a Prince can come to the knowledge of Things but by Repreſentation; and they are always repreſented according to the Senſe of the Repreſentator; either Avarice, Revenge, or Favour, are their Motive, and yet, how is it poſſible to prevent it? A Prince knows not how to diſtinguiſh by the out, and are ſeldom let into the inſide; all appears fair to 'em, if he be a good Man. Who ſo forward as the Atheiſt in affecting Piety? the Debauchee becomes regular; the Covetous and Revengful, generous and calm; the moſt Cholerick knows nothing elſe but Smiles: Not that they have in reality exchang'd their Vices, but the appearance of 'em. There are few honeſt Men found at Court; they care not to furniſh, at the expence of their Sincerity, wherewith to maintain the Poſt of a Favourite; none ſerve there but in proſpect of making, advancing, or preſerving, their Fortunes. 'Twou'd be very hard to deny a Prince the Prerogative of every little Breaſt; the Joys of Friendſhip to a generous Mind; the greateſt Sweets of Power, is in doing good; and how natural is it to begin with what moſt affects us? Therefore, till there can be found upright Miniſters, and diſ-intereſted Favourites, Grievances there will be, and (ſince the Price runs ſo high) I fear hard to be redreſs'd, or not 'till the laſt general Conflagration.

From the Empreſs's ſide, you muſt be pleas'd to paſs to the *Favourites*, where if it is to be a pub-

publick Day, you will find her very intimate with a Woman that has a beautiful Appearance, adorned with every thing that's Splendid and Raviſhing! ſweetneſs in her Eyes! invitation in her Looks! She is called by all, that but ſuperficially behold her, *Virtue*; ſhe deceives People at the firſt view, but then with a very little Acquaintance, we find 'tis only *Virtue pretended*. But of late ſhe is become the Idol of the Court, *the Favourite* (tho' their Acquaintance be not of a long ſtanding neither) has introduced her. She has borrowed from her Highneſs here an exact imitation, tho' with a little Examination we find ſomething in her Air very conſtrain'd; uneaſie till the Appearance ſhe have aſſum'd be diſmiſs'd, and ſhe return to her native Vice, which is ever in the Cabinet, at their *Couchee*, and in a familiar Converſation. Her Aſſiſtance is only requir'd upon extraordinary Occaſions at Council-Audiences, time of great Feſtivals or viſiting Days, and then her two faſhionable Maids of Honour are perpetually prompting her, for fear ſhe ſhould be out in her part. Theſe are Beauties very much admir'd, nam'd *Artifice* and *Flattery*. The Mother of the Maids is call'd *Hypocriſie*, and is very buſie in keeping all under her Charge in exact *decorum*. They have the *Lares* and *Houſhold-Gods* in *Angela*, as in Old *Rome*; the *Favourite* is the *God* of *Riches*, ſet upon a ſhining Altar within an *Alcove*, but ſhe lets none have the Key of it but her ſelf: There are found kneeling upon the Steps three Figures, inſcrib'd, *Corruption*, *Bribery*, and *Juſt Rewards*; the two firſt perpetually furniſhes Diamond-Rings, Chequins of Gold, and Bank-Bills; the other inſignificant Preſents, which are hardly accepted, Ribbons,

Gloves,

Gloves, Cordial-Waters, rich Wines, and Rarities for his Mightineſs's Table: But theſe he looks down upon with Contempt; even Plate and Jewels are but coldly received, as knowing they are valued by the Giver at the prime Coſt, but when they are ſold will not come up to above two Thirds; therefore ready Gold is the only thing current in his Empire. Behind and at a little Diſtance, ſeem a long train of Merchants and Artificers with Bills in one Hand, and Rewards in the other to pay for the Signing of thoſe Bills; curious Clocks, repeating Watches, Jewels, Silver Stuffs; fine pieces of Linen and Lace. On each ſide of the Altar are crouds of Petitioners ſuing for Places, either in the Army, Navy, Government, or Houſhold, with their Bribes diſpoſed in very regular and decent Order; for not any are found ſo weak as to pretend to Preferment in that Court without one.

Having ſeen what's moſt Remarkable in the *Favourites* Apartment, I pretend to conduct you to a handſome hoſpitable Lady that keeps a Bank, and Cards, for all idle and avaricious People, either to fling away or improve their Money, as their Humours are different, and all extraordinary; I won't foreſtal your Entertainment, which I may be poſitive is new to your *Eminence*, for I dare to ſwear, *Aſtrea* was never yet at a Baſſet-Table.

Whilſt the Lady is buſie at her Diverſion in one part of the Room, you may glance your Eyes and Ears and find her Lord no leſs employ'd at his; he pretends to Brightneſs of Underſtanding, to determine *De Bell Lettres*, who writes inſufferable; which intolarably; pardon the Tautology, 'tis his own Phraſe, which

which with a Mediocrity, but none excellently, except it be the Cabal, of which the Lord *Giraldo* has the Honour to be an eminent Member: They produced, indeed, one taking Comedy, and let an inferiour Perſon try for the Reputation of it, tho' the Town was not ſo complaiſant to give it him. The next that came out, was too ſtudied, it ſmelt of the Anvil, 'twas neither Tragedy nor Comedy, tho' ſo called, thro' the whole it could not force a Smile; yet could he magiſterially, from his Throne of Criticiſm, condemn and look down with Contempt, upon all that did not think as well of it as the Fathers who begot it. The Lord *Giraldo* is indeed a Man of Wit and pleaſant Converſation, and would much more deſerve Praiſe, where he leſs Partial; he takes too many things upon Truſt, and often condemns a Book for the Author, as if either Genius or Expreſſion were always the ſame, they that generally creep may ſometimes ſoar; at leaſt it ſeems to me to be an Injuſtice to believe the contrary, till they have proved it. A later Author has produced two very diverting Volumes, and promiſes us two more; I doubt not but if he had carefully concealed his Name, they would have been applauded from the Lord *Giraldo*'s Quarter; but having a Prejudice to the Man, they condemn the Work, and without reading, cry they would not give two *Chequins* for whole Reams of his Writing, tho' it be never ſo correct. If you ask any one their Opinion of ſuch a Poem, Play or Book, they immediately anſwer, 'tis cry'd down at the Lord *Giraldo*'s; they don't like it at the Lord *Giraldo*'s; what ſhould you ſee it? What ſhould you buy it for?

'Tis

'tis condemn'd at the Lord *Giraldo*'s: Not that this ſo much quoted Lord *Giraldo*, can be ſuppoſed to ſpare ſo much time from the Publick, and the Duties of his Charge, to read all thoſe Books whoſe Reputation he deſtroys; but his *Levee* is too open to little Under-Criticks, even to the very Women-Wits, who ſave him the Labour, and gives the Detail according to their Prejudice, or miſtaken narrow Underſtanding; and then his Lordſhip does them the Honour to report it as his Senſe, tho' in a thing he knows nothing of; and at that rate how ſhould the Author avoid being cry'd down at the Lord *Giraldo*'s?

When you have ſufficiently diverted your ſelf there, for I can't pretend your Excellency, if you wanted it, would gain much Inſtruction from that Quarter, I'll lead you to the *Council-Board*, and the *Senate-Houſe*: It would take up a great deal of time to report you the ſeveral Hiſtories of each particular Member, that of the Nobles and others. But I ſhall have care to omit nothing that has happen'd extraordinary, together with their Foundation, Inſtitution, real and pretended Intereſts. The Arts of Government, which are here elegantly diſplay'd to the Sight of a nice Obſervator: Reaſons why a place of no ſeeming Profit ſhould have ſo much Money expended in the Purſuit of it; by what Means they find their Account in this Lottery of Fortune, where (as 'tis now manag'd by the Wiſe) none but Fools draw the Blanks.

You ſhall ſee the *Arſenal*, the *Stores*, and Management of thoſe that preſide over the *Marine* Affairs, the abuſes and unheeded Detection thereof: From thence I'll conduct you to the Army,

into

into the very Tents of their General; report to you how much he has done, and how much might have been done; ſhew you the Intereſts and Inclination of the Officer, the Wretchedneſs of the Soldier, and the Debauchery of the whole; their inceſſant Endeavours to prolong the War, their Arts to prevent or retard a Peace, which will level the Power of ſome, and annihilate the exorbitant Expence of the whole.

For a change of Scene, it may not be amiſs to take the Tour of the *Opera* and *Theatre*, you'll find the ſame Injuſtice in their little Commonwealth as in greater: The Favourite Poet (in concert with the Maſter) has of courſe the reading of all new Pieces brought to him for his Approbation, which he is ſure never to give, to what ſeems more meritorious than his own, leſt he ſhould put their Reputations upon a level. Hence the poor Poet is forced with infinite Patience and Humility (tho' he be deem'd in the beginning) to dance Attendance for two or three Years together; they refer him to one, then to another, ſo to a third, till they have run the whole round with him, and then diſmiſs him with an, *It won't do*; when they have already plunder'd it of all that was either new or well expreſs'd, to dreſs up their own Collections; you may judge there's no appearing for him, if they would permit it, when his Market has been ſo foreſtal'd.

The very Women are not encourag'd and paid according to the Merit of their Performance; (certainly their Value conſiſts in well Speaking and true Action, in a juſt Imitation of Nature, a Capacity of varying and repreſenting the Paſſions; and thoſe other Excellencies appropriated

to the Character of a true Comedian) but the whim and liking of the Superiour advances his own Favourite to the Profits that are due to others; for if ſhe have the Luck but to pleaſe him, no matter what becomes of the Audience; he pays thoſe for Speaking who never knew how to ſpeak, even to the Imitation of a *Parrot*. If this had not been obvious, they would never have ſuffered, by their Injuſtice, the admirable *Bracillia* to leave 'em, who in ſome things could be only excell'd by the incomparable *Berenice*, in moſt but by her ſelf, and in all, was the Uſefulleſt, as well as the moſt agreeable Woman, of the Stage.

If you ſhould have any farther Inclinations to Gallantry, we will make the *Tour* of the *Tuilleries*, where Vice and Vanity appear in their own Kingdom! I wonder the Women of Condition do not leave to walk there, ſince it is become ſo profeſs'd a Market for the Bad! It will raiſe at once your Pity and Indignation, to ſee ſo many very handſome, young, well-faſhion'd Women, abandon'd to Deſtruction. They come to be bought after the moſt deteſtable manner, for an Hour or a Day, or as the Cuſtomer pleaſes; and when once their Folly and Poverty has reduced 'em to ſuch an ebb, they are Pollution to all that touch 'em, not only in regard to their Health and Body, or Loſs of Chaſtity (which is but ſtrictly numbred among the Virtues) but their Souls become a Sink of Abomination, a Harbour for Lying, Revenge, Jilting, Deceit, Slander, Theft. Money is their Deity, Intereſt their Heaven; in their Acquaintance is the Deſtruction of all Principles, the bane of Converſation, and ſomething of more Wickedneſs

neſs than is to be found in any other Specie of the Creation!

But that the City may not complain *Aſtrea* does not viſit there, we will lead her to the *Bourſe*, to ſee at once the Magnificence of their Building, and the Deceit of the Merchant; the whole Myſtery of Artifice and Trade, the Immenſneſs of their Riches, and the Means by which they have acquir'd 'em; the Opulency of the whole, and the Parcimony of the Particular, ſome great Ones excepted; where are to be found the Vices of the Court with a worſe Air, and more Oſtentation, the Citizen's ambitious Wife, giving thoſe Laws in her Drawing-Room ſhe has taken from above, with a lame Imitation of that Splendor, Luxury, Cards, and Gallantry, which ſeems appropriated to the Great, and but forcibly raviſh'd, and never can appear natural to theſe.

You may likewiſe have a view of the City-*Phyſician*, who neglecting the favourable Inclinations of *Eſculapius*, runs mad after *Apollo*, who as carefully avoids him, forbidding the ſmalleſt of his Rays to glance that way, and even warns his *Daphne* from beſtowing a Branch of her Laurel upon one who ſo little underſtands his own Intereſt or Talent. Had he contented himſelf indeed with Writing, not much, but well; or only given a Specimen of what he could do, in his Epiſode of the Creation, we had lamented the future Silence of an admirable Poet; but to preſcribe in Verſe, to Eat, Drink, Sleep, Walk and Ride, has jaded his Muſe, and ſent him back to *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, ſufficiently humbl'd, one would think, and convinc'd of his Error, when he preferr'd the airy Praiſe of *Parnaſſus*, to the ſubſtantial Fame of being a good Phyſician.

Not ſo his Brother, *Seignior Mompelier*, who wrote not much, but well; he ſeems to underſtand the Difficulty to maintain an acquir'd Reputation, and is therefore wiſer than to hazard the loſing of it by a new Attempt.

Theſe Digreſſions have carry'd me from my firſt Subject. I ſhall conclude 'em with but advancing one Curioſity more, and that ſeems to be where *Aſtrea* is principally concern'd, the Courts of Juſtice. What would you ſay to ſee, as I have done, two People (eminent for Dignity and Fortune) contending Years together, for an Eſtate, to which neither of 'em have a Right? One pretends to a Will, another to a Deed, when, in truth, the lawful Heir dies a Priſoner; tho' under the ſpecious Pretence of aſſiſting him, the Suit is proſecuted to the height, 'till both Parties pretty well tired, lay down their Animoſities, and conclude the Peace, by dividing the Eſtate between themſelves, leaving the Heir, and his Children, to ſeek their Bread where they can get it.

What would *Aſtrea* have ſaid, to have ſeen in one Cauſe, and at one Tryal, ſeventy Witneſſes go away prejur'd, moſt of them ſo well manag'd, as to believe themſelves in the right? Would ſhe not have exclaim'd at the Impudence, as well as the Injuſtice of Mortals? And yet the Redreſs they pretend to give us for the Grievances of the inferior Courts of Juſtice, is in its Nature the higheſt Grievance. We have an Appeal from written Statutes, and known Laws, made by the wiſeſt of our Legiſlators, prov'd and confirm'd by the Senate and Sovereign; but what is the Appeal? Why truly to one Man's Opinion, whether influenced by Prejudice, Revenge,

venge, Avarice, Love, Ambition, or any of those Passions, that byas the Breast of Mortals; and this is call'd the *Perfection of Justice*; there have been but few, very few, that have born this great Office uprightly. A certain *Chevalier* seem'd to understand Mankind perfectly well, when he refus'd to sue for a great Estate that was detain'd from him, whilst the *Grand-President*, that then was, officiated; he knew he mortally hated him, and could not enough confide in his Principles, to secure himself from being oppressed by his Resentment and Power; therefore he let the Cause sleep till he was remov'd, and a new one put in his room, by which means he is possessed of the Estate, and the late *President* bears yet his Animosity unsated.

The last Coach that we beheld in the *Prado*, belongs to the second Wife of one that was *Grand-President* in the Reign of *Sigismund* the Second. I will acquaint you with some Passages of his Life, before he enter'd upon that exalted Dignity.

Volpone, the Elder, was possess'd of a large Estate; he had two Sons, *Hernando Volpone*, who was afterwards *Grand-President*, and *Mosco* the Younger. *Volpone* was of the Party opposite to the Court; an old *Debauchee*, given to irregular Pleasures, not such as the Laws of Nature seem to dictate. After marrying *Hernando* to a Wife he hated, and *Mosco* to one that had been his own Mistress, he dy'd suddenly in the midst of his Excesses. Whether it were that he were so covetous, or could not spare so much from his own Expences, he did not bestow a liberal Education upon his Son, but bred him to the practice of the *Law*, in that manner that is the

leaſt generous, and moſt corrupt, but *Hernando* had natural Parts, that ſurmounted all thoſe Inconveniences, together with a good paternal Eſtate, that his Father could not hinder him of. All the great Succeſſes he has met with, is due to the brightneſs of his own Genius; he ow'd much more to his natural, than acquir'd Parts. His Memory was good, ſo was his Luck; to theſe were join'd a great deal of Wit; a volubility of Tongue; ready Sentiments, and a moſt plauſible Addreſs; Religion in pretence, none in reality. He held it lawful for a Man to attain by any Methods, either Pleaſure or Riches; he was violent in the purſuit of both; quitting his Intereſt for nothing but Pleaſure, and his Pleaſure for nothing but Intereſt.

A Man compos'd of ſuch Elements, wanted nothing but to be known to be advanced; but becauſe he was yet too young to poſſeſs thoſe Employments and Dignities he aſpired to, he ſuppreſs'd his tow'ring Thoughts, and was contented to plod on in the neceſſary Tracts that all muſt follow, who aim to be one Day conſiderable by the Gown.

There was an *Orphan* left to his care, her Fortune not large, but her Perſon very agreeable: *Hernando* was amorous; he hated his Wife, tho' he lived civilly with her, and had the Art of diſſembling ſo natural, that it coſt him nothing to appear a good Husband. *Louiſa* was the Name of his beautiful Ward; ſhe was brought-up in the Houſe with his Lady, who had a great kindneſs for her. *Hernando* had none of thoſe terrible Conflicts, I before deſcribed in the Caſe of the Duke, and *Mademoiſelle Charlot*; he was not acquainted with thoſe violent Airs of Honour,

nour, nor ſcarce in his narrow Education convers'd with any who travell'd that Road; however their preciſe Party, held it a violent Scandal for a marry'd Man to corrupt a young Woman, eſpecially under his *Ward*; therefore care was to be taken that it ſhould not be known, and then it would be as it were undone. Her Mind had taken a natural bent to Orizons and Devotion; his Lady encourag'd the good Spirit in her, and laid the Foundation of a Virtue not eaſily ſhaken; tho' *Hernando* was indefatigable in his Purſuits, yet he would rather have had it in *Ambition* than *Love*; he did not care how eaſie he came by his Pleaſure, nor how dearly he paid for 'em, as appear'd afterwards by a Taint he receiv'd, the uſual Preſent that lewd Women beſtow upon ſuch, who do themſelves the Injury to converſe with 'em.

Mademoiſelle Louiſa found nothing ſo obliging as her Guardian, whatever ſhe requeſted was granted; whatever ſhe but ſeem'd to wiſh, ſhe enjoy'd; but was at a Loſs how to begin with her; if by a formal Declaration, it was teaching her to deny. My Lady had inſtructed her in all that was neceſſary to make a young Maid ſet a value upon her Chaſtity; ſhe ſeem'd to bear an incorruptible Deſire of preſerving hers; their daily Converſation, nay Diverſions, roll'd upon nothing that was Looſe or Amorous; all Appearances were againſt him, and yet, in ſpight of Appearances, he reſolv'd to proceed, and undermine that ſeemingly invincible Chaſtity. It would be a ſort of Triumph over his Wife, whom he hated, as well as over *Louiſa*, whom he lov'd, but how to attempt her firſt was the Point; he ſaw nothing of an amorous Conſtitu-

tion; nothing of the native *Coquet*, all was regular, all was cool and innocent; how much to blame was he to make her otherways? Are there ſuch violent Deſires that Reaſon cannot ſuppreſs? Is Love ſuch an irreſiſtible Tyrant? Will he trample upon all Obſtacles? Are the moſt ſacred Ties of no Obligation in his Senſe? O no! for if it were but *true Love*, 'twould ſeek the good of the Perſon belov'd; but *Hernando* was in his Temper a Friend to none but himſelf; amorous, and convers'd every Day with a young handſome Woman, which was impoſſible for him to do, without deſiring of her. The little Freedoms that were permitted, inflam'd him; he could not paſs near her without trembling; when he did but touch her Hand, his Blood flush'd in his Face; ſometimes he would raviſh a Kiſs, in the way of Play, but then he was loſt in Pleaſure; he took all occaſions for thoſe pretty Liberties; her Bed-ſide was not refus'd him: When he us'd to view her there in a Morning, he would fix his ſparkling wiſhing Eyes, croſs his Arms, and ſigh in ſuch a tender manner, that *Louiſa* muſt have been very ignorant, not to have diſcern'd a Myſtery in ſuch a Behaviour. He would alway affect to ſit near her, to take the Place ſhe had quitted; to touch what ſhe had but touch'd; and when his Lady was not preſent, her Glove, her Handkerchief, was Extaſie to him; yet with nothing of a fulſome Addreſs; he had a native and becoming Gallantry. *Louiſa* thought her ſelf oblig'd by theſe Diſtinctions; they even created a ſort of Gratitude, that warm'd it ſelf to Tenderneſs: She was pleas'd to ſee, to hear him; his Company ſeem'd more diverting than others; ſhe knew no harm in it, ſhe thought no harm.

At that time there was a young Gentleman from the Country, a Relation of *Hernando*'s Lady, that fell in love with *Mademoiſelle Louiſa*; his Circumſtances were advantageous for her, and his Perſon very agreeable. Mr. *Wilmot* begg'd the honour to wait upon his Couſin, and the young Lady to the *Opera*. *Hernando*'s Blood flaſh'd in his Face; he immediately gueſs'd that Mr. *Wilmot* was engag'd; he thought it now high time to declare himſelf; he had fool'd too long; there was an audacious Lover, by the Rites of Marriage, going to pretend to take her from his very Table; he confeſs'd 'twas advantageous to her; he was his Lady's Relation; ſhe lov'd *Louiſa*, and would not fail to preſs it to oblige both; nay, *Louiſa* her ſelf might approve of him, he was handſome, he was young, he was amorous. She was innocent and uningag'd; nothing oppos'd *Wilmot*'s ſeeming Happineſs; but all things ſeem'd to be againſt his. Theſe things revolv'd in an inſtant thro' his Mind. He ſaw 'em riſe to the *Opera*, with a concern he was not able to ſupport. *Wilmot*, by the Laws of Civility, was to lead the Lady *Volpone*, to put her firſt in the Coach, *Louiſa* was preparing to follow; *Hernando* catch'd her in ſuch a Tranſport, that was highly favourable to his Eyes and Air, he never look'd ſo handſome as then. No *Mademoiſelle*, ſays he, *Wilmot* ſhall never touch this Hand whilſt I am alive; they were too near to ſay more. *Hernando* agreeably ſurpriz'd his Lady, when he ſtept into the Coach to 'em, and ſaid he he would go to the *Opera*. 'Twas known he had appointed Buſineſs of mighty conſequence, that would ſuffer by being delay'd; like a good Wife, ſhe did not fail to repreſent it to him,

him, for fear he ſhould have forgot it, that was all one; no buſineſs could come in ballance with *Louiſa*; he ſaw that muſt be the time to defend her Heart from the firſt Impreſſions of a young aſſiduous Lover. He ſat over-againſt her in the Coach, and without knowing what he did, preſs'd her Knees with his, till he pained her; ſhe wonder'd at the Exceſs, becauſe 'twas what he was not us'd to; but ſhe durſt not complain, for fear of his Lady. The Story of the *Opera* chanc'd to be of a Woman that had marry'd a ſecond Husband, her firſt yet alive, tho' unknown to her; after ſeven Years abſence he returns, the ſecond Night after their new *Hymen*, diſcovers himſelf to her; ſhe knows and owns him; falls into extreme Deſpair at the Misfortune; runs mad, and in her Lunacy ſtabs her ſelf: The Play was wrought up with all the natural Artifice of a good Poet. *Louiſa*, who did not often ſee ſuch Repreſentations, became extremely mov'd at this. Her young Breaſts heav'd with Sorrow; the Tears fill'd her Eyes, and ſhe betray'd her Senſe of their Misfortune, with a Tenderneſs that *Hernando* did not think had been in her. He was infinitely pleas'd, and employ'd a world of pains to applaud, inſtead of ridiculing, as his Lady did, that ſenſibility of Soul. When they came away, he took care that her Hand ſhould fall to his ſhare. As they were going home, he ſat over againſt her, in the ſame manner as before. At Supper, the Play was their Subject. His Wife was reaſoning about the Accident of the double Marriage, and ſaid it was neceſſary the Poet ſhould diſpatch her out of the way, for loaded with ſuch a Misfortune, 'twas impoſſible ſhe ſhould live without being infamous, and con-

Conſequently deteſting her ſelf. *Hernando* was not of the ſame Opinion, and upon that Head, in his eloquent Manner, introduced a learned Diſcourſe of the lawfulneſs of double Marrirages. Indeed he own'd that in all Ages, Women had been appropriated; that for the benefit and diſtinction of Children, with other neceſſary Occurrences, Polygamy had been juſtly deny'd the Sex, ſince the coldneſs of their Conſtitution, the length of time they carry'd their Children, and other Incidents ſeem'd to declare againſt them; but for a Man who poſſeſs'd an uninterrupted Capacity of propagating the Specie, and muſt neceſſarily find all the Inconveniencies above-mentioned, in any one Wife; the Law of Nature, as well as the Cuſtom of many Nations, and moſt Religions, ſeem'd to declare for him. The ancient *Jews*, who pretend to receive the Law from an only God, not only indulged plurality of Wives, but an unlimited uſe of Concubinage. The Children were bred up together without diſtinction, as being all the Sons of one Father; nay, their *Land of Promiſe* was divided by equal Portions among a Man's (whom they call *Jacob*) twelve Sons, tho' ſome of 'em were born of his two Concubines, and the reſt not from one Wife, but two, living at one time in and of the ſame Family. The *Turks*, and all the People of the World, but the *Europeans*, ſtill preſerved the Privilege. That it was to be own'd, their Manners in all things were leſs adulterated than ours; their Veracity, Morality, and Habit of living leſs corrupted. That in pretending to reform from their Abuſes, *Europe* had only refin'd their Vices; Pleaſures that were forbidden had a better *Guſto*, and tho' they had

ty'd

ty'd themſelves out of Policy to one Wife, to make particular Families great, and maintain diſtinction; yet there was ſcarce a Man (but himſelf) that had Capacity to uphold his Pleaſures abroad, but went in ſearch of 'em; that, true, he condemn'd a promiſcuous purſuit, becauſe it was irrational and polluted, but if one or more Women, whether marry'd or not, were appropriated to one Man, they were ſo far from tranſgreſſing, that they but fulfilled the Law of Nature. It was agreeable to the practice of great *Jupiter* himſelf, and therefore could only in a political, not religious Senſe, be accounted infamous; that the loſs of the World's Eſteem was very well recompenced, by the true and valuable Joys of Love; that a young Lady ought never to oppoſe thoſe good Inclinations ſhe might find in her ſelf towards a marry'd Man, becauſe ſhe was gratifying at one time, both her Paſſion and her Duty.

You may be ſure this Harrangue did not reliſh very well in his Lady's Ear, but it was not for her he intended it. *Hernando* appealed to Mr. *Wilmot*, if he had any thing but what was rational; he, who did not know the other's Deſign, and like a right Man, was for upholding the Sex's Charter, did not fail to applaud it, tho' it were but an ill Mode of making his Court to a Lady he pretended to marry. *Louiſa* very well obſerv'd it, in being his Wife, ſhe found ſhe muſt prepare her ſelf for the Mortification of one or more Rivals, and that he would plead Cuſtom, and bring Preſidents for it; this diſguſted her extremely of that ſide; ſhe preſum'd that no unmarried Man ought to advance ſuch Doctrine, before a Woman he lov'd;

'twas

'twas only to be look'd upon as the Husband's Refuge, when he was ſo unfortunate to meet with a Wife he did not like; and how firm ſoever was the Foundation, it ſhould not be built upon but in Extremity.

Next Morning *Hernando* beg'd the Favour of his Lady, that ſhe would take *Louiſa* down with her to their *Villa*, near ſix Leagues from *Angela*, and endeavour to divert themſelves, as well as they could, for two or three Days, at which time he would be ſure to wait upon them; this was to ſend her out of *Wilmot*'s way; he could not reſt while he thought another pretended to her. Their Departure was ſo ſudden, that the Lover had not time to intereſt his Relation in his Cauſe; he would even have follow'd 'em, but *Hernando* gave him ſuch a cold Reception, and told him, his Wife, fatigu'd with the Hurry of the Town, retir'd to avoid Company, and would very well ſpare the extraordinary Complement, that he reſolved to delay it till their return.

Mean time, *Hernando* weigh'd with himſelf how he ſhould declare himſelf: Paper is never out of Countenance, and tho' he did not uſe often to bluſh, yet the natural Timidity of a Lover, taught him to deſpond when he was near his Miſtreſs: He knew many things were loſt, not becauſe Men cannot attain to 'em, but becauſe they don't attempt 'em. He did not well know whether a Letter would eſcape his Wife's Hands, and fall into *Louiſa*'s; nay, even whether *Louiſa* would not her ſelf expoſe it; he thought the Hazard was too great, and therefore reſolved to depart that very Night, within two Hours of Twelve, when he was expected of none. He had a Maſter-key that open'd all Doors and Gates

Gates; he took no Servant with him, but mounting his Horſe, he flew away with the Speed of a Lover, little at eaſe till he be with his Beloved. A *Surtout* and riding Periwig ſufficiently diſguiſed him; he alighted at the Garden Back-Gate; the Moon was at the full, and lent him more Light than he had occaſion for. 'Twas then paſt Midnight; he knew *Louiſa*'s Chamber was on the Ground-floor; two large folding-Windows open'd into the Garden, which the extreme Heat of the Weather might poſſibly cauſe her to keep open. He believ'd the whole Family was (if not aſleep, at leaſt) in Bed; his Lady's ſide was on the other part of the Houſe. Avoiding the Gravel, for fear the Noiſe ſhould diſcover him, he fetch'd a Compaſs by the Graſſy Walks, to come to *Louiſa*'s Chamber; where he found the lovely Maid, in a melancholy Poſture, leaning with her Arms upon the Window, and gazing at the Moon. His Heart beat violently at the Sight; he was afraid of ſhowing himſelf, leſt he ſhould frighten her, and in her Surpriſe ſhe ſhould cry out; neither was he ſure her Attendant, was diſmiſs'd, for the Lights were ſtill burning. But Boldneſs being ever a Friend to Love, he advanc'd and calling ſoftly *Madamoiſel Louiſa*, charming *Louiſa*, are you alone? The Tone of his Voice was ſweet, and particularly ſoftened. *Louiſa* only ſtarted, but did not cry out: She ask'd him in a Minute, having preſently known him, When did you come? How long have you been here? Have you any Body with you? Dear *Madamoiſel*, he interrupted, no. She ſaid all the Houſe is in Bed; I've juſt ſent away my Maid, am all undreſt, even to my very Night-gown; not being diſ-

diſpoſed to go to Bed, nor in the leaſt ſleepy, I thought it was Cruelty to keep her up; but I'll call her to bring Lights to let you in, and wait upon you up to my Lady's Chamber. Hold, hold, *Madamoiſel*; and with that he gave but one jump into the Room, and then another to catch her in his Arms. She fell a trembling, and ready to ſink as he held her, being taken with a Paſſion of Fear and Surprize; ſhe fear'd, but ſhe knew not what. *Hernando*, with all the Submiſſion of a Lover, taught by Nature more than Education, fell upon his Knees cloſe to the Chair where he had placed her; dear *Madamoiſel*, I muſt beg you to recover your Diſorder; what are you apprehenſive of? Are you afraid of ſo ſubmiſſive a Lover? He ſtop'd her to ſee how ſhe would receive the Declaration; but her trembling and fright continuing, he ſaw ſhe was juſt going to have a fit of Swooning. He had heard in thoſe Caſes, that the beſt Remedy was to lay her at her length; ſo that taking her without Reſiſtance, in his Arms, he carry'd her to the Bed, and ſlipping off her Night-gown, with as much Modeſty as the Circumſtance would permit, he threw the Bed open, laid her in, and cover'd her up very handſomly; then caſt himſelf down upon the Bed-cloaths, his Face to hers, where he could not reſiſt the Pleaſure of paying himſelf in Kiſſes for his pains. This, and what was done before, recall'd the young Beauty. She remov'd him gently with her Hand, and turning that way, Oh Sir, ſays ſhe, what are you about? Do you mean to ruin me? I mean to love you, Madam, to adore you, to die for you; I mean to marry you, if you will make me ſo happy. Dreams, anſwer'd the Lady, are not you mar-

ry'd

ry'd already? Oh, Madam, if you did but love me with but a grain of that Paſſion I have for you, it would be more than a Dream, 'twould be Reality; but that is my Misfortune, all I ask of you at preſent is, that you will diſmiſs your Fears, for upon my Faith and Honour, I engage you ſhall have no occaſion for 'em: All wild as I am, with extremity of Love and eager Deſires, you ſhall command me as you pleaſe. I will not ſo much as pretend to the Liberty of a Kiſs without your Leave; let me have but one of your fair Hands, that I may proteſt upon it my never-dying Paſſion. I have long and deſperately lov'd you; I believe, ſmother'd by Pain, I ſhould have dy'd rather than have reveal'd it to you, if that Country-Booby's Pretenſion had not alarm'd me, and gave me Courage to ſpeak. For you only I am come hither alone; for you only I ſhall return ſolitary and dying with Grief, at leaving my better part behind; 'tis too dangerous a Secret to be ſhar'd with any but our ſelves, upon the Road I would have given my Life for this fair, this ſilent, happy Opportunity; don't make it of no effect by groundleſs Fears; reaſſure your ſelf, *Madamoiſel*; baniſh, Madam, that treacherous Enemy to Love. Oh that you would but permit me to give you only a Taſte of what I feel; that you would once but admit of ſo much Curioſity in my Favour, to prove but a glimmering of that Delight, that mutual Lovers beſtow upon one another. Here he ſought her Lips, and preſt 'em ſo tenderly, and ſo reſpectively, that he could not fail of inſinuating, by that dangerous Contact, ſomething new and tender into the Breaſt of the unexperienc'd Virgin; he purſued her ſo artfully, that

ſhe

ſhe conſented he ſhould ſtay there till Morning; and before they parted, promis'd to hear him again upon the Article of Marriage. She confeſs'd, ſhe preferr'd him to all Mankind; ſhe wiſh'd he were ſingle, ſhe ſhould never like another ſo well, but her Honour and Chaſtity were above her Life. The Battery was renew'd againſt that piece of Fortification; he told her, 'Twas only a Dream, a Notion, that ſcarce any Lady who had been ſo happy to love, had any more of it than the Pretence; good Management and Conduct were Honour and Vertue too; he was pleading for nothing Criminal; ſhe was uningag'd, unmarry'd, and had a deſpotick Power in favour of any one ſhe had a mind to make happy. Then he urg'd Arguments innumerable, all to the ſame Purpoſe as the Night before, to perſuade her to the Lawfulneſs of Poligamy; he found that muſt be the Mine that was to blow up her Chaſtity: She liſtned, ſhe enquir'd, and where ſhe doubted, made Objections, which with his Sophiſtry, he immediately anſwer'd; till at length he almoſt convinc'd her, that the Law of Nature was prior, and ought to take place; one was ordain'd by the Gods, the other inſtituted by Man, and therefore the firſt was undoubtedly to be preferr'd. He begg'd ſhe would permit him to ſee her in the ſame manner every Night; there was no danger of a Diſcovery; he would pretend the great Heat made him deſire to lie alone, and have his Bed made in a low Room in the other Wing, anſwering to the Garden, as that did, by which means he might get out of his own Window, and come into hers.

When once a young Maid pretends to put her ſelf upon the ſame Foot with a Lover at Argument, ſhe is ſure to be caſt; *Louiſa* had no very ſtrong Head; his ſuperficial Reaſons might quickly take place, eſpecially when they were ſeconded by Inclination. Unknown to her ſelf ſhe loved him, elſe all his Attempts would have been inſignificant; he ſhow'd her ſhe was a Woman at liberty, had her own Fortune at command, and his with Advantage: What could ſhe expect in another Husband that was not to be found in him? Why truly the Opinion of the World; but that not being a part of her Duty, might very well be exchang'd for thoſe incomparable Delights, that are ſeldom or never found in mercenary Marriage; ſince ſhe already lov'd him, ſhe could contract none with any other Man, that would not be ſo; therefore all they were to fence againſt was, leſt it ſhould be diſcover'd. It was not neceſſary ſhe ſhould loſe Eſteem, as long as ſhe could preſerve it; but in theſe repeated dangerous nightly Converſations, Love had arm'd her with Fortitude; ſhe was become bold, as to Opinion, contented within her ſelf, that ſhe did nothing againſt the Laws of God and Nature, which he had taught her, it was her Duty to fulfil.

Having with a world of Pains, fix'd this Immoveable Principle in her Breaſt, ſhe conſented to marry him; ſhe could admit of *Poligamy*, but would not hear a word of *Concubinage*; whether the Difference be ſo material I leave to the *Caſuiſts*; but the Difficulty was, how they ſhould be marry'd unknown. *Moſco* (*Hernando*'s Brother, much about the ſame pitch in Devotion, and

and very well match'd for their Morals) was ingag'd in a ſort of an Amour very like this, only the Lady ſeem'd rather to be the Aggreſſor: He was call'd to Council. *Hernando* told him, he could not careſs his Wife, the Rites of Love were nauſeous to him; and ſince it was a folly to paſs away that idle time of Life without Pleaſures, he had ſought it with eaſe and ſafety in *Louiſa*'s ſoft Boſom: But becauſe ſhe would not condeſcend to make him happy without a Prieſt, he did not know how to procure one that would be ſecret. *Moſco* anſwer'd, That he ſuppoſed all that he pretended to by marrying the Girl, was to pleaſe her; and ſince that might as well be done by a falſe, as a true Prieſt, their beſt way was, to let him procure the Habit, and officiate to their Content: By that means *Hernando* ſhould ſcreen himſelf from her Perſecutions, when he was grown weary of her; as that would be no wonder, to his knowledge, for he was ſick at Heart of young *Zara*, and did not know how in the World to get rid of her. This was applauded as a notable Expedient; he gain'd the Lady by it; and ſhould ſhe ever take a fancy to put in her Claim, 'twas impoſſible for her to find the Prieſt, and therefore 'twould be in vain to pretend it. They only demurr'd, leſt ſhe ſhould know him, maugre his Diſguiſe, or ſuſpect the Tone of his Voice. As to that, they did not doubt but the Dreſs, together with another colour'd Wig, would make him quite another thing. His Voice ſhould be alter'd with a Bullet, or Plumb-ſtones in his Mouth, and ſpeaking *a la Francoiſe*, he might very well paſs for a *Refugee*, a People that are

to be found in ſwarms thro' all Parts of *Europe* eſpecially the *Iſlands*.

Hernando would not have it deferr'd, he cauſed her to come to *Angela*; upon a ſlight Pretence, his Lady remain'd in the Country; they durſt not ſhare their Secret with any other, few of the Servants being in Town, and thoſe that were, ſent out of the way. After Supper, this pretended Prieſt comes upon a viſit to *Hernando*; he took care there ſhould be but little Light in the Room; the Ceremony being only to quiet the Ladies Conſcience (who thought ſhe did no ill, ſo thoroughly had he wrought upon her) there was no Witneſs requir'd; ſo marry'd they were; the falſe Prieſt received his Fee, made his Leg, and bruſht into a Coach that waited for him.

The new marry'd (I mean the Bridegroom) was very impatient to go to Bed, the Lady as Dutiful as Obliging, did not let him wait long; when the Servants were diſpoſed to their reſt, he was introduced into her Chamber, where he paſs'd the guilty Night, I ſuppoſe, to both their Satisfactions.

The next Day they return'd into the Country, but *Hernando* was too much in Love to paſs a Night without the Joys of his young Wife; the Invention of the Window ſtill held good: But what ſhould they do when the Seaſon call'd 'em to *Angela?* When they ſhould be forced to abandon that dear *Villa*, a thouſand bleſt Opportunities preſented themſelves, which they could not find elſewhere; they loſt none of 'em; the conſcious Walks and Gardens all witneſs'd to their Paſſion. *Louiſa* could not enough Love a Husband

ſo

ſo very amiable; ſhe dovoted all her Thoughts and Wiſhes, her whole Days and Nights, to him; the ſame unaccountable thing that cools the Swain, more warms the Nymph: Enjoyment (the death of Love in all Mankind) gives Birth to new Fondneſs, and doating Extaſies in the Women; they begin later, with-held by Modeſty, and by a very ill tim'd Oeconomy, take up their Fondneſs exactly where their Lover leaves it.

This was ſufficiently prov'd by the young *Zara*, a very pretty Girl, whoſe Mother liv'd in the ſame *Villa* with *Hernando*, but ſo great a Bigot, that *Zara* had ſeen nothing but their own forbidden Crew of Sectaries. Her ſelf was born with genteel Inclinations, and had ſomething *jantie* in her Mien and Converſation; they did nothing but teize her for not conforming her ſelf enough to their Manners. Her Fortune was conſiderable for one of her rank; ſhe had eight thouſand Crowns in her own Hands, which was more than three times as much to Ladies that dreſs and live in the World. Her Father was dead, and ſhe went often to *Hernando*'s and his Brothers to converſe, which were the principal People of the *Villa*. *Moſco*, who never ſaw a Woman he could not have beſtow'd ſome of his Favours upon, let her be handſome or indifferent, was mightily taken with pretty *Zara*; he had not the command of Mony as his elder Brother had; all things mov'd in a much narrower Sphere than at *Hernando*'s; his Lady had been his Father's Miſtreſs, and his Mother never forgave him his Marriage with her; it wou'd be no

diſadvantage to him to have the command of *Zara*'s: The young Creature took a fatal Paſſion for him, which was not in her Power to conceal, not even from his Wife. If ſhe were at the Table at dinner with her, and he return'd unexpectedly, her Surprize and Joy were uſually ſo great, that all the World might read in her Face the diſorders of her Soul. The Lady did not love her the leſs for it; ſhe believ'd her ſick of a Diſtemper ſhe could not help; and did not imagine it wou'd ariſe to any guilty Commerce between her and her Husband. Mean time ſhe put all her little Matters in *Moſco*'s Hand; he it was that diſpos'd of her Fortune, and made what Waſts or Improvements he ſaw good. When ſhe had Affairs at *Angela*, if he were there, ſhe took up her conſtant reſidence at his Houſe; perpetually put her ſelf in the Road where ſhe might meet him. He ſaw this *Empreſſment*, and was not at all diſpleas'd with it; his Soul was almoſt as Amorous, and his Perſon almoſt as handſome, as his Brothers. I've already told you their Principles were the ſame, tho' perhaps quite ſo much may not be ſaid of his Addreſs and Natural Parts; however he had a great deal of Wit and Attempt; underſtood very well his Buſineſs, but had not the good Fortune to be born an elder Brother.

By the pretence of Buſineſs, he could often ſee *Zara* at her Mother's Houſe: Thoſe opportunities were not loſt; ſhe was of an Opinion that Cohabitation makes a Marriage; ſhe wou'd have given ten times her Fortune, if ſhe had had it, that *Moſco*, as he ſometimes gave her hopes, would leave his Wife and Co-habit with her;

her; not that he ever intended it, but Men do not uſe to ſay diſagreeable things to thoſe that they came to be happy with. He cou'd have been very well contented if ſhe had lov'd him ſomething more diſcreetly, her fondneſs began to be very tireſome to him. She was one Day at dinner at *Hernando*'s, *Moſco* arriv'd unexpectedly; ſhe was forc'd to withdraw to the Air of the Window in the next Room, or ſhe had ſwooned away; tender *Louiſa* follows to aſſiſt her; ſhe even leaves her dinner to adminiſter what was in her Power towards her recovery; they got together into the Garden, where, having no Witneſſes but themſelves, *Zara* no longer reſtrain'd her ſelf, but gave way to a great Paſſion of Tears: When that was over, and *Louiſa* had intreated her to let her know the cauſe of her Afflictions, and aſſur'd her of ſecreſie. She began thus.

You ſee here, my dear *Louiſa*, the moſt loſt undone Maid that ever liv'd. I lov'd *Moſco* to that height, that nothing but his Love can ſatisfie me! alas! that's a thing impoſſible to gain from ſo unconſtant a Perſon! yet has he a thouſand, and a thouſand times perſuaded me, that his Paſſion was mutual! I coſt him none of thoſe Cares and Troubles, by which other Women are brought to oblige their Lovers; the Work was all done to his Hand; I even lov'd him before he diſtinguiſh'd me. I was the Agreſſor! I am the Sufferer! how dear am I going to pay for thoſe few Moments of Delight I have paſs'd with him? Thoſe charming Pleaſures are no more! I cannot bear to live without him! Doubtleſs, *Louiſa*, you wonder to hear me en-

tertain you at this rate; but it is not with us, as with you; we think mutual Love and Consent makes a Marriage; we ſtand not in need of the Prieſt's Ceremony; when once we give our Faith, it is inviolable; it wou'd be a mortal Crime to ſwerve from it: And tho' *Moſco* was marry'd before, leaving his Wife to co-habit with me, (as he has a thouſand times promis'd) is ſufficient Ceremony; all that we require to make a Marriage and render *Zara* happy. But he's cool'd! his fainting Ardors retain nothing of their firſt Sweetneſs! he ev'n avoids me! whilſt I love him to that tranſporting height, I am not Miſtreſs of my ſelf! You ſaw it was not in my Power to ſuppreſs thoſe Diſorders his preſence gave me. What muſt all the World think of my Folly? am not I mad? 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd live under this Diſeaſe of Soul! I muſt put at end to all my Uneaſineſs: But alas! that is not to be done without putting an end to my Life.

Louiſa hearing a Story ſo very parallel with her own, wept in Conſort; ſhe was afraid of the ſame Inconſtancy, tho' *Hernando* was ſtill kind and generous. *Zara* had Beauty, Youth, and Fortune; yet were not theſe any Articles towards her Happineſs. The capricio of Men carry 'em above all conſideration; *Louiſa*'s Love-ſick Heart was languiſhing with the ſame Diſtemper. *Zara* had found out a Confident who lov'd as much as ſhe, and therefore was not like to give her any good Advices towards her recovery: However, ſhe ſaid and did all that was in her power to comfort her; ſhe even adviſ'd her to abſent her ſelf from *Moſco*, if it were

were true, that he was really become unkind, a generous Diſdain ought to be her Cure; but probably ſhe might miſtake; Buſineſs, unlucky croſs Affairs, might make her miſinterpret him. Men were not always diſpos'd; Love ſeldom was conſider'd in them after a time, but as a leiſure Employment, and unbending of the Soul, a ſweetning of fatigue, and 'twas Wiſdom in Women to give way to thoſe Cruel Hours, and wait with patience for the Tender.

Hernando and *Moſco* appear'd in the ſame Walk; *Zara* beg'd the favour of *Louiſa* to entertain the former, whilſt ſhe got a moments Diſcourſe with the other. This was a Service no way diſagreeable to her, nor *Hernando*; but 'twas not the ſame with *Moſco*, he would have his Brother not to leave him to be baited by *Zara*'s fondneſs. He laugh'd, and told him he had much hurt done him, now he had an opportunity to entertain *Louiſa* he would not loſe it, let him look to himſelf as well as he could. Thus *Hernando* and his Miſtreſs, having both the ſame deſign, quickly ſtruck into another Walk, and left that to the diſconſolate *Zara*. She came up to her Lover, who inquir'd of her Health, and what had occaſion'd her ſudden illneſs? As if you are a Stranger to it, Sir? There are ſome Perſons who ſo wholly poſſeſs our Souls, that we can't hear their very Name without Perturbation! Their ſight, unexpected, influences 'em as yours did me. But what ſhall I ſay? alas! I give you none of thoſe Diſorders; if all be not calm within you, it is becauſe Hate, and not Love, diſquiets you. Why did you encourage the Follies of a Maid that might have been happy, had ſhe never ſeen you?

you? Alas! I was Innocent! I knew none of thoſe Arts by which, I am ſince inform'd, the Women of the World prolong and heighten the Lover's Paſſion! I thought it was a Merit in me to love what ſeem'd ſo meritorious. I ſhou'd have believ'd it a Fault unpardonable to have diſſembled it. I was bred up in the plain road of Sincerity, my Heart correſponds with my Manners. I know nothing ſo baſe and guilty as diſſimulation; therefore, ſpeak to you for the laſt time; things are come to that height, I can't bear to live and not poſſeſs you all. Will you do as you promiſed? Will you live with me? Shall I have that Sanction for my Paſſion? my Fortune may be wholly at your diſpoſal. I will even do all that's neceſſary to pleaſe my Mother, in whoſe Power it is to double it; ſhe will no longer oppoſe my Inclinations, when ſhe finds you give me that proof of yours. You have but to cohabit with me to make you Maſter of hers, as well as mine: I am asking no new thing. 'Twas but what your ſelf, firſt, propos'd; the Artifice by which you drew me to give you the laſt Proof of my Love, and without which I ſhould have believ'd that Conceſſion highly criminal. Perſons of our Perſuaſion, promiſe nothing but what they are ſure to perform; you well know their very Word to them is a Law. I was never uſe to converſe with any Deceivers, therefore you need not wonder I took ſo little precaution againſt you. Upon the whole, if you acquit your ſelf as you ought, there is none I would change Conditions with. You have ſcrew'd me, by your delays, up to the very height; you muſt now ſtop, or I break and fall

fall to pieces. To morrow carries yours, and your Brother's Family from our *Villa* for the whole Winter. I can't ſupport your abſence, unleſs you'll totally deſtroy my hopes: Tell me you hate me, that I may ceaſe to love you. Reſtore my Affairs to the poſture they were, when I firſt engag'd with you; give me back my Writings and my Effects; let me ſee that you will have no further Correſpondence with me, and I will endeavour either to be eaſie or die. To this long Speech, *Moſco* return'd as long an Anſwer; ſtufft with falſe aſſurances of Love, and performance of his Promiſe; he would but put his Affairs in a poſture, not to fear his Wife's anger, and then he'd devote himſelf wholly to her. Mean time he'd often take opportunities to ſee her; they were diſcharging their own Lodging, and he would henceforth take up his at her Mothers.

By this, the other (as fantaſtically Married) People had join'd them, *Zara* became a little leſs Splenetick; ſhe ſtay'd late that Night, becauſe it was the laſt, which neither *Hernando* nor *Louiſa* thank'd her for in their Hearts; becauſe they were apparently going for a long time, to take their leaves of meeting in the ſame Bed together.

Louiſa proved with Child, which alarm'd 'em both; ſhe grew apparently big. *Hernando* bid her not diſquiet her ſelf, he would take a Houſe for her, and ſhe ſhould be accountable to none but him for her Conduct.

This

This Lady, undone with Love, consented to the Proposal; she valu'd not the World's Opinion which she was going to lose, nor being abandon'd by all the Good, to shut up her self in Infamy, to devote her self to a Passion that possibly might quickly meets its Dose in too full Possession; but she doating on to the extremity, found Fame and Honour, Riches and Content, in his Arms.

Mr. *Wilmot* renew'd his Addresses; he had engag'd his Cousin to propose him to *Louisa* for a Lover. She had been much surpriz'd at her intended Separation, nor could imagine what a young Creature should take a House to live alone by her self; she fancy'd some Mystery, but far from the right. However, having to speak in favour of Mr. *Wilmot*'s Passion, she came softly and unexpectedly to *Louisa*'s Chamber, there was no Body there; she heard some talking in the little Dressing-Room, which being upon the jar, she saw her false Husband upon his Knees, kissing *Louisa*'s Hand, and heard him entreat her, that she would admit him to her Chamber when the House was at rest; he would pretend to lie alone, and tho' there was not the same conveniency of Windows, as at the *Villa*, yet something ought to be hazarded for so great a Happiness. *Louisa* was apparently consenting, when Lady *Volpone* made a third. You may guess how acceptable was her Company, she lost her usual Moderation. Tears, Grief, Rage, Reproaches, all that could agitate a Wife, jealous and convinc'd. She upbraided *Louisa* of breach of Hospitality; of violating the Laws of Friendship, she that had been as a Mother to her;

'twas

'twas more than Adultery, 'twas Inceſt, and Paracide; ſhe not only ſeduced her Husband, but would murther her, ſince 'twas impoſſible ſhe could ſurvive the Loſs of his Affection.

Hernando would not ſuffer *Louiſa* to reply, leaſt the *Ecclarciſſement* of the double Marriage ſhould be a double Scandal to him: But taking her by the Hand, he bow'd to his Lady, and told her his *Ward* ſhould wait upon her at another time, when her Temper was better, and ſhe more ſenſible of the Honour ſhe received by ſo deſerving a Perſon's Converſation. So leading her down Stairs, he went with her into a Coach, and diſpoſed her to her Satisfaction, in a Friend's Houſe of his, 'till her own was fitted up.

Throughly convinced of the Doctrine he had taught her, that Plurality of Wives were lawful: She manag'd her ſelf no more as to the World's Opinion, forſaking that, before it could abandon her. She lay-in at her own Houſe, and no longer pretended to keep her Commerce with *Hernando* a Secret. She conſider'd her ſelf as his Wife, and perſiſting ſtill in her beloved Opinion, indulg'd the enchanting Poyſon, which deſtroy'd her Fame, and intoxicated her Reaſon.

Mean time the afflicted *Zara* wrote ſeveral Letters to *Moſco*, to ſummon him to the Performance of his Promiſe; ſhe fatigu'd, ſhe perſecuted him; he heartily wiſh'd any favourable Accident would tranſport her to a more happy Region; neither her Height of Paſſion, Youth, nor Beauty, could reſtore loſt Appetite, or prevent a loathing. She perpetually talk'd of dying, but he knew that very few died of that Diſtemper. The Flower of Beauty apparently faded,

faded, neither the Roſe nor Lillies retain'd their native Colour. Her Dreſs ſhe neglected; Diverſions were no more: Sorrow, nay Deſpair, were her inſeparable Companions; all ſhe hoped and wiſh'd was, that they would quickly terminate her Pain. In this manner ſhe entertain'd thoſe who pretended to comfort her. They found her deplorably Melancholy, but could not divine the Cauſe, and vainly ſtrove to divert her, but that was beyond their Sphere. She argu'd with her ſelf, that could ſhe ſee him but once more, to know his final Reſolution, it would determine hers; to obtain that Satisfaction, ſhe reſolv'd to write again; but whether to move him, by her Submiſſion, to compaſſionate her Sufferings, or to threaten him into a Compliance; the former Method had not been Succeſsful, therefore in Words that reſemble theſe, ſhe reſolv'd upon the latter.

TIr'd out with Love and Diſdain, too cruel Friend and Husband, I have reſolv'd to ſuffer no more in private, but will proclaim my Woes, and your Deluſions, even to the Woman the World believes your Wife; tho' I only am ſuch, and will not fail to make my Claim within two Days, at Angela. *If before that time be expir'd, thou doſt not comfort and relieve thy affectionate, and moſt deſpairing*

ZARA.

Moſco could by no means reliſh a Viſit of that nature; he rais'd not any great Ideas of Delight from ſuch a Scene; he had too much Wiſdom to let it work up to that Height, therefore

fore ſince he ſaw Promiſes were no longer a Specie that would paſs current with *Zara*, he reſolv'd to undeceive her, tho' it might poſſibly take her Affairs out of his Hands, and with it Inconvenience his; yet her Perſecutions were more intollerable, and he would be at reſt from ſo troubleſome an Amour. 'Twas in vain to wiſh that he had not engag'd her ſo far; theſe are among the Things, which when once done, cannot ſo eaſily be repair'd; he took Horſe, and arriv'd the ſame Night at the *Villa*. She was all Joy, and new Tranſport to ſee him; 'twas as if ſhe had never been in pain. She told him he muſt lie there that Night. He ſaid nothing to contradict her. They ſupp'd with her Mother, who afterwards withdrew to order the Linen for his Bed. All the good Nature he was Maſter of could not force him to ſhew Tenderneſs where he had ſo ſtrong an Averſion. He ask'd himſelf whence it came, that a Perſon of her Youth and Charms, with all that's endearing in the Sex, exceſs of Truth, and exceſs of Love, could not in the leaſt ſway his obdurate Heart to a return? He found the fatal Secret, he had been happy, and that prevented him from being ſtill ſo. Satiety and Loathing ſucceeded; his Reaſon could not preſide over his Appetite; he could eat no more, however delicate was the Banquet, and therefore it muſt be removed. 'Twas hard to tell a Lady ſo that had oblig'd him, but it was ten times harder for her to ſuffer in continual Torture. Therefore having ſummon'd all his Reſolution, he ask'd her if they ſhould take a Walk by the River-ſide? The Servant was above ordering his Bed, but he was afraid

afraid what he had to say would make her so outragious, that the Family would hear her, and he, in the first Gust of her Passion, should be exposed as well as her self. *Zara* consented to every thing that was agreeable to him. They began their Walk by the pale Glimm'rings of the Moon, and the agreeable Noise that arose from the gentle Dashes of the Water. Leaning on his Arm, which she eagerly press'd, with the Raptures of a Passion over-joy'd, Thou shalt never, my Dear, says she, forsake me again: I have told my Mother of my Design to take you for my Husband: We will begin this very Night to co-habit together; my Despair and Melancholy has drawn her at length to consent. Do but utterly forego that Woman you call your Wife, and we require no more for making mine, (in our Opinion) a lawful Marriage. We are above the little Censure of others; the Law nor Magistrates do not frighten us. I make you absolute Master of my Fortune, only upon these Conditions—My Dear! Why do you not speak? Thou art not come here to disappoint me: I beseech you to answer me. Alas! beautiful *Zara!* What can I answer? Nothing, I fear, but will be disagreeable to your Expectations. You don't know the World; you are ignorant of Mankind: 'Tis in our power to marry our selves but once, that is a fundamental establish'd Law, as long as that Wife shall live. I did not doubt but you knew this, and when I first gain'd the Pleasures of your Love, said the contrary, only to allow your Virtue that Pretence for yielding; but we must be both utterly void of common Sense, to go to pass such a Marriage upon the World;

World ; me to abandon a Lady by whom I have ſo many Children, and other Benefits, to ruin my own Reputation and yours, for an airy Notion, by which we make our ſelves obnoxious to the Laws, and hated by Mankind. You will object the Promiſes I made you, it would be much greater Madneſs to perform them, neither did I think you ſeriouſly expected it ; no wiſe Woman reckons upon the performance of thoſe extravagant things that are ſaid to gain her. Be contented with my Love ; there's nothing I ſhall omit to pleaſe you ; I will loſe no Opportunity to entertain you with it, provided you are diſcreet, and do not expoſe us both. He was going on, when *Zara*, not able to hear any more ſunk upon her Knees, and catching hold of his Coat, with both her Hands, interrupted him thus, Kill me upon the inſtant ; I have ſomething more than the Pains of Death upon me ; whatſoever are call'd the Pains of Hell and Damnation, I feel yet more, Words cannot expreſs them ! O ! if ever you intend to meet Mercy, (as certainly you'll one Day ſtand in need of it) have mercy upon me, a Creature undone by Love (agoniz'd by Paſſion) and tortur'd by Deſpair ! Kill me, or comply with my Requeſt. I ſhall never live, I cannot live to ſee another Day : Pity me, pity the loſt, the expiring *Zara* ! *Zara* that adores you ; *Zara* enchanted by your too powerful Magick ; *Zara* that even now dies, and can be no more without ſome kindneſs. Here her Sobs choak'd her Words. He ſtriving to get looſe from her ; ſhe graſping to retain him, Spleen join'd his Averſion ; he ſaw he could not bring her to Reaſon, and therefore ſince

they muſt quarrel, the breach had beſt be made in the open Fields, where no Body could hear them. He would take the pretence, and burſt from her, never to be plagu'd with her Importunity again. You would do well, Madam, ſays he, aiming to unlock her Hands, to leave me in peace, and go home to compoſe your Brain, by ſleep. You happen to be amorous, and fantaſtically Mad, and I muſt be the Sufferer. True, you have oblig'd me, I promis'd to make a Marriage after your faſhion, by Cohabitation: I do not think fit to perform it; what of that? Are you the firſt Woman that has gone upon a wrong Principle? My Family and Reputation are not to be ſtaked for Trifles: Be more moderate, or aſſure your ſelf I'll never, from this inſtant, ſee you more. Here he threw abroad her Hands, and broke from her; ſhe fell her length upon the Ground, then getting up as faſt as ſhe could, ſtrove to follow him, but he was at too great a diſtance. Revenge and Deſpair work'd her up to the height of Lunacy: She tore off her Hood, her Coif; her Gown that hung looſly about her, trampling it under Foot, and calling after him, Turn, turn but a moment; turn and ſee what Love and Rage can do; return and behold what *Zara* can perform! Frantick, loſt to Hope, and Love, loſt to Life; Ruin, Deſpair, Deſtruction, Death, eternal Miſery, overtake me! Heaven, Earth and Hell revenge me! Heaven, Earth and Hell, are conſcious of my Wrongs! I devote my ſelf to Miſery eternal, in view of returning in the moſt affrighting Form to haunt this Barbarian: Let me mingle among all the Traitor's

Traitor's Pleaſures; let him attain to no Honours, but what may be blaſted by the remembrance of *Zara*; let him reproach himſelf; may the World for ever reproach him; let me, a Ghoſt, purſue the Traitor with never-ending Reproaches. Receive me, Oh hoſpitable Flood! into thy cold Boſom; receive a devoted Wretch whoſe Flame thy Waters can only quench——— Here ſhe flounc'd, with all her ſtrength, into the River, to the laſt moment perſiſting in a deſire of ſpeedy Death. She held her Breath, and was immediately ſtifled, without ſwallowing any of the Water. 'Tis very much a Queſtion if he did not hear the fall of the Body; poſſibly not believing a Woman's Love could work her to ſuch a prodigious height of Frenzy and Reſentment. He had made the beſt of his way to his Lodging; or take it for granted that he both ſuſpected and heard her Deſtiny. It was ſcarce ſafe for him to return, unleſs he could have propos'd to have flung himſelf in ſoon enough to ſave her Life, which the conſequence has aſſured had been impoſſible; for ſhe was ſtifl'd in a minute, even before a Gulph of Water could be ſwallow'd.

Next Morning the Body was found down the River, where the Stream had carry'd it, and *Moſco* upon the Road, in his return to *Angela*. The Truth hath been thus reported by many of his Friends, without finding Credit, becauſe the World oftner condemns than acquits. Hers have advanc'd, That he had the Improvement of her Fortune in his Hands, which amounted to a conſiderable Sum, and was not known to any but her ſelf: That his Affairs would not then permit

him to reſtore it; which if ſhe had liv'd, and they had become Enemies, he muſt have done; and therefore to appropriate that, and rid himſelf of a troubleſome Amour, in conjunction with two more of his Friends, they had firſt ſtrangled, and then thrown her into the River.

But we cannot ſee a ſwifter piece of Divine Vengeance, then in the Puniſhment that here on Earth befel *Zara*, for beſtowing her guilty Affections upon a Perſon marry'd to another.

By this time *Louiſa* had two Children: Nor can ſhe be called much more happy than *Zara*; for tho' ſhe did not ſurvive her Lover's Kindneſs, ſhe ſuffer'd by it: Neither her Charms, nor the Obligations ſhe had laid upon him, could confine him wholly to her Arms. He got but an ill Preſent among ſome of his Women, which not knowing himſelf tainted, he imparted to both his Wives. The firſt (recover as ſhe could) was not to be made acquainted with it; her Temper would never ſuffer her to live eaſie with him afterwards. But for *Louiſa*, all Remedies were vainly apply'd, ſhe was Heart-broke at his Inconſtancy; and tho' by her Brother's Death ſhe was become a conſiderable Heireſs, yet her Melancholy would ſuffer her to take no Pleaſure in Life. Not that ſhe ever had any Remorſe for abandoning herſelf to a marry'd Man, becauſe *Poligamy* was an unſhaken Article of her Faith. But in her Taſte of Love ſhe was nice and delicate; for as ſhe had wholly devoted her Heart and Perſon to him, ſhe believed his both by Merit, and by Promiſe, where wholly due to her;

but

but having received ſo fatal a Proof of his wandering from both, ſhe took it to Heart, which joining to an ill Habit of Body, carry'd her from this Life, a Martyr of that Paſſion to which ſhe had been devoted; perſiſting to the laſt Moment in an Opinion, that in regard to *Hernando*, ſhe had done nothing but her Duty.

His firſt Lady, ignorant of her Diſtemper, yet longer ſurviv'd: But when it was come to a *Criſis*, and that Death was apparent, he ſeem'd to attone for all his former Irregularities, by an exact Behaviour. One would have thought that he had been inconſolably afflicted; he ſaw no Company but in her Chamber; he received that little Suſtenance that was abſolutely neceſſary for Life, by her Bed-ſide. Whether he really had, or only ſeem'd to have Remorſe, he ſaid and did things that was neceſſary to approve himſelf a tender Husband; and departed not from that Behaviour, 'till her Death moſt obligingly ſet him free, and left him at full liberty to purſue without controul, his Amours and his Ambition.

Theſe two Brothers, renown'd for their Aſcendency over the Ladies, have this in their Character, That they only deſire to be heard: In their Tongues there is ſuch Deluſion, that 'tis impoſſible for any Women they attempt, not to be inchanted and undone by 'em.

Hernando made a Truce with Love, and apply'd himſelf more cloſely to Buſineſs: He paſt all the Preferments of the Long-Robe, till he had attain'd to the greateſt; when once *Grand Preſident*, by an infinite Natural Capacity, and but a ſuperficial Knowledge of the Laws, he acquitted

acquitted himſelf with Applauſe. That Lady who laſt left the *Prado* (though but an inconſiderable Fortune) he marry'd amidſt all his Grandeur; the Charms of her Wit and Converſation attach'd him to her. She had the good fortune to fix, as well as to ſurvive this wandering Star; though it muſt be own'd, That *there are Follies like ſome Stains, that wear out of themſelves, among which, Love is generally reckon'd to be one.*

F I N I S.

Aſtrea.] O! Great *Jupiter!* (from what I have lately heard of the Force of Love) permit *Aſtrea* to expoſtulate, why thou haſt given this ſoft Paſſion ſtrength to triumph over the Endeavours of the moſt accompliſh'd Mortals? This *Goad* to Pleaſure! this fatal Sweetneſs! this irreſiſtable Deſire! ſo temper'd with the humane Clay by thy wiſe All-creating Hand, as if it were a *neceſſary* and *inſeparable* Ingredient of it!

O! thou bright *Original of all Things!* Did'ſt thou not foreſee the Miſchief it would occaſion? Could'ſt thou not have given another kind of Conſtitution, another Caſt of Mind, a better Idea? So to have made what now appears to be Temptations, none? Or, to the brittle Frame have added *Fortitude*, to reſiſt the enchanting Deluſion? Or not have crown'd the unlawful Purſuit with ſuch Profuſeneſs of Joys, that be the Dangers never ſo imminent and many, the Obloquy ſo notorious, the miſerable Conſequences ſo inſeparable; yet is the Ballance always on the ſide of Nature! as if *Venus* only held the Scale: That ſhe alone preſided over the *Affairs* as well as the *Heart* of *Mortals*, and *Jove* with all his *Attributes* ſubſided.

Will it ſuffice to ſay, thou haſt made 'em ſubject to Paſſions to try Obedience, and re-

commend Virtue, that thy *Elyſian* Joys may not be a promiſcuous Crown of Rewards to adorn the Brows of the Undeſerving, as well as the Deſerving? For if they lay under a natural Neceſſity of doing *Good*, there cou'd be no Merit in that *Goodneſs*; no *Conqueſt* where is no *Oppoſition:* And tho' by this *Oeconomy*, the Number of the Happy be incomparably thinner; yet are the *Meritorious* only *rewarded.* This may indeed be *Juſtice* to the *Worthy*, but alaſs! (thou Parent of the whole) what becomes of *Mercy* to the *Unworthy?* How populous of Mortals muſt be the Court of *Plato*; how ſolitary that of *Jupiter*'s? Better! O better! for the unhappy *Race*, that *Creation* had never been, this Glorious World in its firſt *Chaos*, the Seeds of Things buried in their Priſtine *Obſcurity*, the jarring *Atomes* aſleep in their *Native Bed*, and the uninform'd *Clay* guiltleſs of *Pain*, and *Pleaſure*, of *Rewards* and *Puniſhments!*

Virtue.] What do I hear? Cou'd I have once imagin'd that the Divine *Aſtrea* wou'd have taxed great *Jupiter* of an Error in *Creation?* Or from the *Wickedneſs* of *Mankind*, have arraign'd his *Mercy* to *Mankind?* Is it then nothing to animate wretched *Clay* to the Degree of *Godhead?* To make it in their Choice! to give 'em Power and Capacity to ſhare with *Angelick Natures*, *Immortality*, and *immortal Bliſs?* And by a Method ſo enviting and ſo eaſy, that all who have their Reaſon about 'em, wou'd prefer the *Law* to *Liberty*; the Precepts of *Jupiter* to thoſe of *Nature*; the *eaſy*, *happy* Poſſeſſion of his own Wife to the *turbulent guilty* purſuit of anothers. Were Marriages not the Reſult of *Intereſt*, but Inclination! were nothing but *generous*

rous Love! the *Fire* of *Virtue!* the *warmth* of *Beauty!* and the *Shine* of *Merit!* conſulted in that Divine Union, guilty Pleaſures wou'd be no more. But *Avarice!* contemptible *Covetouſneſs!* ſordid Deſire of *Gain!* not only mingles with the more *Generous Native Sentiments*, but have quite extinguiſh'd the very Glimmerings of that informing *Light*.

Hence *War! Murder! Deſolation!* have their Origin; *Friends* and *Friendſhips* are cuſtomary Terms, no more; and only underſtood as of thoſe they have not yet found an Opportunity to injure, ſo as to advantage themſelves by it! Or as of others, neceſſary to their *Intereſt*, conducive to their Pleaſures, Companion in their *Riots* and *Injuſtice*, fearleſs of the avenging Deities! bold to attempt and pleaſe! full of that Simpathetick Evil which indears 'em to each other.

Where ſhall we now find vertuous Friendſhip? A *Theſeus* and a *Perithous*, a *Damon* or a *Pythias*. Not that the Laws of Friendſhip are more impoſſible than of Old, they are ſtill the ſame, and ſo is *Virtue*; but the Taſte of Mortals are more and more degenerated, ſcarce the leaſt Reliſh remains of Original Sweetneſs! they do not ſo much as uſe their Endeavours to be *Good*. But that cannot ariſe from a defect of *Jupiter* in their Compoſition, becauſe there have been many *eminently ſo*, and wou'd ſtill be *ſuch*, did not too many of the *Guilty Learned* make it their Buſineſs (like Foes to *Humanity*) to *ridicule* and *deſtroy* the Apprehenſions of *Rewards* and *Puniſhments*. The Sect of *Epicurus* is revived in a more dangerous manner; he allows you Gods, almighty in their Indolence! in

everlaſting Eaſe! undiſturb'd by the Affairs of Mortals, who are govern'd only by that fortuitous Chance to which his World ow'd its Original. Theſe Moderns deſtroy not only the Effects (like him) of their Attributes, but diſown the very being of a *Deity*. Whilſt others no leſs impious (under other Pretences) advance a *Syſtem* no leſs dangerous: And by their human Inventions, and diabolical Arguments, they endeavour to prove *Man* (as they call it) *wholly Mortal*; the *rolling Stone* and *Vulters!* with the whole Regiment of *Rewards* and *Puniſhments! Radamantus!* and the *Elyſian Fields!* the Invention of *Poets*, the Dreams of *Enthuſiaſticks*, and the *Craft* of *Prieſthood!* The Soul guiltleſs of Futurity, ſleeps and moulders in that Houſe of Clay which is inhabited, to awake indeed, but at a Time ſo diſtant and uncertain, that it encourages the fearleſs Mortal to ſin on; ſince his Day of Account is ſo far lengthen'd, that it may poſſibly be no Day at all. Not conſidering that were they to ſleep ten thouſand Years (there being no time to the Dead) they wou'd awake but as it were from a Moment's *Repoſe*, and their ten thouſand Years be but as a Grain of Sand to the unbounded Sea-ſhore of Eternity.

Others more modeſt (in Appearance) who have not entirely thrown aſide the Vail (but wear it upon what Occaſions they pleaſe, that they may the more dangerouſly and ſurely inſinuate what they advance) wou'd repreſent us ſtill in the State of *Nature*, and that every Man may be his own Prieſt, and every Houſe a *Temple*; ſo to deſtroy our *Veneration* to thoſe appropriated to the Service of the *Altar*, rend'ring them *Uſeleſs*

to

to Mankind. And tho' it is not poſſible to rob Humanity of their *Frailty* but with Life; they would reject theſe, becauſe they are not more than *Men*, and above all *Frailty*. See you a Prieſt venerable by the *Gravity* of his *Mein*, his Aſpect *Graceful*, his Demeanour *ſolemn*; him they treat as a confirm'd *Hypocrite*, *proud* and *ſullen*, impatient of *Empire*, and ſollicitous to govern not only the *Spiritual*, but *Temporal* Affairs of *Mortals*. If more *Eveliez* or *Debonair*, in whoſe Compoſition the Sanguin *prevails* over the Phlegmatick, they fearleſly accuſe of giving open *Scandal*, and being a leading Example in Diſorders; as if to be Chearful were to be Criminal, and a benignity of Temper (a Bleſſing from the *Gods*) incompetent with the Service of the *Gods*. The *Dull* and *Heavy* (as ſometimes ſuch there may be, becauſe we do not ſee an equal Diſtribution of Parts to all) they *unpitifully deſpiſe*, ridicule their Stupidity! expoſe their Ignorance! and contemn the *Function* for the *Man*. But on the other ſide, how are they truly alarm'd, and preſs in Conſultation, againſt the growing Eminence of a riſing Genius? How endeavour to obſcure the *Brightneſs* of his Parts? How throng the *Audience?* Not to *admire*! but to ſeek Matter from his own Mouth to condemn him! wreſting both his *Meaning* and his *Terms*, to what may moſt *expoſe* and *ridicule* him! If he chanc'd not to fall by their ignoble Endeavours, but have Strength and Fortune to ſtem the Tide of Oppoſers, and can wade through their Sea of *witty Criticiſms*, which make after his growing *Reputation* (as the rolling Waves riſe one upon another to purſue with ſure Diſtruction the deſtin'd *Shipwreck*) they more ſeri-

ously, with dreadful Warnings, point at *Him*, as a Man dangerous to all *Communities* but his own; full of *Design* and *Craft*, capable of pursuing the Methods of his *Brethren*; who all aim at the Subversion of *Royalty*, and *Empire* in *Empirium*, the inslaving of the rest of Mankind, and only liberal in exchanging with 'em a promis'd imaginary *Heaven*, for the Certainty of their *Earthly* Possessions!

But granting the *Priests* and *Druids* had those Designs, which these explore; is it not better that the generality of Mankind shou'd still reverence *something*, than *nothing?* How very few (if it were a *Deceit*,) can bear to be *undeceiv'd?* How Libertine! how at large wou'd they live! if not with-held by fears of an after *Punishment?* Who in this *Age* wou'd serve without Reward? Who put on the Old unprofitable Robe of *Innocence* and *Vertue?* Or cross their darling *Delights*, when they are not to suffer for *Indulging* of 'em? This for the least *mischievous* of the *Race*, those who are only fir'd by *sensual Pleasures*; but for such who may be animated by *Revenge*, *Cruelty*, *Ambition*, *Ingratitude*, and *Covetousness*, nothing cou'd with-hold them from committing whatever Crimes their Appetites call loudly for. Nor is it sufficient to say, that Temporal Laws take notice, and punish detected ones. Did every Man's Conscience permit him to sin, but as far as he durst; those Laws wou'd soon by mutual Consent of the strongest be trampled upon and overthrown; or if not, there is still Latitude enough to undo the *World*, if every Breast followed but their own Native Dictates to *Evil*. How wou'd *Revenge*, *Oppression*, *Lust*, *Murders*, and all the Train of *Furies*, remount

remount that Throne from which *Religion* has diſpoſſeſs'd 'em? So that granting what theſe refin'd Wits have pretended to diſcover, ſtill is it better for the Generality to be *deceiv'd*; *Prieſtcraft* in all its Forms being ſure a leſs dangerous *Monſter* than what wou'd ſucceed the *Contempt* of it. Inſomuch that I dare engage were it poſſible (did their new Doctrine obtain) for theſe new Diſcoverers to mount *Olympus*, and overlook the *Globe*, ſoon wou'd they ſicken at the *Anarchy* it produced; and cry out with a juſt and generous Indignation, *O RACE! UNWORTHY OF THE TRUTH! NOW MAY BE SEEN THE BENEFIT OF RELIGION!*

Intell.] Whilſt your *Eminences* are declaiming a Length beyond my Underſtanding, give me leave to get what Information I can of that new Adventure before us; and if I am not miſtaken a very uncommon one. What can that Coach of Hire do here at this Hour of the Night? 'Tis very unuſual to take the Air by Moon-Light, eſpecially in ſo remote a Place. It ſtops under thoſe large Trees before us, let us draw nearer, we ſhall make ſome Diſcovery. O Fortune! what can this Adventure mean? The Driver is the Prince *de Majorca* himſelf: There's the Order of the *Golden-Fleece* upon his Cloak, the King of *Spain* beſtow'd it upon him: I know his Face and Air perfectly well. He ſpreads his Cloak upon the Root of the Trees: See! he takes a Lady from the Coach into his Arms, and lays her gently upon it; ſhe groans in a trembling manner. I beg your Divinities to tell me if I am inviſible, that I may fearleſly draw near and obſerve the Concluſion of this Affair.

Aſtrea.] My Lady *Intelligence* is at her Wit's end, 'till ſhe has wherewith to inform Princeſs *Fame.* Let us oblige her and our ſelves by a nearer View; inviſible as we are, there is no Danger of giving them any Interruption, or our ſelves being diſcover'd.

Lady.] Ah, my dear Lord, I'm rack'd! I die in Agonies! but Love and Glory be witneſs for me, my greateſt remorſe in Death is in leaving you, and thinking what you will do with my unfortunate Body. What Sepulcher! ah what Repoſitory for my ador'd Reputation? There I ſhall be wounded even after Death! O haſte and fetch the Midwife. I'm ſurrounded with Horror, the Rack of Nature is upon me, and no kind aſſiſting Hand to relieve me. Bury me unknown. O cou'd you but annihilate me, to preſerve my *Fame!*

Prince.] My *Angel*, ſupport your ſelf if it be poſſible 'till my Return. Take my inviolable Oath, that if you die I will not ſurvive. What is Fame? What is Glory, to the Dead? Here ſhall they find me ſtretch'd out by this dear Side, a voluntary Martyr to my irreparable Loſs of thee—— O looſe me, that I may be gone—— your Pains redouble—— you will be loſt for want of help—— I'll return in leſs than a quarter of an Hour, with all the Expedition the Horſes can make—— My Life——my adorable Queen— let me ſnatch this Interval of Eaſe—— I dare not ſtay a Moment, though to proteſt to thee, that without any heightnings, my Agonies are greater than thine!

Intell.] Pray your Divinities be pleas'd to follow me to a convenient diſtance, out of the hearing of this miſerable Woman leaſt we

more

more afflict her, and confound her Underſtanding with Humane Voices and ſeeing nothing—— I burſt! I ſound with Impatiency! This young Lady is *Harriat*, Daughter to the Baron *de*—— O this *Prince*, this ſucceſsful underminer of *Virtue!* I'll tell you their *Hiſtory*.

Virtue.] But firſt will it not be neceſſary to offer our aſſiſtance to the Lady in pain? Charity forbids me to enquire too nicely into the Circumſtance, whether this be her Lord or no, all things have an appearance to the contrary; but *Mercy* weighs nothing in compariſon with it ſelf. Shall we not appear, and offer her our aſſiſtance in her Miſery? Her crys and groans pierce my Heart.——O Love what art thou? that ev'n theſe Pains are ſupportable, ſince occaſion'd by thee?

Intell.] If your *Mightineſs* pleaſe to hear me; I know the Lady ſo well, her Spirit is ſo haughty, and her affectation of Vertue ſo high, that ſhould ſhe ſee us, it would certainly coſt her her Life, in apprehenſion of being diſcover'd.

Virtue.] My Lady *Intelligence* finds Reaſons why her Story is not to be deferr'd: Is Scandal ſo bewitching a thing in your Court, that you cannot delay divulging what you know, tho' at the expence of Danger?

Intell.] Alas, your Excellencies! is it Criminal to expoſe the pretenders to *Vertue?* thoſe who rail at all the World, and are themſelves moſt guilty? Did I wrong the Good! accuſe the Innocent! That indeed would be blameable; but the *Libertine* in Practice, the *Devotee* in Profeſſion, thoſe that with the Mask of *Hypocriſy* undo the Reputation of Thouſands, ought pitileſly, by a ſort of retaliation, to be expos'd themſelves; and which I beg

beg leave to appeal to the Divine *Aſtrea.*, whether it be not *Juſtice?*

Aſtrea.] Something very near it; but I am not ſatisfied however at not aſſiſting the Lady——O *Lucina* be propitious! well did the unhappy Fair term it the Rack of Nature! Can any thing be more exquiſite? O! how piercing are her Cries!—The Coach returns. I hope there is neceſſary help, that we may not put her to the Confuſion of ſeeing us.

Intell.] There's the *Midwife*, I know her, ſhe that brought a certain Lady to Bed with her Mask on. Let us obſerve a little; by the extremity of her Pains it can't be long before they be over, and then I'll tell you the reſt. Mrs. *Nightwork* your Servant; pray what ſort of an Adventure have you been ingaged with, at a place ſo very unfit for one of this Nature?

Mrs. *Night.*] O, my good Lady *Intelligence!* your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient Servant; upon my word you are extremely diligent in your Imployment; ſo ſoon at the Heels of an Adventure! at this rate all *Angela* muſt ring of it before Sun-riſing. But excuſe me that I can't expatiate at this time upon your Ladyſhip's Perfections; you ſee I have my Hands full of a young Stranger without *Swadling Cloaths*, or any thing to cover him, but my own under Petticoat; he may at preſent be truly ſaid to be in the State of *Nature*.

Intell.] Pray Mrs. *Nightwork* do you know who are his Parents? The Lady made ſhort work of it, methought, after once you were come.

Mrs. *Night.*] For that matter, I aſſure your Ladyſhip I underſtand my Buſineſs, few better, though I ſay it; they ſeldom are long in Pain, after

after I once came about them. I have not been a Midwife upwards of twenty Years for nothing: But of all my Adventurers, and I have had my Share (including the place, and want of all Conveniencies) I never met ſo hazardous a one as this.

Intell.] Do you know the Perſons concern'd?

Mrs. *Night.*] Not in the leaſt. I was call'd out of my Bed by him who drove the Coach; I thought indeed, it was ſomething abrupt, becauſe there was no Body in it; but the Coachman ſeem'd ſo civilized, and ſo encourag'd me, that I had not leiſure to require or reflect. To perſwade me to make the more haſte (though of courſe, I am uſed to ſhuffle on my Cloaths in theſe Caſes as faſt as I can) he toſs'd me a Purſe of two Hundred Ducats in Gold, which I took care to leave behind me, leſt he ſhould have it in to his Head, when my Work was done, to borrow 'em of me again, with or without my Conſent: But when he had me once in his Coach, he drove as if he deſign'd to break my Neck. I repented me a thouſand times of not bringing my Daughter, or our Maid along with me, eſpecially when I was got off the Stones, and that I ſaw he deſign'd for the Country; but was ſtruck, with ſtill greater Confuſion, at his turning up to this place; bringing me to the Lady in Pain, and bidding me do my Office.

Intell.] It was enough indeed to confound any Body who had leſs preſence of Mind.

Mrs. *Night.*] You ſaw the Affair was ſoon diſpatch'd; the Lady is gone without any thing comfortable to take. I heard her ſay ſhe muſt ſet dreſs'd at Dinner to Morrow, tho' it coſt her her Life!

Intell.]

Intell.] And do you believe Mrs. *Nightwork* that it will be poſſible for her to do it?

Mrs. *Night.*] As a celebrated Author has it, *There are daily performed Things dangerous to Life, and diſagreeable to our Taſtes, and even Intereſts, to preſerve that Idol of the World*, Reputation; the only Rival that Love can have, though mighty as he is, he does not fail always of getting the better hand on't. When *Sigiſmund* the Second was firſt Married, his beautiful Miſtreſs was made one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber to the *Queen*, they were at one of the favourite *Villa*'s in the Country: The lovely Dutcheſs fell in Labour, when it was her Week of Waiting; her Indiſpoſition took her in the Circle, which ſhe was forc'd to quit for her own Lodging and a Midwife; all things were done with the utmoſt Privacy. The Coach-Man carried away the Child under his Cloak, as I heard her Eminence ſay, and that he liv'd long enough with her, to bear away five more in that ſame Manner: Whether he had any other ſhare in them, I can't determine.

Intell.] You are admirable Company, Mrs. *Nightwork*. I'm afraid you are taking my Province from me, and ingroſſing all the Scandal to your ſelf.

Mrs. *Night.*] Your Ladyſhip knows that we are a kind of *Rear-Guard* to the Princeſs you have the Honour to ſerve; we *Midwives* don't fail to come in upon the *rebound*, to make good what her Highneſs has before *reported*; nay, ſometimes we are before-hand with her, according as your Ladyſhip is ſlow or forward in your *Intelligence*.

Intell.]

Intell.] But is not that ſomething againſt Conſcience? I thought Mrs. *Nightwork* you had been ſworn to Secrecy.

Mrs. *Night.*] *Directly*, but not *Indirectly*; as for Example, I muſt not ſay I deliver'd my Lady ſuch a *One* of a lovely *Boy* in ſuch a *Place*, and at ſuch a *Time*; that is, being directly forſworn. But I may ſay, I did ſuch a ſort of a Lady (deſcribing her Perſon as well as I can) the good Office, but can't for my Life imagin who ſhe is. This is all under the Roſe; and without this Indirect *Liberty*, we ſhould be but ill Company to moſt of our Ladies, who love to be amuſed with the Failings of others, and would not always give us ſo favourable and warm a Reception, if we had nothing of Scandal to entertain them with; not but that I'm extremely tender of an *Oath*, and would not break it for any thing but *Intereſt*. I never was ſo puzzl'd in all my Life, as in the Caſe of the Lady you know with the *Mask* on; I went to two *Divines*, and they could neither of 'em reſolve me; at length a *Caſuiſt* ſet me at reſt, and ſhew'd me that as I had by Virtue of my firſt *Oath*, took the Ladies Money and done her the *Service* required: The ſecond *Oath* (which was forceably impos'd upon me) oblig'd me to take her *Lord*'s, and reveal all I knew touching the *Firſt*.

Intell.] You are improving as well as diverting Company, Mrs. *Nightwork*. But have you not forgot the lying-in *Dutcheſs*?

Mrs. *Night.*] I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, I have a thouſand things in my Head; but to come up to what I advanced of the Hazards People daily run to preſerve Reputation. The

Queen,

Queen, by ſome officious Fool, that had a Mind to make their Court *mal a pro pro*, was told of the *Dutcheſs*'s Adventure, ſhe could not believe it, having ſeen her without any remarkable *bigneſs*; but to bring it to the Proof, her *Majeſty*, a little in the *Spleen*, and conſequently *Vapouriſh*, order'd the Court to remove within two Days. The *Dutcheſs* then in waiting was oblig'd to riſe and *Dreſs*, and be in Her *Majeſty's Coach*. She had hitherto excus'd herſelf upon the Pretence of the Headach; but here it was of no uſe to her, becauſe ſhe had ſecret Advice (as *Favourites* never, Madam, can want ſome of your Ladyſhip's kind *Intelligence*) that the Orders were expreſs for her, and regarded no Body elſe; ſo that up ſhe was forc'd to get and make her Appearance. But to bring it to the laſt Teſt, the *Queen* alter'd her *Mind*, would not go in her *Coach*, but ordered all the Court to mount with her on *Horſeback*.

Intell.] That was ſomething *Ill-natur'd* and *Cruel* in her *Majeſty*; why did not *Sigiſmund* forbid it?

Mrs. *Night.*] That would be ſpeaking the thing too plain; his *Majeſty* was not yet grown ſo very a *Husband*. Neither can it be call'd either *Cruelty* or *Ill-nature* in the *Queen*; there was no abſolute occaſion, *Well* or *Ill*, for the *Dutcheſſes* attendance; it was but taking off the Mask, and owning herſelf Indiſpoſed, (Confeſſion enough) and liberty would be left her to perform her *Quarantin* at leiſure; but if ſhe had a mind to run the hazard of her *Life*, to conceal a thing that all the Court already knew or more than ſuſpected, that was no fault of the *Queen*'s.

Intell.]

Intell.] And which part did ſhe chooſe?

Mrs. *Night.*] O! *Reputation* you may be ſure; for they generally ſeem to ſet the moſt out-ſide Value upon it that have leaſt to loſe. I do not ſpeak of the entirely abandon'd, nor of the *real Worthy*, the *truly Virtuous*, who know themſelves *Innocent*, and therefore need none of thoſe dangerous occaſions to prove themſelves ſuch.

Intell.] And did the *Dutcheſs* eſcape with Life?

Mrs. *Night.*] With your Ladyſhip's Pardon, how elſe could ſhe, as I before told your Ladyſhip, have liv'd to have five Children after, beſides *more* and *more* upon them *Incognito*, within *Incognito*; another *Land*, and another *Lover*, or *train* of *Lovers*, can all eccho to her *Eminence*'s *Fruitfulneſs!* But what was more mortifying than the *Queen*'s Jealouſy, and a greater Enemy to Life, ſhe had the Anguiſh to find *Sigiſmund* engag'd in the beginning of an *Amour* with a beautiful *Lady*, that herſelf had introduc'd, and ſo regardleſs of *her*, as to ride by the *other*, during the whole time his Hand either leaning upon her Saddle, or when he could be ſo happy holding of the Lady's; and this behind the *Queen*, the *Dutcheſs* was ready to Swoon. The Pain of her Mind made that of the Body comparatively light.

Intell.] And yet his Memory is handed down by Time, as one who abounded in *Indulgence* and good *Nature*.

Mrs. *Night.*] And it does him *Juſtice*; nothing could ever interrupt it, but when it ran counter to the Intereſts of ſome of his beginning Paſſions, for he had many: As to the reſt, he had excellent natural Parts, and a larger Capacity

ty than himſelf was aware of, becauſe he was too lazy ever to extend it to the length it would go; yet was he irreſolute and changeable as well in his *Councils* as *Counſellors*, ſtedfaſt in nothing during the courſe of his whole *Reign*, but in adhering to his *Brother*, in a Caſe that has ſince coſt the *Empire* ſo much *Blood* and *Treaſure*. Not that he lov'd him comparably to what he did his own Son (who would have riſe by his Uncle's ſetting) but *Sigiſmund* had privately ſurrender'd himſelf a Slave to thoſe *Prieſts*, whoſe Dictates are *Arbitrary:* And his Brother being one of their brighteſt *Votaries*, they would not ſuffer him to be excluded, tho' to advantage an *Empire*, and to make him more calmly *Happy*.

Intell.] You are a Politician I find, Madam, as well as a Midwife.

Mrs. *Night.*] I beg your Ladyſhip's ten Thouſand Pardons, for repeating what you muſt be much better inform'd of than I can pretend; but 'tis our way, when once we ſet in, we talk on, whatever it is about. I wiſh the Coach would come, my young *Maſter* will run a great hazard of his *Life* in this inconvenient *Place*; the Gentleman promis'd to return (when he had lodg'd the Lady) and carry me Home with the Child; ſhe tenderly recommended it to my Care 'till to morrow, when all things proper ſhould be order'd for it—Heigh ho! if he ſhould not come—Poor Baby, 'tis fallen aſleep—— Does your Ladyſhip remember how a certain, *now* great Lady, fell in Labour when ſhe was at Court in waiting, and was forc'd to appear the next Day at Dinner in Quality of *Maid*, though ſhe had juſt given the World ſufficient Proof that ſhe could

cou'd no longer juſtly be call'd one. I have Yearly done the ſame kind private Office to a Daughter of hers, whoſe Lord is amuſing himſelf with the Politeneſs of the *Turin* Court: You know the Perſon happy in her Favour, the agreeable inconſtant *Marquis*. I wonder how ſhe can bear his taking the *Opera*-Beauty, and keeping her for his *Debauch*, (ſuch we muſt call it,) ſhe was too ſilly to create Love.

Intell.] O Mrs. *Mightwork*, that's intirely a new way of preſerving *Reputation*, or waſhing over what has been blow'd upon. I'll let you into the Secret: When ſome Woman of *Condition* makes a Lover *Happy*, and both their Indiſcretions begins to make it *publick*, he has nothing to do to convince the World of its Error, but to chooſe out ſome remarkable pretty poor Creature, that may be bought and kept at his Price, and then who dares imagine he can, (in theſe conſtant Days) have more *Intrigues* than *one?* Or, that a Lady of Quality will ſhare with a deſpicable *Player* or *Town-Woman?* A certain *Chevalier*, who was grown old with his Miſtriſs, in as much Love and Happineſs as ſhe could beſtow upon him, took it into his Head to vindicate her Reputation, at a time of Day, when the World had left talking of 'em, and no longer doubted of their *Intelligence*, or cared to doubt of it. The manner of vindicating her and himſelf, was as we have juſt now deliver'd. The *Chevalier* was nicely conſtant to his true Miſtriſs; I won't tell you whether ſhe was beholding for it to his Age or Paſſion; but ſhe was too *Delicate* to bear being rival'd in the Opinion of the Town, tho' for the benefit of her *Reputation*, ſhe hated the Youth and Beauty

of the Creature, becauſe her ſelf had eminently out-liv'd theſe Qualifications, not conſidering that had the Creature wanted 'em, ſhe would not have ſerv'd the *Chevalier*'s purpoſe, who deſired only to cure his Miſtriſs's Husband of his *Jealouſy*, and the Town of its *Knowledge*, tho' long after the Seaſon. The Lady, inſtead of ſetting the true value that ſhe ought upon the *Chevalier*'s Endeavours, took the Pretence and broke with him for a new and younger Gallant, tho' if ſhe know what is witty Converſation, ſhe can never chuſe one more agreeable.

The *Marquiſs* ſhould yet, in my Opinion, find it a harder Task to acquit himſelf to the Princeſs. How can it be ſaid that the Girl from the *Opera*, was only to ſecure her Highneſs's Reputation, and not to procure his own Diverſion, when he has had ſo many Children by her? Unleſs ſhe believe her Lover agitated with the new Doctrine of *Quietiſm*, where the Body Independant of the Mind (that being fix'd upon its proper Object) can commit no *Irregularity*.

Mrs. *Night*.] Good, your Ladiſhip, the Coach is coming, I muſt beg your Ladiſhip's pardon for my abrupt departure; ſhould I be ſeen with you, who knows what might be the Conſequence, with my Whimſical Gentleman-ſort of a Coach-driver. But I'll be ſure after to Morrow to wait your Ladiſhip's *Levee*, and give you what further Information I can of this Adventure.

Intell.] Has your Divinities been entertain'd? If this Gentlewoman's Affairs had but permitted her, you would have found her very *Inſtructive*, very *Talkative*, and very *Knowing*, in the *Foibles* of the *Fair*. But for *her* that we ſaw not long ſince, who has ſo lately expos'd her Life for Love, know ſhe is one of the Baron *de B*——'s Daughters,

ters, her Name *Harriat*; *Tall*, *Well-made*, *Genteel*, *Agreeable*, *Preciſe*, a *Devotee*, fraught with *Precepts* of outward *Honour*, and affectation of Virtue, unfathom'd *Hippocriſy*, fire in her Conſtitution, froſt in Converſation. She was bred up with a perpetual Inclination of joining with a young Coſin of hers call'd *Urania*. All Sincere, Tender, Nice of the Truth, fond of thoſe Occaſions that permitted her to ſpeak it; and an Enemy profeſſed to thoſe modiſh Maxims, that tell you, 'Tis ill living at Court, for thoſe who know not the Art of Diſſimulation and Divination. Join to this a prodigious ſtock of Beauty, an uncommon vivacity of Mind; but of a Complexion ſo amorous, that it was but caſting your Eyes upon the leaſt Glance of hers, to read the Fever of her Soul; that *Diſeaſe* of *Nature!* that enchanting Warmth, which gave her Blood a perpetual Ferment! her Heart ten thouſand Sighs! her charming Eyes a Love-Sick Languiſh! Deſire and Diſorders in her Air! unintermiting Wiſhes! delicious Dreams! delightful Swimings to her thoughts! and in a word, ſo bright an *Idea* of the Pleaſures of *Love*, that nothing ſeem'd ſo great a Misfortune to her, as that they were yet only *Ideas*. Her Mother was Siſter to Lady *Harriat*'s, but dy'd young, and in Childbed, of *Urania* and *Polydore*; ſhe recommended them tenderly to her, and the *Baroneſs* did not in a long time deceive her Expectations. The ſame amorous Star preſided over hers, as her Daughter's Birth; ſhe had married a Gentleman greatly beneath her, of much Merit, but his Fortune was to make. He put himſelf into the Army, and was almoſt at *Henriquez*'s Foot, leaving his Wife 6 Months gone with Child of *Urania* and a young Son; her Grief for

his loſs and the pains of Child-Birth (for ſhe had Twins) were fatal to her. The Baroneſs took them home to her own Houſe, and ſeem'd to know no diſtinction: 'Tis certain ſhe for a long time made none between them and her own Children. Never was any Affection ſo great as that of *Polydore* and *Urania*; he was all of the Sex ſhe was permitted to converſe with: The lovely *Youth*, caſt in the ſame fair *Mould*, and at the ſame *time* with his Siſter; their Faces, their Inclinations were alike, unhappy only in a diſtinction of the Sex. There was a perpetual Emulation between them, who ſhould moſt oblige each other; their Love-Indearments, Embraces, Kiſſes, perpetual Claſpings, ſeem'd at firſt a laudable Tenderneſs in all who beheld them, *Harriat* excepted, who was two years Elder than *Urania*. When this had attain'd to the Age of *Fourteen*, her Beauty gain'd ſo prodigious an *Eclat*, that the *Baroneſs* was ſurpriz'd; and tho' ſhe did not ceaſe to love her, ſhe ceas'd to carry her abroad as uſual, or to ſuffer her Appearance in her own Family when Viſiters were there; becauſe ſhe ſo far eclips'd her Daughter's, that with all the advantage of Fortune, 'twas impoſſible they ſhould have any Lovers where *Urania* appear'd. Thus excluded from Converſation, with that dear ſoftneſs of Conſtitution, plainneſs of Nature, and unaffected Sweetneſs, what ſhould ſhe do for ſome Body to Love? *Harriat* would often tell her (with the Air of one who thought her ſelf much more her Superior in Underſtanding than in Age) that it would have done well if Fortune had caus'd her to have been born a *Villager*; her Father who was not many degrees from it, had tainted her Blood with that *Plebian Vice*, *Sincerity*. So unfaſhion-

able

able, nay deſtructive to the Sex, that whatever Woman wore too much of it, muſt certainly run the hazard of the Worlds Opinion, who never look'd after what was really Good, but only after what appear'd ſo—— *Sincerity* in *Manners* was moſt abominable; what, wear ones *Motions* as ones *Thoughts?* If one told ones ſelf that ſuch a young *Fellow* was *agreeable*, muſt ones *Actions* tell the World *ſo*, and ſpeak ones Approbation? What, let the tell Tale-Eyes ſparkle out the odious deſire one had for the *ridiculous Creature*, that contemptible Animal, Man! How! give them *Vanity*, and ones ſelf *Cenſure!* 'twas unpardonable. If one had *deſire* (but how comes one by deſire for filthy Reptils, that grovel at ones Feet) wou'd one acquaint the World with ones *Foible?* Oh how neceſſary was Diſſimulation! how it bought Opinion! 'Twas like a *Veil* to the *Face*, conceal'd all that one wou'd not have diſclos'd to vulgar Eyes; and intirely at ones own pleaſure and diſcretion, when to wear or when to lay aſide.

This was the perpetual Subject of her Converſation with *Urania*. *Polydore*, who paſt all thoſe Moments apart from what was employ'd in his Education with his adorable Siſter, wou'd not fail to join her Party againſt *Harriat*, and argue for the Divine Precepts of Truth and openneſs in Manners. That Hypocriſie, a Sin in it ſelf, was only of uſe to heighten Sin, and not conceal it; for generally thoſe who veil'd the cloſeſt, ſtill left day enough for a skilful Diſcerner to diſcloſe the Cheat: And tho' the Diſcovery might not happen to be made but by one in ten Thouſond, ſuch might be the *Juſtice*, *good-Nature* and love of *Scandal* in that *one*, as

quickly to impart it to the many; and when once the Train takes, *Reputation* (for it runs like Wild-fire) is immediately blown *up*, and the Lady made contemptible upon a double ſcore, ſince Hipocriſy is certainly the very worſt Ingredient in the Character of any *Woman* of *Quality* or pretended *Honour*.

In this reſerve from the other Sex, *Urania* had attain'd to her Fifteenth Year. But then! her *better Angel*, too careleſs of his Charge, ſuffer'd an impious Paſſion to grow up with her: A fatal Tenderneſs for the too lovely *Polydore*; he burnt with the ſame criminal Deſires: Oh, how tender and abominable was their hourly Converſe, whilſt yet more innocent than after! Why, my enchanting Siſter (would he ſay) muſt Human Laws and Cuſtom take place of Nature's? Why is it not permitted me to marry *Urania?* Why muſt ſhe have any Husband but *Polydore?* Oh, how happy would it be for us, were we to reſign our too much valu'd Reaſon (which is not born with, but taught us) for that happy Inſtinct, that forbids not the *Brothers* and *Siſters* of the *feather'd kind*, to indulge their Appetites to each other: They pair; they breed; and know no Kindred, no Law, but Love. Wou'd it not be the ſame in the *Human-kind*, if themſelves had not made the Preſcription? Nature forbids it not; or rather gives a more indearing *guſto* to thoſe born of the ſame *Blood*. Did we err againſt her *Eternal Laws*, would not *Inſtinct* make the *Diſcovery?* Shou'd I find this delicious Flavour in the Kiſſes of my beauteous Siſter? Oh *Urania!* Tell me; Have you not a Sympathetick Pleaſure? Thy dear guilty Glances confeſs it; the

the glowings of thy lovely Lips; thy adorable Sighs, that follow the amorous preſſure of mine, confirm it. Can this *Contact*, which Nature makes ſo pleaſing, be againſt the Laws of *Nature?* —— Let Her be to us inſtead of *Jupiter!* Let Her be our *Deity*; let us fearleſly purſue Her Dictates; do all that She propoſes, and never believe it an Offence to *Kind*.

Thus did he purſue the artleſs *Urania*, whoſe Deſires were as potent as her Brother's. She was not permitted the Converſation of other *Youths*, nor did ſhe when once her guilty Wiſhes were center'd in *Polydore*) deſire it. They were ever together, and too often alone: Then Kiſſes and Indearments were their continual employ, in that waſte of Pleaſure ſacrificing the unthinking Hours, without leiſure to reflect upon the Crimes they purſu'd. How *young!* how *artleſs!* how unpractis'd in the Manners of the World, were theſe unhappy Orphans! without other Pleaſures to divert them from what they taſted in each other. How little did they hear of *Honour!* How ſeldom the ſound of *Glory!* They, to whom *Sincerity* was *natural*, knew no more but the outſide Profeſſions of *Harriat*, which gave 'em a diſgreeable Reliſh of it. *Polydore*'s *Preceptor* was one of thoſe who was a right *Pedant*; had nothing of the *fine Gentleman* in *himſelf*, or Man of *Honour*; and knew not how to infuſe it into *others*; his Buſineſs ſeem'd only to teach him the *Languages*, not to give his Mind the *Ornaments* of *Vertue*; he underſtood 'em not; his own narrow Education forbid it; and the inconſiderable advantage he made by *Polydore*, allow'd him not time, had he had the Capacity, to take thoſe neceſſary Meaſures

and indefatigable Pains, requiſite to accompliſh *Youth.*

How much to blame are Perſons of *Condition*, in being ſo little nice in what concerns thoſe People, to whoſe Conduct they commit the Education of their *Children?* Can they pay too largely for ſo great a *good?* Or can they believe, that a narrow *Genius*, a mercenary Temper, can infuſe great Thoughts and noble Sentiments into the Soul of the young *Imitator?* Thus too often is the unwary *Virgin* betray'd and ſold by the Neceſſities of thoſe about her; or her Temper *ſour'd*, and turn'd *averſe*, by the crabbed, *diſobliging*, *ill-tim'd* Severity of an undiſtinguiſhing *Governante*; who is ſo ignorant to believe, that the *All* of *Education* conſiſts in outward Behaviour, and a *modiſh* Carriage of the *Perſon*; whilſt the much more *nobler Part*, the uncultivated Mind, remains forgotten, or unheeded.

Theſe Lovers, ſo young and guilty, knew enough of Nature, only to know, there was ſtill behind ſomething *criminal* and *delightful*; *ſomething* that was repugnant to the Laws of *Honour* and *Cuſtom*. They wou'd often conſult about leaving the *Baron*'s Houſe, to retire themſelves into an unknown corner of the *Globe*; there, in ſome little Cottage, to conſummate their Wiſhes; where guiltleſs of Commerce with *Kindred* or *Acquaintance*, they might be all to themſelves; *Polydore* the Husband of *Urania*, and *Urania* the Wife of *Polydore*. But alas! What ſhould they do for means of *Suſtenance* in that little *Retreat?* The ardent *Brother* wou'd learn to *dig* or *plough* for his adorable *Siſter*; and the too loving Siſter *milk* or *ſpin* for her be-

beloved *Brother*. She had ſome *Jewels* which had been her Mother's; theſe they reſolv'd to ſell, to furniſh them with Neceſſaries in their *Pilgrimage*: Their Mother's *Fortune* was to be divided between them; but not till *Urania* was either *marry'd*, or *Polydore* of an Age to be the Maſter of his own. Their Impatiency would not permit 'em to ſtay that length of time; they were eager to proſecute the Reſolution they had taken: We may believe they conſider'd but little of the Conſequence: They talk'd of *Toil* and *Hardſhip*, as Indearments and Happineſs. The Day cou'd not wear away unpleaſantly, that was with it ſelf to give up theſe glowing Lovers to the ſucceſſive Extaſies of the guilty Night.

Whilſt they waited the ſeaſon of the *Baron*'s going into the Country, which they thought the moſt convenient Place to begin to ſet out from upon their deſtin'd Pilgrimage; theſe intended Wanderers imagin'd that time ran much too ſlow for the ſwiftneſs of their *Deſires*, their Impatiencies were mutual! *Urania* knew not what *Virtue* was, near the dangerous *Polydore!* inchanting *Love* with its powerful *Wand*, charm'd *Gigantick Honour* into an eaſy Slumber! Thus nodding! No wonder the eager watchful Brother found an unguarded Moment to compleat his *Happineſs* without the Forms of Marriage, or any binding Obligation but *Love*.

'Tis hard to ſay which was moſt *Ardent*; which was moſt *Guilty*; which moſt *unhappy* to themſelves; or which thought themſelves moſt *happy* in one another!

No ſooner had they drank of this *delicious Poiſon*, but *Urania* prov'd the Effects of it! a guilty

guilty *Pregnancy* immediately ſucceeded! nor did it diſturb their *Joys*, becauſe their *Reſolution* was before taken of leaving all for *Love*. In the mean time they loſt no Opportunity to repeat the *Delights*. *Harriat*, who beheld *Urania*'s Charms with invidious Eyes, cared not how ſeldom ſhe ſaw her: So that theſe unhappy Lovers had an uninterrupted Leiſure to indulge themſelves. At firſt more wary, they ſtole the *Joy* with *Awe* and *Trembling*; but by long Succeſs made *bold*, they ruſh'd to Happineſs without that Caution, ſo neceſſary to ſuch fatal *Circumſtances*. One wretched Moment as they were loſt in *Extaſie!* heedleſs of *Surprize*, and thoughtleſs of all Things but the Rapture they endured! *Harriat* (who had for ſome time ſuſpected the *inceſtuous Commerce*, the conſcious Door left unfaſtned) came and found 'em in the moſt guilty Moment upon *Urania*'s Bed, inchanted in each others Arms.

Harriat, *pleas'd* and yet *ſurpriz'd*, gave a Cry of Admiration and Averſion, and then vented herſelf in Reproaches, with an Aſſurance of immediately telling the *Baroneſs* what ſhe had diſcover'd. *Urania*'s *Charms* gave a Pleaſure in her *Ruin:* She was haſtily quitting the *Room* to do as ſhe had promis'd, when the lovely panting *Polydore* threw himſelf from the *Bed* at her *Knees*, and catching hold of her *Gown*, conjur'd her by all things dear to her ſelf, to pauſe upon the undoing of two *wretched Orphans*, who had for Her all the *Honour* and *Tenderneſs* imaginable. He vow'd with *Ardency*, that this was his firſt Attempt, and ſhould never be ſucceeded by *another!* that he wou'd bind himſelf by all things *Great* and *Solemn*, no more to ſollicite his lovely Siſter to a Conduct ſo *unworthy!* nay, farther,

wou'd

wou'd take the firſt Pretence to leave the *Houſe* and *Kingdom*, to ſecure what he had *promis'd*. He beg'd her with dying *Eyes*, and Heart-breaking *Sighs*, to have pity on their *Youth*, their *Quality*, their Relation to her ſelf, and what was moſt unhappy, to one another. She anſwer'd him, 'twas impoſſible, the Laws of *Honour* and *Religion* caus'd her to hold all ſuch unlawful *Delights* in Abomination, even if they were not of *Kindred* to each *other*; but ſince they were ſo *unhappy*, 'twas doubly *Monſtrous* and *Unpardonable*. That ſhe *loath'd*, *deteſted* and abominated the very Thoughts of guilty Love, without that *heightning Circumſtance*; but ſince it carry'd ſo *black*, ſo *foul* a *one*, ſhe was reſolv'd to expoſe 'em to all the *World*, as an Earneſt of that much greater Puniſhment they were to expect in the *next*. *Polydore* urg'd to her, that it was no new thing even in the Age they liv'd in. That her ſelf viſited the Widow Lady—— who was more than ſuſpected by all the World to live in the ſame guilty Commerce with the *Count de*—— her *Brother*, who for many Years had been ſo entirely fond of her, as to uſe his own Lady *barbarouſly*; a Woman of vaſt Fortune, infinitely *agreeable* and *innocent*; 'till his ill Uſage made her *otherwiſe*, leaving her whole Nights of her own ſide *alone*, whilſt he was on his *Siſter*'s, to whom he gave all the *outward Honours* of *Place*, *Attendance*, *Tenderneſs* and *Indearments*: Nay, (after his Lady by his Brutality had been expell'd the Houſe) he did not fail to keep his Siſter triumphantly there: Not only deſpiſing the *Cenſure* of the *World*, but by all open Indiſcretion, as if done on purpoſe, publickly incouraging of it.

That

That in like manner the Count of—— had had two Children by his *Sister*; of the latter of which she dy'd in *Child-bed*— Yet was it no *Article* against his *growing Greatness*; nor did any one make the Objection to his *Character*, when they found him at *Court*, in Power, caress'd, and favour'd; Master of the King's Ear, and often (by the Duties of his Place) in the Royal *Bed-chamber!* where after the Example of *Henriquez*'s Forgetfulness, none seem to remember that he had been guilty of the same Fault for which she was going to expose *him*, undo *Urania!* and render 'em both for ever *Ridiculous* and *Miserable!*

Nor was the Son of the Old *Chevalier*—suspected to be much more *innocent*. His *wild* and *charming* Sister having been early said to taste the guilty Sweets of Love from him—— Yet his first Lady (a Woman of the highest Fortune and Beauty) did not object it to him when she chose him for her *Husband*; and since marry'd again to another handsom *Lady*, and made a *Baron*. Had all these found so implacable a Discoverer as *her self*, how miserable must have been the remainder of their Lives! how forsaken, and wretched the Ladies! Therefore he once more conjur'd her, upon ten thousand Assurances of not repeating the *Crime!* to spare their *Youth*——If it were true that *Conscience* was her *Motive*, her Conscience ought to be satisfied with their Repentance. 'Twas all that even *Religion* cou'd *demand*; and therefore *Honour* ought not to be more rigid. He beg'd her to look forward to the *Ruin* it would *procure!* how the Report would stain their Noble *Family*. They were all of the same Blood, and that in

in expoſing *them*, ſhe expos'd but a part of her *ſelf*.

Harriat implacable, and deaf to all his *Prayers* and *Endeavours*, ſtrove to break his hold, and run from him. The Beautiful *Urania*, who hung her Head *aſham'd* and *humbled* at the fatal Diſcovery, with inceſſant falling *Tears*, and Heart-breaking *Sighs* and *Sobs*, attended the *Reſult*. But when ſhe ſaw that *Polydore* cou'd not prevail, but that cruel *Harriat* was going to expoſe 'em to their *Ruin*, ſhe threw her ſelf on her Knees, and catch'd the ſame hold on the other ſide, as did her *Brother*. She conjur'd her to ſpare her *Sex*, her Bloom of *Youth!* bid her reflect, that it was poſſible ſhe might be one Day ſenſible of the Sting of a lawleſs *Paſſion*, and ſome happy *Youth* (have Power from *Venus* and her *Son* to touch her Heart) either already *marry'd*, or by ſome unforeſeen *Accident* uncapable of *marrying her:* What then wou'd be her Pains? her Languiſhment? What her Redreſs? But the ſame forbidden Joys that they had been found guilty of, tho' not indeed heightned by the fatal Circumſtance of ſo near a Conſanguinity.

Harriat darted *Fire* and *Reproaches* from her Eyes, at the bare Suppoſition that ſhe could ever (on any Extremity) forget her *Duty!* her *Honour!* her *Religion!* her *Glory!* her adored *Virtue!* In ſhort a thouſand *Tautalogies* of the ſame kind. She told her, however ſoftned before by both their *Diſtreſs*, and her Brother's *Intreaty*, this laſt *Article* had ſo juſtly provoked *her*, that ſhe was firm in her Reſolution of telling the *Baroneſs*. Here ſhe ſtrove with all her Force to break from them; and they with united

united Prayers and Endeavours to retain her; 'till at length out of her ſelf with Impatiency, and deſire of blaſting *Urania*'s Honour, ſince ſhe cou'd not her *Beauty*, ſhe roughly threw *her* from her, and *Urania* fell grovelling on the *Ground*, where *Horriat* ſpurn'd at her with *Indignation* and *Scorn*; and ſeeing ſhe could not ſo eaſily get rid of *Polydore*, who by this laſt Action of hers againſt his Siſter became ſo incenſed that Rage fill'd his Eyes, ſhe cry'd out as loud as ſhe cou'd, and by Misfortune for the Lovers, the Baroneſs was juſt paſſing the Door to her own *Apartment*, and hearing her Daughter's Voice in a Tone ſo uncommon, ſhe haſtily enter'd the Room, and beheld that Scene of Diſorder and Diſtreſs, without being able to gueſs at the Meaning.

Harriat did not leave her long in that *Perplexity*, but rather improving it to a *greater*, by telling her with eager Exaggeration, the Wickedneſs of the Guilty *Pair*. *Polydore*, with the Boldneſs of a Lover, undaunted in the greateſt Danger! did not fail to retort the *Lye*, without heſitating upon the *good Breeding*, or *Truth* of the *Thing!* he told the *Baroneſs* his Couſin *Harriat* was *Splenetick! Ill-natur'd!* and *ſuſpicious!* ſhe had indeed found him leaning on the *Bed* by his Siſter, endeavouring to comfort her, for that ſhe was weeping with the exceſſive *Pain* and *Anguiſh* of her Teeth——The *Baroneſs* ask'd, if that was all, whence then came that ſuppliant and diſtreſsful Poſture ſhe had found 'em both in? She immediately reflected on a thouſand Circumſtances of their reputed *Fondneſs!* which had hitherto ſeem'd *Meritorious* to her; but above all, the indiſpoſition that *Urania*

nia had labour'd under for ſome Months; the alteration even in *Polydore*, who by an over-Sacrifice to Love at his early Years, had caſt a ſort of damp upon his growing Bloom. The *Baroneſs* deſir'd him to withdraw to his own Apartment: With a reſpectful Bow he obey'd her, and ſhe approach'd *Urania*, who was retir'd in Tears to the darkeſt corner of the Room. Having done what was neceſſary to ſatisfy her Curioſity, ſhe turn'd from her and wept, to find the Misfortune too manifeſt in her apparent growing bigneſs. She contented herſelf only with ſaying, unhappy *Urania!* wretched Daughter of an unhappy Mother! *unfortunate* and *lovely Niece!* where can this Diſaſter end? Oh Siſter! more Pain (coud'ſt thou but know it) than in thy Death! Here ſhe left the Room. *Harriat* with a malicious and triumphant Smile following of her, caſting an air of pleas'd Diſdain, and of delightful Scorn, upon the ruin'd Beauty.

The *Baroneſs* forbid her Daughter upon pain of her Diſpleaſure to ſpeak the leaſt tittle of the Misfortune; and immediately ordering a Chariot, with an unknown Livery, and ſix good Horſes to wait at one of the Town-Gates, ſhe ſent a Perſon ſhe could confide in to fetch *Urania*; who had Orders not to leave her 'till ſhe reſign'd her into the Hands of an old grave Relation, who liv'd in the Country at almoſt two hundred Miles diſtance, where ſhe was to be kept *Incognito* 'till her Lying-in; with a ſtrict injunction to her ſelf, not to write to *Polydore* of the Place where ſhe was; tho' care was taken by denying her the uſe of *Pen* and *Ink*, to put it out of her Power.

Love,

Love, ingenious to its own *relief*, wou'd have little regarded the *Baroneſs*'s Commands, nor her Threats, which had this extent, that upon finding *Urania* ever attempted to write to *Polydore*, her ſelf would diſown all future care of her, and ſhe ſhou'd be abandon'd in thoſe worſt of Circumſtances, to wander where ſhe could find relief. *Love*, I ſay, regardleſs of any *Hopes* or *Fears*, but what himſelf creates, would have attempted all hazards, could any have had the proſpect of ſucceeding; but *Urania* gueſs'd to ſecure a Letter to her lovely Brother, was impoſſible; that which they threatned her with as the higheſt *Puniſhment*, was what the Lovers had coveted as the higheſt *Happineſs*; ſhe had little reaſon to believe they would take leſs ſudden or leſs ſecure Methods with *Polydore* than her ſelf, to divide 'em from each other.

The *Relation* ſhe was with, was an old *Lady* who had trod the Paths of Honour unblamably, without that rigid nicety in her Temper, of condemning in others thoſe little Levities more pardonable in the firſt Morn of Life. And without ever having, her ſelf, been Criminal, ſhe did not ceaſe to have compaſſion for thoſe that were ſo; far from an over-bearing Pride, at having done her own Duty, ſhe tenderly exhorted others to a performance of theirs; nor did ſhe ſet too high a value upon her ſtrength of Honour, ſo as to ſcorn the weakneſſes of others; becauſe ſhe knew her ſupport was not from her ſelf, that the Gods alone had inabl'd her to evade the temptations of *Sigiſmund*'s luxurious Court, where ſhe had liv'd and flouriſh'd.

There was nothing of tender Exhortations omitted by her, to recal the Young Wanderer into

into the Road of *Honour*. She gave her a true Notion of *Virtue:* Wou'd weep with Tears of Indulgence over her growing *Infamy*, which every Day became more conſpicuous. *Urania*, who had had too heedleſs an Education, began to awake from her *Lethargy* of *Love*, to a Senſe of Glory; and as her Paſſion advanced for *That*, what ſhe had for her Brother diminiſh'd. But far from finding Eaſe to her tortur'd Soul by this Exchange, it became more anxious and deſpairing. She no ſooner was convinced of the unalterable Value a Lady ought to ſet upon her Honour, but ſhe found hers was ſacrificed to an *inceſtuous*, *lawleſs Paſſion!* abominable in all its Circumſtances! the Abhorrence even of the moſt *Vicious!* No ſooner was ſhe taught to admire *Chaſtity*, and all the *Virtues*, but ſhe found her ſelf deſtitute of the *greateſt!* That her Conduct had excluded her the Converſation of the *Good!* to waſte her *Bloom* of *Life* in Infamy and Mourning! This fatal Effect of her improſperous *Beauty* ſunk deeply into her Soul! ſhe became too ſenſible of what was her *Duty*, and too deſpairing at her Senſibility: Her guilty Paſſion gave place to a ſerene *Horror*, and fixt *Deſpair*; nor could all the Lady's chearful Tenderneſs, nor wiſe Endeavours to aſſwage her Anguiſh, give the leaſt Eaſe to her tortur'd *Remembrance*. How laviſhly the Tears ran from her *brilliant* Eyes! how inceſſantly ſhe mourn'd!--But when ſhe caſt her Thoughts and Looks upon her growing Bigneſs, when the approaching *Hour* ſtared her in the Face; that *Hour* which was to diſcloſe the inceſtuous *Birth!* ſhe rav'd! ſhe tore her Hair! ſhe wrung her Hands in Bitterneſs of *Woe!* ſhe travers'd the Floor with

guilty Rage! conſcious of her own Shame, and the Miſery wou'd be intail'd upon the unhappy *Infant!* where then was the Sweetneſs of thoſe tender Moments, to which it ow'd its *Entity?* Where that aſtoniſhing *Delight* to which ſhe had ſacrificed more than her *Glory?* By which ſhe had been made compleatly wicked, as well as compleatly wretched. The very *Remembrance* was *horrid*, *painful*, *tormenting*; ſhe wiſh'd to *dye!* ſhe reſolv'd to *dye!* and if ſhe did not inſtantly effect her Purpoſe, it was becauſe ſhe wou'd undergo the bitter Penance of *Reflection!* the hourly Torment of *unavailing Repentance! unavailing*, becauſe united *Waters* cou'd not waſh away her *Stain!* no *Mortification!* no *Amendment*, reſtore her to the World's *Opinion!* ſhe was ſatisfied *Harriat*'s Malice would diſcloſe her Crime. *Harriat*, who thought it render'd her *Virtue* more conſpicuous to find a Defect in any other's. Beſides her own *Conſcience* was like an avenging *Fury*, laſhing her with unintermitting *Snakes*, and infernal *Whips*.

Thoſe *decent*, *hourly* Preparations, that ſhe ſaw made by the indearing Lady for her down-lying, were as ſo many ſilent guilty Reproaches of her Crime. She was confirm'd ſhe would never live to uſe 'em: Her Thoughts, her Reſolutions, were bent on *Death*. Death! which lays aſleep our Pains, relieves our Wants; furniſh'd with all Things neceſſary, becauſe he takes away the Deſire to all Things.

Urania! (reſolv'd to meet him) when the Mother-Pains came upon her, forbore to *call!* ſhe forbore to *groan!* ſhe trembled for fear of being *aſſiſted!* ſhe dreaded to be reliev'd, ſince Life was her greateſt *Pain*, *Death* muſt be her greateſt

greateſt *Eaſe!* her throws redoubled! ſo did her *Reſolution!* ſhe drank her Tears, ſuppreſt her Cries, groan'd inwardly with ſtrongeſt Woe: In Intervals ſhe would reflect on what ſhe was about to do; Murder the *Innocent*, the *unborn hapleſs Infant*, who poſſibly might periſh with her for want of Aſſiſtance. At this ſhe would have ſtrange Meltings, and potent Struglings with her *Reſolutions*, the *Mother-Tenderneſs* came upon her; that meritorious *Tenderneſs*, common to all the Female-kind, and only leſs to be found in the Human! where *Reaſon*, if not deſtroys, yet weakens *Inſtinct*. But when by a Revolution of Thought, ſhe remembred it was the *Off-ſpring* of *Inceſtuous Joy*; that it muſt come branded into the World for ever unfortunate to its ſelf, by its Parent's Crime: She wiſh'd not to diſcloſe to Light a Wretch ſo miſerable! Then fortifying her *Reſolution* with conſcious *Pride*, *Honour*, and the World's *Opinion*, ſhe gave her ſelf new *Fortitude* to meet her *Fate*. Thus from one Anguiſh to another, ſhe wore out the bitter *Night*; and having paſſed that neceſſary Point of Time wherein the Womens Aſſiſtance was abſolutely neceſſary; ſhe fell into ſtrong Convulſions, in which ſhe was ſo happy as to loſe her Underſtanding: Thoſe Convulſions, fatal to the Infant, diſclos'd him to the *Light*; but not the *Light* to him.

Thus was ſhe found by her Attendant, who came as uſual in the Morning, to pay her Duty at her Bed-ſide: Phyſicians were ſent for, but their Art was vain: She dy'd about the ſame Hour ſhe was taken, and was privately interr'd with her Child. Happy in this, that ſhe left

not behind her ſo undoubted an Evidence of her inceſtuous Crime.

Virtue.] I am tenderly touch'd at the Misfortune of this young unhappy Beauty; her *Fault* was without *Excuſe*, and to be deteſted and avoided: But does it not ſeverely retort it ſelf upon the *Baroneſs*, for giving her ſo careleſs an Education? Young *Maids* of *Faſhion* cannot be watch'd with too much *Delicacy*; their *Complexions*, *Conſtitutions*, ought to be conſidered; the more *Amorous* ſhou'd be deny'd all heightnings of the *Paſſions:* Opera's, Romances, Books of *Love*, we will have excluded from their *Cloſet*. But above all, endearing *Intimacies*, and private Converſations, with the neareſt *Relations*, a Brother not excepted; leſt (as in the Caſe of *Urania*) the *Sex* prevail, and too much leiſure give 'em opportunity to exert their *Temper*. Early *Marriages* wou'd be of uſe to prevent thoſe Impatiencies natural to the *Amorous*. The Diverſion of *Cards* may be permitted; *Cards*, fatal to the *Avaritious*, and which ſhould be avoided with the utmoſt Care by the *Angry* and the *Covetous*; let 'em even exceed *Diverſion*, and make a *Buſineſs* of their *Play:* So it employ their Thoughts, and help to ſtem the Tide of *Nature*, that impetuouſly in them inclines to *Love*. *Retirement!* Solitude, too much time for *Reflection*, is to be deny'd 'em, becauſe thoſe *Reflections* are only favourable to their *Temper*. They cannot have too much of the *Publick*. *Hunting* is an admirable Amuſement, and of Benefit to Health: On the contrary, we forbid it to a Maid, *rude* of *Mind*; void of *Languiſhments* and *Softneſs*; *Inſenſible*, Hoydening, *ungainly Brisk*, *robuſtly Gay*, *exceſſively Maſculine*, and fitter for the *Camp* than the

the *Toilet*. 'Twou'd be too long to give all the Rules that are neceſſary; this general one may ſuffice. To watch the Aſcendancy of their *Temper*, and perpetually to ply 'em with the *Antitheſis*; ſince 'tis certain that *Nature* in it ſelf was never yet ſo *Bright*, but that it wanted the Refinement of Education: The *Ore* is but in the Lump 'till Education has ſeparated it from all thoſe *dark* and *ſordid* Mixtures, or Intervenings of Earth. Earth! that *Native* Source from which it took its earlieſt Form, its firſt Original.

Aſtrea.] Well have you concluded from the Beauteous *Urania*'s Misfortunes: I have *Pity* and *Indignation* at the Weakneſs of the *Race!* O Nature! why art thou ſo *Potent* and ſo *Faulty?* But my Lady *Intelligence* pray what befel her unhappy *Brother?* The no leſs guilty *Polydore*.

Intell.] His exceſſive Love for *Urania* caus'd him the Night after the Diſcovery to fall ill of a dangerous *Fever*; in the *Epilepſie*, he raved inceſſantly of his too charming *Siſter*, and would often ask where ſhe was? What they had done with her? For *Harriat*'s good Nature had taken Care to have him inform'd of her being carry'd away. He was confin'd to his own Apartment, and knew nothing of it, 'till ſhe was gone; then ſucceeded ſuch a Hurry of the *Thoughts* and *Paſſion*, as gave his *Blood* ſo dangerous a *Ferment*, that it was not thought poſſible for him to eſcape with Life; yet was he ſo unfortunate. His Fever left him, but his Strength did not return, he languiſh'd; he almoſt ſunk under the Pain of living! Thus he wore away the time (deplorably Melancholly) 'till his Siſter's Death, which *Harriat*, ſtill *Good-Natur'd*

and *kind*, did not fail to have him acquainted with. He resolved not to out-live her *Loss*. There was a *Fleet* of *Ships* setting out to fight the *Venetians*, with whom those of *Atalantis* were at War, without staying for Equipage, or almost any Conveniencies, *Polydore* stole out from the *Baron*'s, and cast himself in Quality of *Volunteer* aboard the *Admiral*. He knew that in an Engagement, his Post requir'd him to fight Sword in Hand by the Commander's side; it was not long before they met with a strong Squadron of the *Venetians*. *Polydore* did all that was necessary to bespeak *Courage* and *Despair*. The *Admiral* was charm'd with the too forward *Youth*; and twice had him rescued in his bold Attempt to Board the Enemy. Death only was the Business of *Polydore*, he was willing to retreat, because Captivity would make him still more wretched. To conclude, he fell at length at the *Admiral*'s Feet, by a Volly of Shot that came from the Small-Arms of the *Venetian Marines*, who in Turn boarded *them*. The *Admiral* after the Engagement, took care that his Body should be interr'd with all the Marks of *Honour*, that so great a *Courage* seem'd to merit, though his Quality was then *unknown*; nor after when it was discover'd, cou'd this Brave Commander accuse himself, for giving him a less honourable *Sepulchre* than his Birth deserved.

Harriat, pleas'd and triumphant at the Fate of these unhappy *Lovers*, pursu'd her Principles of Good-Nature, in censuring and exposing the Frailties of others. Nor did she wait for convincing Proofs; the very shadow of a Crime was sufficient for her to proclaim it *confirm'd*; her

her Eyes were perpetually where they ſhould not; broad open upon the *Faults* of every one, but her *own*; ſhe had long ſuſpected an Affair between the young *Widow*-Lady —— and the *Duke de* —— He had of late center'd all his Regards for the *Fair*, in this Beauty! he who before was a Lover at large, the whole Sex being too few for his unbounded Taſte of *Variety*, now became *reſerv'd* and regular. This charming Widow had the good Fortune to touch his *Heart*, whereas 'till then his *Senſe* had been only *gratify'd*; her *Reputation* ſtood fair in the World's Eſteem. Like a true Lover he made it his Buſineſs to preſerve it, and deny'd himſelf the Satisfaction of repeated Viſits, becauſe ſhe was a Woman of Condition; and ſo particularly agreebale, that the Eyes of all Mankind were upon her. However, to make her Empire as *eaſie* as *Diſcretion* could permit, ſhe did him the Honour to let him have an exact Journal of all the Viſits ſhe made; when to the *Prado*, *Opera*, *Comedy*, or *Apartment*; he omitted no Opportunity to ſnatch a Sight of her. One fatal Day, when the fine Widow had given him notice ſhe deſign'd a Viſit to the *Baroneſs* at ſuch an Hour; he came, but had the Mortification to find his own Dutcheſs there. Cards were propos'd, the *Duke* and his *Miſtreſs* found Reaſons for not ingaging: The *Dutcheſs* and the *Baroneſs*, with another Lady ſat down to *Ombre*: There was more Company, who ſeverally diverted themſelves as their Fancy led, either in Converſation, or to overlook the *Gameſters*. In that Chamber was a large *jet-out* Window, that open'd upon a delicious Garden, a Curtain of Crimſon Damask was let down before it, be-

cauſe the *Baroneſs* had taken a little Cold, and found her Reaſons for keeping the Room warm. The Widow-Lady—— in her *ſwimming*, *ſaun-tring*, *agreeable manner*, got her ſelf behind the Curtain, as if to be entertain'd with the Proſpect of the *Garden*. The *Duke* follow'd her, *bold*, *brave*, and a paſſionate Lover, he was reſolved to ſnatch the precious dangerous Moment. *Harriat* was at his *Dutcheſs*'s Elbow, a *Party* in her Play; but not able to mind the Cards, whilſt ſhe had a new Diſcovery in her Head, ſhe ſoftly roſe and came abruptly upon the happy *Duke*, who had all the Reaſon in the World to wiſh her in any other Place at that Minute.

Harriat had what ſhe wanted, and retir'd her ſelf with a *confuſed Smile*, and a ſort of bluſhing *Delight*, at the Diſcovery ſhe had made; the Duke follow'd, and ſaw too plainly by her *Manner*, that ſhe had ſeen what ſhe ſhould not ſee. The poor *Widow* (puniſh'd for her Indiſcretion) remain'd yet longer! aſtoniſh'd and near ſinking with Deſpair at what had happen'd! ſhe knew *Harriat* too well to expect her Silence! ſhe knew ſhe was going to expoſe her irremediably. Thus agitated, ſhe ſtole from the Company by a point of good Breeding, not to diſturb 'em with taking a formal Leave when they were engag'd; and no ſooner came home but ſhe cauſed her ſelf to be put to Bed, where the Pain of her Mind influenced and wrought her Blood to that *degree*, that it put her into a *Diſtemper*, which in a very few Days occaſion'd her *Death*.

The *Duke* inconſolable at her Loſs, left the Buſineſs of the *Town*, *Cards*, and *Love*, to give him-

himſelf up intirely to his Grief; all the World ſpoke of the prodigious Change in his manner of Life; ſome attributed it to *ſatiety* of *Pleaſures*; others that his great *Loſs* at *Play*, had made him wiſer by Experience, or that his *Dutcheſs's* Charms had reclaim'd him. But good-natur'd *Harriat* did not forbear to whiſper the true Cauſe; ſhe her ſelf only knew the Secret; the fine Widow's Death, which had occaſion'd the wonderful Alteration; and to corroborate, ſhe did not refuſe to tell one or two of her Confidents (as well qualify'd as her ſelf for keeping Secrets) the Adventure of the Window.

This buſy Whiſper, did not fail to come round to the *Duke*'s Ear, he vow'd Revenge upon the malicious Maid; to compaſs it, he conjur'd the Prince *de Majorca*, to whom no Attempt of that kind was ever unpleaſing, to oblige him ſo far as to endeavour to ſeduce that *Idol Honour* from the profeſſing *Harriat*. The Prince did all that was neceſſary to atteſt his Friendſhip for the *Duke*, and prepared himſelf for a regular *Siege*; he left nothing undone to gain her, *Vows*, *Oaths*, *high-bought Preſents*, all but *Marriage* (that was already over with him) yet nothing could ſhock her *Vertue*. 'Till at length he thought of attempting her in her own way, and ſacrific'd the Reputations of ſeveral who had oblig'd *him* and his *Friends* (for he was forc'd to tell her all that he *knew* or had *heard*) and then the Lady out of Exceſs of *Gratitude*, for giving in to her darling *Foible*, oblig'd him to his Wiſh. A ſtrange kind of *Paradox*, to truſt him with her *Honour*, for betraying that of *others!*

See the Effects of a guilty *Curiosity* and *Confidence*, the Lady reduc'd to the last Extremity! none but a pretended *Bigot* could have thought of such a Place to be disburthen'd of her *Shame!* the *Prince* has taken the true Pains that a Man of *Honour ought*. I suppose it will not be compleat 'till he has acquainted the Duke of the Success of his *Revenge*. For my part it shall be no Fault of mine, if poor *Urania* and the *Widow's* Memory have not their *Revenge*. *Ought we ever to Triumph over those Weaknesses in our Neighbour, to which Nature has made our selves* liable? *Tho' the Temptation be not always alike* Powerful; *yet, the time may come (as in* Harriat) *when concurring with our darling Passion, it irresistably betrays us into that very Misfortune, which we have so long ridicul'd in others!*

If your *Divinities* please to walk (the Moon lends us sufficient Light) I will carry you thro' the *Prado*, to the Entrance of the *Tuilleries*, where is situated Count *Biron's* Palace, who undoubtedly is wearing away his Hours) Sleep being not always indulgent to the Great) in his Favourite Diversion, *Gaming!* amidst all his Business of the State (for he was once *Minister* to the Princess of *Utopia*, an Island in the *Adriatick*) he pursu'd this! relieving himself from glorious Fatigues, by an In-glorious, as if he would show the World, that even in so great a Man it is impossible for *Virtue* to subsist without the relay of *Vice*.

Astrea.] Does your Ladyship's *Intelligence* extend to the Knowledge of those Ladies (we know 'em to be such by their Voices) who fill those three Coaches, that run along the Gravel-Road on the right Hand of us? they laugh loud and incessant-

ceſſantly. 'Tis certain they have neither the *Spleen* nor *Vapours!* or for the preſent ſeem to have forget 'em. Can any Perſons be more at their Eaſe? Sure theſe ſeem to unknow that there is a certain Portion of Miſery and Diſappointments allotted to all Men, which one time or other will aſſuredly overtake 'em. The very Conſideration is ſufficient, in my Opinion, to put a damp upon the Sereneſt, much more a Tumultous Joy.

Intell.] That is afflicting themſelves unprofitably; nothing ought to hinder Man from enjoying the *Preſent*, no Reflection of the *Future* carry away his Reliſh of the *Inſtant*, provided it be innocently employ'd. To one of right Underſtanding it will certainly happen thus; provided he be free from *Bodily Pains*, which, notwithſtanding the vain celebrated *Apothy* of the *Stoicks*, none was ever found to be inſenſible of, and whoever has pretended to the contrary, muſt be as *Ridiculous* as *Affected*.

But to ſatisfy your *Excellency*, theſe Ladies are of the new *Cabal*; a Sect (however innocent in it ſelf) that does not fail from meeting its ſhare of Cenſure from the World. Alas! what can they do? How unfortunate are Women? if they ſeek their Diverſion out of themſelves and include the other Sex, they muſt be *Criminal?* If in themſelves (as thoſe of the new *Cabal)* ſtill they are *Criminal?* Tho' *Cenſures* muſt carry their Imaginations a much greater length than I am able to do mine, to explain this *Hypotheſis* with Succeſs; they pretend to find in theſe the Vices of old *Rome* reviv'd; and quote you certain deteſtable Authors, who (to amuſe Poſterity) have introduc'd you laſting Monuments of *Vice*, which could only ſubſiſt in Imagination; and can in

rea-

reality have no other Foundation, than what are to be found in the Dreams of *Poets*, and the ill Nature of thoſe *Cenſurers*, who will have no Diverſions Innocent, but what themſelves advance!

Oh how laudable! how extraordinary! how wonderful! is the uncommon Happineſs of the *Cabal?* They have wiſely excluded that rapacious *Sex*, who making a Prey of the Honour of Ladies, find their greateſt Satisfaction (ſome few excepted) in boaſting of their good *Fortune*. The very *Chocolate-Houſes* being Witneſſes of their Self-Love, where promiſcuouſly, among the known and unknown, they expoſe the Letters of the Fair, explain the Miſterious, and refine upon the happy Part, in their redundancy of *Vanity*, conſulting nothing but what may feed the inſatiable *Hydra!*

The *Cabal* run no ſuch Dangers, they have all of Happineſs in themſelves! Two beautiful Ladies join'd in an Exceſs of *Amity* (no Word is tender enough to expreſs their new Delight) innocently embrace! for how can they be guilty? They vow eternal *Tenderneſs*, they exclude the Men, and condition that they will always do ſo. What Irregularity can there be in this? 'Tis true, ſome things may be ſtrain'd a little too far, and that cauſes Reflections to be caſt upon the *Reſt*. One of the Fair, could not defend her ſelf from receiving an importunate Viſit from a Perſon of the troubleſome Sex. The Lady who was her Favourite, came unexpectedly at the ſametime upon another. *Armida* heard her Chair ſet down in the Hall, and preſently knew her Voice, enquiring with Precipitation who was above? Having obſerv'd a common Coach at the Gate

with-

without a Livery: The Lover became ſurpriz'd to the laſt Degree, to ſee *Armida*'s; ſhe trembled! ſhe turn'd pale! ſhe conjur'd him to paſs into her Cloſet, and conſent to be conceal'd 'till the Lady was gone! His Curioſity made him as obliging as ſhe could deſire; he was no ſooner withdrawn, but his fair *Rival* entred the Chamber in-rag'd, her Voice ſhrill, her Tone inquiſitive and menacing, the Extreams of *Jealouſie* in her *Eyes* and *Air*. Where is this Inconſtant —— where is this Ungrateful Girl——? what happy Wretch is it upon whom you beſtow my *Rites!* to whom do you deliver the Poſſeſſion of My Kiſſes and Embraces? upon whom beſtow that Heart ſo invaluable, and for which I have paid the Equivalent! —— Come let us ſee this Monſter to whom my Happineſs is ſacrific'd——? Are you not ſufficiently warn'd by the Ruin of ſo many? are you alſo eager to be expoſed, to be undone, to be Food for Vanity, to fill the deteſtable Creatures with vain Glory! what Recompence?--- ah, what Satisfaction!—— Can there be in any Heart of *theirs*, more than in mine?—— Have *Toey* more Tenderneſs—more Endearments?—— their Truth cannot come in compariſon! beſides, they find their account in *Treachery* and Boaſting, their Pride is gratify'd; whilſt our Intereſt is in mutual *Secreſy*, in mutual *Juſtice*, and in mutal *Conſtancy*.

Such Excurſions as theſe, have given Occaſion to the Enemies of the *Cabal* to refine, as much as they pleaſe, upon the Miſteries of it; there are, who will not allow of *Innocency* in any *Intimacies*. Deteſtable *Cenſurers*, who after the manner of the *Athenians*, will not believe ſo great a Man as *Socrates* (him, whom the

Oracle

Oracle deliver'd to be the Wiſeſt of all Men) cou'd ſee every hour the Beauty of an *Alcibiades* without taxing his Senſibility. How did they recriminate for his Affection, for his Cares, his Tenderneſs, to the lovely *Youth?* how have they deliver'd him down to Poſterity, as blameable for a too guilty Paſſion, for his Beautiful Pupil?—— Since then it *is not in the Fate of even ſo wiſe a Man to avoid the Cenſure of the* Buſy *and the* Bold, *Care ought to be taken by others (leſs fortify'd againſt occaſion of Detraction, in declining ſuch unaccountable Intimacies) to prevent the ill-natur'd World's refining upon their myſterious Innocence.*

The Perſons who paſſed us in thoſe three Coaches, were returning from one of their private, I was going to ſay ſilent Meetings; but far be it from me to detract from any of the Attributes of the Sex. The Lady *L* —— and her Daughters make four of the *Cabal.* They have taken a little Lodging about twelve Furlongs from *Angela*, in a Place obſcure and pleaſant, with a Magazine of good Wine and neceſſary Conveniencies, as to Chambers of *Repoſe*, a tolerable *Garden*, and the *Country* in Proſpect. They wear away the indulgent happy Hours according to their own Taſte; their *Coaches* and *People* (of whom they always take as few with them as poſſible) are left to wait at the convenient diſtance of a Field in length, an eaſie Walk to their *Bower of Bliſs.* The Day and Hour of their *Rendezvous* is appointed beforehand; they meet, they careſs, they ſwear inviolable Secreſy and Amity; the Glaſs corroborates their Indearments, they momently exclude the *Men*, fortify themſelves in the Precepts of *Virtue* and *Chaſtity* againſt all their deteſtable undermining

ning Arts, arraign without Pity or Compaſſion thoſe who have been ſo unfortunate as to fall into their Snare: Propagate their Principles of expoſing them without Mercy ---------- Give Rules to ſuch of the *Cabal* who are not *Married*, how to behave themſelves to ſuch who they think fit they ſhould *Marry*; no ſuch weighty Affair being to be accompliſh'd without the mutual Conſent of the *Society:* At the ſame time lamenting the Cuſtom of the World, that has made it convenient (nay, almoſt indiſpenſible) for all Ladies once to marry. To thoſe that have Husbands, they have other Inſtructions, in which this is ſure to be one; to reſerve their *Heart*, their tender *Amity* for their *Fair Friend:* An Article in this well-bred wilfully-undiſtinguiſhing Age, which the Husband ſeems to be rarely ſollicitous of.

Thoſe who are, in their Opinion, ſo happy as to be releas'd from the impoſing Matrimonial Fetters, are thought the Ornament of the *Cabal*, and by all moſt happy: They claim an *Aſcendant*, a Right of *Governing*, of *Admitting* or *Excluding*, in both they are extreamly *nice*; with particular Reſerve to the Conſtitution of the *Novice*, they ſtrictly examin her Genius, whether it have fitted her for the Myſteries of the *Cabal*, as if ſhe may be rendred inſenſible on the ſide of *Nature*. *Nature*, who has the Trick of making them doat on the oppoſite improving *Sex*, for if her *Foible* be found directed to what Nature inſpires, ſhe is unanimouſly excluded, and particular Injunctions beſtow'd upon all the Members of this diſtinguiſhing *Society* from admitting her to their *Boſom*, or *initiating* her in *Myſteries* of their *Indearments*.

Secreſie

Secreſie alſo is a material *Article*; this they inviolably promiſe, nor is it the leaſt part of the Inſtruction given to a *new Bride*, leſt ſhe let her Husband into a *Myſtery* (however *innocent*) that may *expoſe* and *ridicule* the *Community*, as it hap'ned in the caſe of the beautiful Virgin *Euphelia*. No ſooner did ſhe appear as Attendant on the *Queen*, but the Eyes of all the *Circle* were directed to her; the Men ador'd: The Ladies wou'd have diſcover'd ſomething to deſtroy that Adoration, if it had been poſſible, except the Marchioneſs *de Lerma*, who Bold and Maſculine, loudly tax'd theſe invidious *Spectators* of ill Nature and Malice. She took the fair Maid into eſpecial Conſideration, ſhelter'd her under her diſtinguiſhing Protection; and, in ſhort, introduc'd her into the *Cabal*, of which they ſay, the Marchioneſs was one of the firſt Founders in *Atalantis*. Having ſomething ſo robuſt in her *Air* and *Mien*, that the other *Sex* wou'd have certainly claim'd her for one of *theirs*, if ſhe had not thought fit to declare her ſelf by her Habit (alone) to be of the *other*; inſomuch, that I have often heard it lamented by the Curious, who have tax'd themſelves of Negligence, and were intimate with her Lord, when living, that they did not deſire him to explain upon that *Query*.

Euphelia flouriſh'd under the Shine of ſo great a Favourite; the Marquiſs *de los Minos* fell in Love with her; there was nothing to obſtruct his Happineſs but the Marchioneſs *de Lerma*'s Jealouſy. Inrag'd to loſe her beautiful *Pupil*, ſhe travers'd her Advancement all that lay in her Power; but the Honour of ſuch a Marriage being conſpicuous on the Young Virgin's ſide, ſhe

was

was forc'd to give up the Secrets of the *Cabal*, and ſacrifice the Marchioneſs's *Honour*, to preſerve the Opinion of her *own*.

Some few ſuch Diſcoveries, have happen'd to caſt a Taint upon *Innocency* of the *Cabal*. How Malicious is the World? *Who would not avoid their Cenſure if it were poſſible?* We muſt do Juſtice to the Endeavours of the witty Marchioneſs of *Sandomire*, when ſhe uſed to Mask her Diverſions in the Habit of the other Sex, and with her Female Favourite *Ianthe* wander thro' the Gallant Quarter of *Atalantis* in ſearch of Adventures. But what Adventures? Good Heaven! none that could in *reality* wound her Chaſtity! Her Virtue ſacred to her Lord, and the Marriage-Bed, was preſerv'd Inviolable! For what could reflect back upon it with any Prejudice, in the little Liberties ſhe took with her own Sex? Whom ſhe us'd to Cajole, with the affected ſeeming Gallantry of the other. Ingage and carry them to the publick *Gardens*, and Houſes of Entertainment with *Muſick*, and all Diverſions. Theſe Creatures of Hire, fail'd not to find their Account, in obliging the *Marchioneſs*'s and *Ianthe*'s peculiar Taſte, by all the Liberties that belong'd to Women of their looſe Character and Indigence. *Tho' I ſhould look upon it as an exceſs of Mortification, were I the Marchioneſs, to ſee the Corruption of the Sex, and to what extreams Vice may ſtep by ſtep, lead thoſe who were born, and probably educated in the Road of Innocence. It may be ſurely counted an inhumane Curioſity, and ſhows a height of Courage, more blameable than otherwiſe, not to be dejected at the Brutality, the Degeneracy, of thoſe of our own Specie.*

The Vice Roy of *Peru*'s Lady has a more extensive Taste, her *Circle* admitting the Eminent of both *Sexes*. None can doubt of her Condescension to the *Men*, and because she will leave nothing undiscover'd or unattempted in the Map of *Tenderness*, she has encourag'd the warbling *Lindamire* (low as is her Rank) to explain to her the *Terra Incognita* of the *Cabal*. Not one of 'em but think themselves Honour'd by a Person of her Distinction and agreeable Merit. To compleat their Happiness they seem to wish (but I doubt it is in vain) that it were possible to exclude the other Sex, and ingross her wholly to their own. But alas! what Hopes? Her Heart, her Eyes, her Air, call for other Approbrations, the Admiration of the Men! In her alone that diffusive Vanity is pardonable, is taking. She undoubtedly knows her self born to greater Capacity of giving Happiness, than ought to fall to the Share of one Mortal; and therefore in her just and equal Distribution of Beauty, she seems to leave none of her numerous Favourites, solid Reason of Complaint, that they are not in their turn consider'd as they deserve.

One of the Ladies of the *Cabal*, that was in the leading Coach, is a *Writer*. The Chevalier *Pierro*, without having much Wit of his own, Married her for hers. A strong *Paradox!* for what is Musick to the Deaf, Beauty to the Blind? or the best *Italian* Strains to a Person without *Ear* or *Judgment?* Yet this was the Chevalier's Case, and he made an Admirable *Husband*; believing (as he ought) that his Wife was never in the *wrong*, nor himself in the *right*, but when she said so. Her Wit was

the

the leading Card, which he was ſure to follow, and like a *Lover* (rather than a *Husband*) never renounc'd. Add to this his *Youth*, good *Shape*, and an *Air* of the *World*, which might make him in moſt Companies, be eſteem'd a genteel Man. Though with the Addition, even of Gratitude, *Zara* could not find her Happineſs in him; but becauſe ſhe would do nothing againſt her Duty, and was a Slave profeſs'd to outward *Honour* and *Virtue*, ſhe oblig'd the Marquis——(who did her the Courteſy of ſome of his ſuperficial *Gallantries*) to dreſs in the Habit of her own Sex. Thus was the *Marine* Lover introduc'd into her very innermoſt Apartment, the *Cabinet*; ſacred to the *Muſes* and her ſelf, where her obſequious Husband durſt never approach uncall'd, nor was, but upon eminent Days of Grace, admitted.

The *Marquis*, who had a thouſand *Adventures* in his Head, could not reſt long upon any one. Beſides he had a *Left-hand* Wife that took up the real Tenderneſs of his Heart. What he beſtow'd upon others was but by way of Compariſon to endear her the more to him, and as a Foil to ſet off the Luſtre of her Charms. He ſoon grew weary of *Zara*'s Affair, not finding it poſſible to come up to the height of her Loveſick-romantick Expectations. She, who had all the *Muſes* in her Head, wanted to be careſs'd in a *Poetical* manner; her Lover by her good will ſhould not be leſs than *Apollo* in his Attributes of *Flame* and *Fancy*. Thus would ſhe have been *Adored*, but that was not to be expected from the *Marquis*, whoſe Heart was ingaged. Nor could any but a *Poet* anſwer the Extravagancies of a *Poeteſs*'s Expectation. Seignior *Mompellier* was new-

ly become the Fashion (his very just and admirable Poem having with Applause introduced him) this was a Lover indeed worth ten thousand of the Vulgar; nor was Cruelty one of his *Defects*, the fair Sex never had reason to complain of him that way. *Zara*, to the utmost extent of her *Poetical Capacity*, gave him to know in Printed *Heroicks*, that she did Justice to his extream Merit, not doubting, after this Advance, but he would be grateful to hers. But whether her not being a Beauty, or the *Seignior*'s having Wit enough for himself and a Mistriss too, caus'd him to slight that Talent, and to neglect his good Fortune; 'tis certain she now speaks of him in Terms that no way answers her beginning *Admiration*.

Thus discouraged by the Men, she fell into the Taste of the *Cabal*. *Daphne* was her Favourite. *Daphne*, who when she first set out to Travel the Road of Gallantry, had all the reason in the World to expect a lucky *Journey*, for her first Guide, (if you will believe her self) was no less a Person than Count *Fortunatus*. She had a Relation of hers that sued for a Post in the Count's *Brigade*; some small Acquaintance with his Lady, introduced her so far as his Antichamber, where she made one of the Petitioners. I have heard several divided in Opinion as to her Person, whether she should be esteem'd *pretty* or *indifferent*. Her Cheeks are by much too *sanguine*; neither with that Advantage, does the *White* assume gloss enough to pass for a good Complection. Her Eyes light and round, but brisk, and sometimes form themselves into a becoming *look*: Her *Teeth* indeed are *Admirable*. As to her Stature 'tis low; her *Shape* would be well *turned*, if something

thing of a certain *ſtiffneſs*, which ſuffers no part of the Perſon to move without the whole, were not unbecoming, to all. But ſhe has an Air of *Youth* and *Innocence*, which has been of excellent Uſe to her in thoſe Occaſions ſhe has ſince had to impoſe upon the World, as to Matters of Conduct! Her Aſpect being ſo fortunate, that one muſt wait to be convinced by *Proof*, before one can believe of her, what the generality of the World, are already ſo well acquainted with. The *Count* immediately by that very *Air*, diſtinguiſh'd and liked her; he approach'd with a Reſolution of *granting*, even before ſhe *asked*. Thus it was no hard matter for her to *ſucceed*: But becauſe the Place was too publick for what he deſign'd, he ſoftly bid her be in a Coach at ſix a Clock, before the Temple of *Minerva*, and he would not fail to attend her there, where they might have more liberty than at preſent, to enquire into the Merits of her Relation's Cauſe and Pretenſions.

This was not ſtumbling in the Dark to one of *Daphne*'s Converſation with the World, ſhe knew it amounted to a *Rendevouz*, which ſhe ought not to agree to, without reſolving to pay the Price, the *Count* would undoubtedly ſet upon what ſhe intended to requeſt, and he to grant; but having the Pretence of Buſineſs to *veil* her *Modeſty*, as thin as was that *Veil*, and as eaſily ſeen thro', ſhe aſſum'd it, and went to the meeting.

It appears ſtrange to me, that conſidering the Count's *Power* and *Riches*, ſhe did not make her Fortune by his Fondneſs. But I think there yet wants an Example of elevated *Generoſity* in him, to any of his Miſtreſſes, tho' the World can't diſpute but that he has had many: His way to pay the Favour, being to deſire the Lady to ſtudy

if there is any thing in his *Power*, by which he may oblige any *Relation* or *Friend* of *hers*; and that he will not fail to grant it. Thus every way a Husband of his *Money*, his *Reputation* and *Grandeur* procure him the good Fortune he *desires*: Though were the Ladies with whom he has a mind to converse, of my Taste, they would think his own very handsom Person a Reward sufficient for all the Charms they can bestow.

After the first run of the *Count*'s Favour, *Daphne* was forced to descend: All were not *Fortunatus*'s, that she saw her self obliged to endure. Then it was that she wrote for the *Stage*, sometimes with *ill* Fortune, sometimes with *indifferent*, and but once with *Success*; for which she was oblig'd to the long Experience and good Judgment of that excellent Tragedian *Roscius*; who was grown old in the Arms (if I may so call it) and Approbation of his Audience. *Roscius*, a sincere *Friend*, and Man of *Honour*; not to be corrupted, even by his way of Living and Manners, of those he hourly conversed with: *Roscius*, born for every thing that he thinks fit to undertake: Has *Wit* and *Morality*, *Fire* and *Judgment*, found *Sense* and good *Nature*: *Roscius*, who would have still been eminent in any Station of Life he had been called to; only unhappy to the World, in that it is not possible for him to bid Time stand still, and to permit him to endure for ever the Ornament of the Stage, the Delight of his Friends, and the Regret of all who shall one Day have the Misfortune to lose him.

See what it is to be so great a Man as is the *Count Fortunatus*, whose Favour is esteem-

ed

ed ſuch a piece of good *Fortune*, that the very Ladies can't poſſeſs it without Boaſting: They who diſdain to have their *Virtue* ſo much as ſuſpected for any *other*, do not forbear to proclaim the Sacrifice they have made to him; how elſe had the World been acquainted with his Affair with *Daphne*, and others? The *Count* himſelf (reſerv'd, and in good Correſpondence with his Wife) would never make theſe Matters his Diſcourſe. The *Count*, who does not ſeem by his Aſpect, to bear above him a deſire to thoſe inferior Diverſions: Born for ſomething more *Great* and *Noble*, than the Embraces of a *puny Girl:* Speaks only of *War* and *State*; of the *Camp* and *Cabinet*; and when he deſcends to talk of his darling Inclination, it is only the love of Riches that beſpeaks his Praiſe, and to which all other Things muſt, in his Opinion, ſubmit.

I could enumerate, were it not too tedious, many of *Daphne*'s Adventures; by which ſhe was become the Diverſion of as many of the Town as found her to their Taſte, and would purchaſe: Yet ſhe ſtill aſſum'd an Air of *Virtue pretended*, and was ever eloquent (according to her ſtiff manner) upon the *Foible* of others. She alſo fitted her ſelf with an excellent Mask call'd *Religion*; having as often changed, and as often profeſs'd her ſelf a *Votary* to that *Shrine*, where was to be found the moſt apparent Intereſt, or which *Prieſt* had the greateſt Art of Perſuading. One of *Ceres* at length fell to her Share; young, ſcarce initiated in her *Myſteries*, and not at all in the *Profits:* But a Husband was *Daphne*'s Buſineſs; the only means to prevent her from falling, (when her

Youth and Charms were upon the Wings) into extreme Contempt.

Zara, who had introduc'd her to the *Cabal*, but with infinite Anxiety ſuffer'd, that any *Lover* ſhould dare to engage where ſhe had fixed her *Heart:* But becauſe narrow Circumſtances do not always ſuffer People to do what they would, *Daphne* was ſtill forc'd to have *Lovers*; tho' if you'll believe her Profeſſions to her *Fair Friend*, they had no part in her *Inclinations*. In ſhort, they ſeem'd to live only for each other. *Zara*, whoſe Poetical Genius did not much lead her to the better *Oeconomy* of her *Family*, ſoon found the Inconveniencies of it. The poor Chevalier, her Husband, ſtemm'd the *Tide* as long as it was poſſible; at length oblig'd, by his indifferent Circumſtances, to put himſelf into the *Army*, and *Campaigns abroad*, he left his Lady at full liberty to purſue, with an uninterrupted *Gouſt*, her Taſte of *Amity*, and the Cabal.

But *Daphne*'s Marriage croſs'd her *Delights:* How does ſhe exclaim againſt that Breach of *Friendſhip* in the *Fair?* How regret the Authority of a *Husband*, who has boldly dar'd to carry his *Wife* into the Country? Where ſhe now ſets up for Regularity, and intends to be an Ornament to that Religion, which ſhe had once before abandon'd, and newly again profeſs'd. She will write no more for the Stage; 'tis *profane*, *indiſcreet*, *unpardonable:* Controverſie engroſſes all her Hours; the *Muſes* muſt give place: If ſhe have any *Fancy* or *Judgment*, we may juſtly expect to ſee ſomething Excellent from a Hand ſo well fitted (if Experience can fit) to paint the Defects and Beauties

of

of thoſe many *Opinions* ſhe has ſo often, and ſo *zealouſly embrac'd.*

There are others of the Cabal, that laviſh vaſt Sums upon their *Inamoretto*'s, with the *Empreſſment*, *Diligence* and *Warmth* of a beginning *Lover.* I could name a *Widow* or *two*, who have almoſt undone themſelves by their Profuſeneſs: So *ſacred* and *invincible* is their Principle of Amity, that Misfortunes cannot ſhake. In this little *Commonwealth* is no *Property*; whatever a *Lady* poſſeſſes, is, *ſans ceremony*, at the Service, and for the Uſe of her *Fair Friend*, without the vain *nice* ſcruple of being oblig'd. 'Tis her *Right*; the other diſputes it not; no, not ſo much as in *Thought*, they have no reſerve; mutual *Love* beſtows all things in common; 'twould be againſt the Dignity of the *Paſſion*, and unworthy ſuch exalted abſtracted *Notions* as theirs. How far *laudable* your *Divinities* will conclude of theſe tender *Amities* (with all poſſible Submiſſion) I refer to your better Judgments, and undiſputed *Prerogative* of ſetting the Stamp of Approbation, or Diſlike, upon all things.

Aſtrea.] It is ſomething ſo new and uncommon, ſo laudable and blameable, that we don't know how to *determine*; eſpecially wanting *light* even to gueſs at what you call the *Myſteries* of the *Cabal.* If only *tender Friendſhip*, inviolable and ſincere, be the regard, what can be more meritorious, or a truer Emblem of their Happineſs above? 'Tis by Imitation, the neareſt Approach they can make, a *Feint*, a diſtant *Landſhape* of immortal *Joys.* But if they carry it a length beyond what *Nature* deſign'd, and fortifie themſelves by theſe new-form'd

Amities

Amities againſt the *Hymenial Union*, or give their *Husbands* but a ſecond Place in their *Affection* and *Cares*; 'tis wrong and to be *blam'd*. Thus far to the *Merit* of the *Thing* it ſelf. But when we look with true regard to the World, if it permit a Shadow of *Suſpicion*, a bare *Imagination*, that the *Myſteries* they *pretend*, have any thing in 'em contrary to *Kind*, and that ſtrict *Modeſty* and *Vertue* do not *adorn* and *ſupport* their *Converſation*; 'tis to be avoided and *condemn'd*; leaſt they give Occaſion for *obſcene Laughter*, new invented *Satyr*, *fanciful Jealouſies*, and *impure Diſtruſts*, in that nice unforgiving Sex: Who *Arbitrarily* decide, that Woman was only created (with all her *Beauty*, *Softneſs*, *Paſſions* and compleat *Tenderneſs*) to adorn the *Husband*'s Reign, perfect his *Happineſs*, and propagate the *Kind*.

Intell.] The Moon continues favourable; ſee, your *Excellencies!* we are entring the *Tuilleries*. That *Palace* upon your Left, is the Count *Orgueil*'s, late the Ornament of the *Place*, till that towering Pile before us threatens to over-bear it; deſign'd for a more ſucceſsful Rival in Fortune's Favours than the *Count*. Ill can his haughty Soul admit this his *Canditate* in *Architecture*, as well as in other *Pretentions*. 'Tis ſaid he is every Day conſulting how to equal *his* to the proud Height of *that* Building: If the Foundation be not of Strength to ſupport thoſe Additions, he will however, by *ſuperficial Raiſings*, and *out-ſide Ornaments* (as are moſt of his) fix it for *Show*, ſince not for *Uſe*.

All is *dark* and *cloſe* about his *Palace*; the Count is much too good a Husband, but upon Viſiting-Days and extraordinary Occaſions, to permit thoſe vain *Illuminations*, which with ſo much

much *Oſtentation* blaze the Length of the *Tuilleries* from Count *Biron*'s; we have that long Walk of Trees before we come to it. Ha!——and are not thoſe Shrieks like as from a Woman in Diſtreſs? They ſound from that obſcure Quarter on the right of us: Good your *Divinities* let us approach; and if it be neceſſary aſſume a *Viſibility* to ſuccour the *Unhappy*.

Virtue.] Do you think, my dear *Aſtrea*, that 'twou'd be difficult to decide, whether my Lady *Intelligence* be agitated by a principle of *Curioſity* or *Charity?*

Aſtrea.] *Charity*, doubtleſs. She will tell you that upon this *Occaſion*, ſhe could not be *Charitable* if ſhe were not *Curious*. Ah! ſee, as we approach, there's a Gentleman who appears of *Faſhion*, making all the haſte he can from a Lady, whom probably he has *diſtreſs'd*; ſhe remains after him upon the *Seat*; let us go to her, ſhe may poſſibly want our *Aſſiſtance*.

Intell.] I got a glimpſe of the *Spark* enough to know him to be the Count de——— marry'd to a Lady very Beautiful, till ſhe grew a little too *groſs*. I knew he was a *Debauchee*, but not this way. His Talent is noted for *Drinking* and *Play*. Since he got rid of his Infatuation for that *wonderful Dutcheſs*, who without being either *Young* or in the leaſt *Handſom*, was twice marry'd for *Love*, the laſt time *prodigiouſly* to her *Advantage*, and to the *then* beautifulleſt *Youth* of the *Nobility*: Yet could it not oblige her *Conſtancy*. This Count and *Henriquez*'s youngeſt *Favourite*, were both her *Conqueſt*, and at the ſame time. Indeed, it would have been ſomething difficult for a Woman of her *Age*, *Face* and Shape, to have renounced

nounced the *Vanity* of being thought capable (with her uncommon Charms) to captivate two Perſons ſo *Young*, ſo *Handſom*, and of ſuch good *Intereſt* at *Court*; for this Court was alſo one of the *Favourites*, and as my *Princeſs* ſays, not *cruel*.

O Heavens! what do I ſee? The *Beautiful*, the *Innocent Elenora*, at this Midnight Hour in ſuch a *Solitude* as this, with a *Man* whoſe *Rank* and his *Circumſtance* of being *married*, makes any private Converſation highly *Scandalous*. You *ſhriek'd!* you call'd for *help!* how comes it that you were ſo *reduc'd?* How did you agree to ſo criminal an *Aſſignation?* It has the Appearance of being *voluntary!* there was no ſuch thing as bringing you to the *Tuilleries* alone, without your own Conſent and Approbation.

Elen.] O, I know your Ladyſhip! why was this good Office deſign'd me by one of ſo cenſorious a *Make?* You have indeed ſaved my *Virtue*, but may undo my *Reputation* of *Honour*, if you run away with the Appearance of Things, and do not ſuffer me to juſtifie my ſelf as to that particular of finding me alone with my *Lord* of——— at an Hour ſo blameable, and a Place ſo ſuſpicious.

Intell.] Believe me, there is nothing I more deſire; it is not my Principle to run away with Appearances. I love to be minutely inform'd; it's no fault of mine if you don't take the *Opportunity*. 'Tis the fineſt Night in the World, and this one of the moſt agreeable Parts of the Town. I can anſwer for the *Diſcretion* of my Two Companions, who may be very near as *curious* as my ſelf —— Ceaſe thoſe diſobliging Tears,

Tears, it ſhows a diffidence in us. My Buſineſs is indeed to give Intelligence of all Things; but I take *Truth* with me when I can get her. Sometimes indeed ſhe's ſo hard to recover, that Fame grows impatient, and will not ſuffer me to wait for her ſlow *Approach*; but that is not now the Caſe: I will patiently attend till you inform me of all Things.

Elon.] I muſt begin high; and have ſo many Particulars to relate, before I can ſet this Adventure in a proper Light, that I fear I may tire your Companions; however good and gracious your *Ladyſhip* appears, in ſeeming to lend a favourable Attention to my unfortunate Relation.

Virtue.] Do not fatigue your ſelf for that; you need be in no Pain, at the fear of giving us any. Something ſpeaks ſo *innocently beautiful*, in all you ſay or do! that next to the Pleaſure of having reliev'd you when diſtreſs'd, we ſhall find the greateſt in knowing what occaſion'd it.

Elen.] My Name you have heard; I was born in the *Country*, the Chevalier de —— was my *Father*, who dy'd when I was incapable of remembring him, and to my Misfortune ſo ſuddenly, that all his Eſtate, for want of time to diſpoſe it, fell to my eldeſt Brother. My Mother's *Jointure*, which is large, only remain'd to educate and provide for my Siſter and my ſelf. Nothing could have more Tenderneſs for us than had my *Lady*; ſhe retrench'd all ſuperfluous Expences, that ſhe might one Day be the better able, by what ſhe could ſave, to beſtow us in Marriage according to our Rank, and not beneath

beneath that of another *Sister* of ours, who had been *wedded* before my Father's *Death*. Thus we pass'd the first Years of our *Life*; my Elder *Brother* was to us a Miracle of *Goodness*, returning from the *Academy*, he sojourned with us, and shew'd no Inclination at all for *Marriage*. Without having part in the very *fine Gentleman*, he had a great one in the *Honest*; all that cou'd be *moral*, *indearing* and *plain*, was to be found in his *Conversation*. When we came to more advanced *Age*, lest want of *Fortune* might be a hindrance to our *Marriage*, he publickly declar'd that he wou'd make such an Addition to what my Lady had saved, as shou'd equal us to what my *Father* had given our elder *Sister*.

This immediately drew the Pretensions of several young Gentlemen, who durst not declare themselves whilst they were yet in doubt, whether our Fortune would answer the *Occasions* they had for *one*; among the rest a *Chevalier* of the Neighbourhood's *second Son*, named *Don Antonio*, fell to my Share; not by open Pretensions, but private Address; because without being an elder Brother he would not have been receiv'd by my *Mother*, and *Don Juan* my *Brother*. Whoever wou'd draw a true Resemblance of this Gentleman, ought to have more Skill in Painting than I have, his *Person* excepted; there 'tis easy to represent *him*; but his Mind! a Complication of *seeming*. Good and *real* Evil is impenetrable! He lends the *Clew* to none; there is no searching the *Recesses* of his *Breast*! 'Tis all *dark* and *benighted* to the attempting *Invader*. This one Inclination, the Love of *Money*, being alone *conspicuous* in him, one wou'd believe by his setting so great a Value upon it, that

that he had been born and bred to a *neceſſitous Fortune*; but it is no ſuch matter, his Father has wonderfully increas'd his, and lives in a perfect *Affluence* of all Things. *Antonio* is his ſecond *Son*, but moſt belov'd: The Eſtate of courſe muſt fall to the Eldeſt: There are alſo four *Daughters*, two of 'em have marry'd themſelves, and ſaved their Portions by the Means of their Father's irreconcileable *Temper*; ſo that what ready Money he can ſave, he reſolv'd to beſtow upon this *Gentleman*, whom he *educated* as one entirely at *eaſe*, and without the Pretenſions of *Buſineſs*, *Trade*, the *Law*, or any *Imployment*. *Antonio*'s *Perſon*, is what ſome may call *handſom*, but yet is not agreeable to all, becauſe nothing is ſo becoming as his Smiles, and thoſe he does beſtow but upon a few. Nothing can be whiter than his *Skin*, even to a *Fault*, becauſe it gives too great a Paleneſs to his *Face*; nay, even his *Lips* and *Cheeks* want that *Vivacity* that his *Youth* may expect. His Eyes are Blue, full of *Sweetneſs* and *Play*, when his *Soul* is in *tune*, but that is not often, becauſe his *Temper* is ruffled at *Trifles*. He thinks all the World has *Deſigns* upon him; even when he receives *good Offices*, he knows not how to think they are done him. Animated only by *Self-Intereſt*, no wonder he believes it the leading Principle of *Mankind*. He ſuſpects; he doubts; he objects; he does all things neceſſary to beſpeak his *Diffidence*, reſolving never to be *deceived*, he never *truſts*. He cannot take it into his Head that there are Perſons ſo void of *Self-Love*, as to prefer another's *Intereſt* to their *own*.

The

The *Joys* of *Friendſhip* are none to him; he talks indeed of it as a nice Piece of *Speculation*, ſomething that the *Poets* love to *buſy* themſelves *about*; *Dreams!* idle *Raptures!* a Heaven in *Imagination!* But what he ſtrictly believes had never any other *Being*. Yet he has a Manner ſo *ſincere* and open in *Appearance*, that the moſt wary are deceived by him; they believe he may be a *Friend*, till by melancholly Proof *convinc'd*, they are forc'd with me to acknowledge that he is *unfathomable*, ungrateful, and above all *Comprehenſion!*

For *Antonio* is not *wiſe* but *cunning*; he foreſees Things at twenty Years diſtance, as they muſt actually *happen*; and this only by his unalterable Principle of *Self-Love* and leiſure for much Reflection. I may even venture to ſay his unhappy *ſuſpicious Temper*, join'd to the greateſt *Self-Intereſt* that ever *Man* was *Maſter* of, has made him capable of being *wicked:* He does not love *Reading*, unleſs it be the *Opinions* of thoſe *Philoſophers* and *Atheiſts*, that concludes this *World* to be the *All* of *Life* we ever are to *taſte*. From their Doctrine he fortifies himſelf in *Miſchief*, and thinks he may *fearleſly* purſue the Dictates of his *Nature*, ſince he is never like to be ſummon'd to give an after-Account of his *Actions*. That Study which at firſt ſeem'd a meritorious Care of his future State, at a cloſer View, was found only occaſion'd by his deſire of ſetting his *Conſcience* at *reſt*; as to what Latitude he might venture to give his *Paſſions*. Confirm'd in Ill, he heſitates at nothing that may advance his *Intereſt* or his *Pleaſures*,

ſures; yet are his Pleaſures always ſubſervient to his *Intereſt*, and the Delight he takes in *Money*; even *Love*, tho' his Temper is Amorous, can't make him liberal. But his *Perſon* and *Addreſs* pleads for him, and ſaves him any other Expence.

His Converſation is ſoft and obliging, 'till his Deſigns have taken Effect, than *Poſitive*, *Arbitrary* and *Splenatick*, to thoſe over whom he has any Aſcendant. In ſhort, he has two Manners, ſo wonderfully different, that in being thoroughly acquainted with him, you are acquainted with two *Perſons* of as oppoſite *Tempers*, as ever you convers'd with. He Loves Muſick, performs like a Gentleman, his Voice is ſweet, with a tolerable Judgment, and a very pretty *Manner*.

I have been the more particular in his Deſcription, that you may the better judge of him. *Inclination* has blinded me; and tho' ſome of his Faults are *obvious*, yet I have lov'd him with 'em all; inceſſantly regretting, that I could not alſo eſteem him.

'Twould be too tedious to tell you, how I began to *love*, and the Methods he took to convince me of his. I was loſt before I reflected, and when I did, my Reflections came too late; for after all he had ſworn of inviolable Love, and never-ending Paſſion, his Deſign terminated not in Marriage. So cloſely had he carry'd his Pretentions, that my Mother and Brother knew nothing of 'em. The Liberty of the Country and near-neighbourhood gave us enough to meet every Day: He had made a particular Friendſhip with Don *Juan*, would *Hunt* with him, play at *Cards*, at *Cheſs*, or any other Diverſion,

but *Drinking*; to which he was an Enemy profeſs'd.

He wanted not Cunning to ſnatch every Opportunity, without their Suſpicion of his profeſſing Love to me. When I began to be convenced of it, it was not long before I was girateful. I permitted him to viſit me every *Night* when the Family was gone to reſt: The Garden was the Place we met in; I procured a Key for the *Back-gate*. What *Tender*, *Happy*, *Innocent Moments*, were thoſe I waſted with *Antonio?* A waſte indeed, becauſe they turn'd to no other Account, but to make me miſerable.

By long Succeſs, and reciprocal Aſſürances of Love, made bold, he advanced his Pretenſions ſo far, as to embrace and kiſs me, with a million of fond Endearments. At firſt my Heart was alarm'd, trembling and delighted; methought it was impoſſible that Nature ſhould reſerve for us ſo great a ſhare of *Sweetneſs* as I taſted by *Antonio*'s Careſſes. I *ſtruggled!* I *deny'd!* I *ſigh'd* when I *refuſed!* nor did thoſe *Refuſals* amount to any more than to endear the Pleaſure of *granting*. Whilſt he held me in his eager Arms, wandring o'er my Face and Neck, with ten thouſand ardent Breathings! Vows of Love, and Kiſſes of Delight! he would ask me if we muſt ſtop here?——— if there was not yet a Wiſh behind?——— A leading Deſire to more exalted Bliſs?——— Could I not gueſs at it?———Could I not inform my ſelf by his *Extaſies*, his tumultuous *Tremblings?* ——— Amorous, inceſſant *Sighs* and *Graſpings* ——— that there was yet a hurry of *Joys*, to be poſſeſs'd before a calm of Nature could enſue?

I was

I was *Young* and *Artleſs*; he ſpoke to the Paſſions within me; they all eccho'd back a ſimpathetick Anſwer —— I told him indeed, 'twas true, I wiſh'd to be his *Wife*, for methought there muſt be a Happineſs in that —— I got Courage to explain my ſelf thus far, having often wonder'd, that amidſt all his Endearments, he never had interceeded with me for *Marriage*. A *Virgin*'s *Bluſh* and Native *Modeſty*, had hitherto with-held me from ſpeaking to him of that *informing* Word. But ſo preſs'd, I thought the Occaſion favourable. He ſtarted at my Anſwer! his Deſires were damp'd! he grew *cold* and *ſilent*; releas'd my Body from his Embraces, folded his *Arms*, and walk'd off in Muſings and with Sighs. But they were Sighs of Sorrow, not of Love; ſo different in their Sound, ſo eaſily to be diſtinguiſh'd between what was Deſire, and what was Diſappointment.

I ſat down upon a Border of *Flowers* and fell a weeping, convinc'd of his Villany and Ingratitude. But confirm'd in my own *Dotage*, ſince even his Crime could not cure my *Paſſion*. I was pain'd! I was tormented! I was ſorry! but could not be indifferent. I was angry with his Sin, but not with him. After a number of *Tears*, *Sighs* and *Sobs* ſucceeded! my Heart heav'd and was oppreſſed ev'n to burſting! crying was no Relief! Grief roſe to choak me! I wanted *Breath!* I was expiring in diſappointed *Agonies*, while the *Barbarian* walk'd ſilent by me, in a profound *Reſuery*. At length my Paſſions were carrying of me into noiſy Fits; he began to be alarm'd for fear that our *Family* ſhould hear me, and therefore deign'd to come to my *Relief*. He

ſaid ſome few tender Things to recover me, begg'd my Pardon, and at the ſame Moment ask'd me what had diſturb'd me? He had ſaid nothing to diſcompoſe me; he lov'd me above all Things; would do all that I would have him, and never diſoblige me more.

We readily believe what we deſire; I was appeas'd, and grew calm, nay tender to the *Monſter*. I hop'd I had miſtook him, and gently ask'd (with all the *Innocence* of virtuous *Ignorance*) If it was not Marriage he deſign'd, what could he love me for? There was nothing elſe would make us happy; at leaſt I could anſwer for my ſelf, and was therefore *Apt* and *Fond* to judge the ſame of him. I ſhall never forget the *Traytor*'s Reply; it was to this Effect.

[You muſt know, he values himſelf upon never believing the Beſt of any one, nor what they would have him believe; and therefore could not eaſily come into the Opinion of my Modeſty. But ſetting himſelf down by me, and taking my *Hand*, which he vouchſafed to *Kiſs*, though with Coolneſs, he ſaid.] And are you really, my dear *Elonora*, ſo ignorant as you pretend? Do you believe *Love* has no other *Joys* but what are to be found in Marriage? If you look into the Opinion of *La Bruyere* (one of the greateſt of the Moderns) he will tell you, That it is ſometimes convenient, but never delightful. Should not we therefore be mad to purſue it, ſince we are not like to find our Account either way? I am a *younger Brother*; if I diſobey my Father, my Fortune will be ſtill to make. If he is diſoblig'd, or dies without a *Will*, I am a wretched Beggar. Do you not depend in the ſame manner upon your Mother's *Foible*, and

Don

Don *Juan*'s *Caprichio ?* They deſign you for the old *Baron* ——— (as your Brother tells me in Confidence) who has lately made 'em an advantagious Propoſal; there you will find a great Eſtate, Diſtinction, Quality, and in ſhort, whatever may buy you the Opinion of the *World*. And as to the Affairs of your *Heart*, I ſhall always be at your Devotion. A little *Diſcretion* will give us what means of *Happineſs* we can deſire. Thus will you at once be eſtabliſh'd and gatify'd; whereas in *marrying* me, what muſt enſue but Miſery? Can Love, do you think, ſubſiſt in the midſt of Want? Where there is no Enjoyments but it ſelf. Such Things have indeed been talk'd of, but where is it to be found? Among the ever-*Indigent* and *Poor:* Thoſe who are born *Wretches*, and know no Happineſs but that one; ſhut out from every Benefit of Life beſide, and are ſurpriz'd at the leaſt Taſte of any *Sweetneſs*. Whereas we that have known a Fulneſs, even to Satiety of all Things, and can but with the higheſt Impatiency brook the leaſt Diſappointment, are like to be but ill prepar'd to endure the greateſt. How hard is it to deſcend? How gloomy will be our *Joys?* How ſullen our *Temper?* How ſour'd by *Neceſſity?*——Can I look upon you as my *Happineſs*, that bring nothing but Fulneſs of *Cares*, and Numbers of Children? Your Beauty (now ſo conſpicuous) will quickly wither, by Time and Want, degenerated to Homelineſs: Your gentile Air of the World, loſt in mean Converſation: That modiſh Appearance, without Supplies, be reduc'd to Tatters. That nice Care, and thorough Cleanlineſs of Perſon, be exchang'd for *Neglect* and *Naſtineſs*; for how can it be otherwiſe to the Poor? I ſhall find

(with all my Love) but little Inclination to doat upon *Sluttiſhneſs* and *Filth!* Women indeed, whoſe Fondneſs takes away their uſe of Reaſon, or ſupplies the want of it, may not be ſo eaſily *diſguſted*; they can more boldly endure the Abſence of all Things, but of the *Man* they love. But ſhould I be ſo miſerable ſtill to doat, amidſt all my Neceſſities, upon a Wife ſo *Circumſtanc'd*; what *Villanies* would it not encourage me to commit to make her *eaſie?* How *Slaviſh*, how *Worldly?* In ſhort, how *Wicked* ſhould I not be, rather than ſuffer her to want thoſe Conveniences ſhe has been us'd too? But even with that Exceſs of *Fondneſs*, I ſhould ſtill live to ſee the Decay of it. Coldneſs ever begins, where *Youth* and *Beauty* ends. There are other Enjoyments allotted to ſupply the decay of Love, and to make us, with mutual Satisfaction, endure to run the remaining Stage, which is impoſſible to be had in a low or little Fortnne! Therefore, my Dear, conſider wiſely with your ſelf, how ruinous to both will ſuch an *Union* be: Nor in the leaſt conclude, becauſe my Reaſon abounds, that my Inclinations are not tender, or my Paſſion for you ſmall!

This long and very wiſe *Harangue*, in the Ears of a doating *Virgin*, ſcarce *fifteen*, was like to meet but with an indifferent Approbation; it ſeem'd to me *unanſwerable*. I reply'd only with my *Tears*, which *Antonio* obſerving, continu'd his Diſcourſe.

To ſhew you *Elonora* how dear you are to me, I will let you into ſome Paſſages of my Life, that have lately happen'd, and which are unknown to any but my Father and the Lady concern'd. Your own Diſcretion will tell you the

occaſion

occaſion there is for Secreſy: Nor ought you to tax mine for diſcovering of them, ſince done with that only deſign to make you wiſer than I have been, ſo as not to baulk any Opportunity that can raiſe you to be a *Baroneſs*. If you will dry your Tears, and give me the neceſſary Attention, I ſhall prepare my ſelf to entertain you.

You know the rich Widow *Lamira*, a Woman of very good Senſe, if ſhe were leſs Amorous. Her Husband was Old, to which ſhe attributes her having no Chrildren; tho' the malicious World ſays, that ſhe has endeavour'd to ſupply his Defects by many a younger *Gallant*. There is ſomething of a Relation between our Family and Hers: Taking that Liberty to diſcourſe my Father, ſhe told him that ſhe reſolv'd to marry again; but becauſe ſhe was *Thirty*, and never a *Beauty*, ſhe did not expect it could be upon the *Square* with any Body. All ſhe pretended, was to oblige ſome young Gentleman, that wanted a Fortune, with hers; provided he would be but regular, and preſerve the Appearance of a good Husband. If he were an honeſt Man, *Gratitude* would ingage him; and ſhe would take care to marry no Body that had not at leaſt the Reputation of one; therefore ſhe beſought his Advice, nay, and deſired he would recommend one to her Choice, that had the Approbation of his.

And to conclude, ſhe deſired him to take this along with him, That ſhe would not Marry at all, if ſhe did not hope to have Children; and therefore ſhe ſhould not be diſpleas'd at finding a Man who had given proof to the World of his Capacity that way, ſeeing ſhe could eaſily forgive (to be aſcertain'd of her Point) whatever little Ex-

curſions he had before been guilty of; provided after he married her, he did nothing but what a good Husband ought to do.

My Father imagin'd (as it was true) that ſhe directed her Deſigns to me; a ſilly Girl, when I was ſcarce any more than a Boy, having thought fit to honour me with the Title of Father, to a Child ſhe brought into the World: And for which I have been often forc'd to endure the little *Reproaches* and witty *Jeſts* of my Acquaintance. He ſmilingly told her, That if ſhe would truſt the Affair to his Management, he did not doubt but to bring her (to her own Houſe) the next Night at Supper, a Lover to her Mind. But the hardeſt Matter was to break the Buſineſs to me; he already knew of my Paſſion for you: For I, confirm'd in his Indulgence and good Senſe, had before conſulted him about it, and which he abſolutely diſapprov'd, for ſome of thoſe Reaſons which I diſcours'd to you juſt now; ſo that it was not without a very wiſe Introduction, that he declared himſelf to me. To be ſhort, his Arguments were ſo weighty, and the Reſpect I had for him ſo great, that he brought me over to his ſide. Tho' when I conſulted my Heart, for *Elonora*, it was not without a world of Reluctance, that I reſolv'd to marry my ſelf ſo much againſt my *Inclination*.

We waited upon the Lady at Supper, ſhe entertain'd us ſplendidly; there was only one *Friend* with her, in whom ſhe confided. The Conditions were ſoon agreed upon; ſhe conſented to Marry me, but charg'd the Gentleman to bring me at Ten the next Morning, and ſhe would

would then fix upon the Day to make me (what is vulgarly term'd) Happy.

I was ſtill in Bed, when her Friend came to ſummon me to the *Appointment*, having paſt the much more precious Hours of the Night, in this dear Garden with my Enchanting *Elonora*. He ſhaked his Head, and ſmil'd to ſee me ſo little forward to my *Happineſs*; but being ſoon dreſs'd, I attended him to the expecting *Lamira*'s.

Her Woman told us, in the *Antichamber*, that her Lady was ſtill in Bed, but that it was deſign'd as no Obſtacle to our Entrance into her Chamber. My ill-tim'd Modeſty offer'd to withdraw 'till a more convenient Hour; but the Friend, with whom this Matter was concerted, taking me by the Hand, in a Gallant and Free Manner, brought me to her Bed, I may ſay even into her *Arms*, for with an agreeable freedom he gave the Bed-cloaths an open *Toſs*, and threw me under 'em, telling us both, That as we were Man and Wife deſign'd, he wiſh'd us all *Happineſs*, 'till the *Prieſt* could be found to make us ſuch: Then briskly quitting the Room, he left me with all the Confuſion in my Mind, that cou'd poſſeſs a Man infinitely in Love with the handſomeſt Woman in the World; and yet in the Arms of one of the moſt Indifferent, that was in Love with him.

From a *falſe* Principle of *Reſpect*, or what you pleaſe to call it, I began to blame the Gentleman, to beg her to excuſe his Rudeneſs, and by riſing to put an end to my own: When the Amorous *Widow* (whoſe Body was only parted from mine by the *Linnen* ſhe wore) claſp'd me to her Boſom, and in repeated Sighs of Extaſies, ſhe cry'd, Do not depart, *Antonio!* have you ſo little Underſtanding?

ſtanding? Don't you ſee my Friend durſt not have preſum'd thus far, if he had not known it was acceptable to me? Could any thing have been more kind? Had *Elonora* ſaid but half ſo much, it would have rais'd a Paſſion in me able to have fir'd the World; but alas! I was cold, nay dead to all the *Widow's Advances!* Compariſon betray'd the mighty Difference between the *dear*, *ſoft*, *ſweet* Boſom of my *Adorable* and *Hers!*

But not abſolutely to diſguſt, I claſp'd and hugg'd her cloſe; nay even ſought her Lips, and *counterfeited Tranſports*, which *Elonora* in place had been *Reality*: Thus we toy'd away an hour without a further advance to Happineſs on my Side, not daring to imagine, a Lady whom I was immediately to marry, would forgive me an Attempt upon her Virtue. As I told you, I went upon a wrong Principle of Reſpect and Honour, and loſt her by it. For ſeeing that all ſhe could do, did not animate me beyond a few *Hugs* and *Kiſſes*, ſhe took me to be either very cold by Nature (and conſequently not a Husband for her purpoſe) or elſe one that did not like *Her*: Nor was ſhe miſtaken. Theſe were Faults in her Opinion never to be forgiven; ſo that letting fall her Arms from about my Neck, as if grown weary of the uſeleſs Load, ſhe call'd her Woman. *Lettice*, ſays ſhe, *bring ſome Cordial Water*: Poor Don *Antonio* is not well: I fear a *Lethargy* has ſeized him! We had beſt then, Madam, anſwer'd *Mademoiſel Pert*, ſend for a *Surgeon* to bleed him. I'm not certain, reply'd the Lady, that any thing can reſtore him; in my Opinion, his loſs of Spirits are irrecoverable. Here, without

Cere-

Ceremony, ſhe call'd for her Night-Gown and Slippers, and riſing before me, went into a little Dreſſing-room that join'd to the *Bed-chamber*.

I remain'd Speechleſs and Confounded at her prodigious Aſſurance; ſo, that getting off the Bed, I ſat down in an eaſie Chair, to reflect on what I had beſt to do. I thought 'twas but making an indifferent Figure, to follow and beg her to return, and I would endeavour to mend my Fault. The Deſign now appear'd plain to me; ſhe reſolved not to be diſappointed in a Husband, and would therefore try him beforehand.

Whilſt I was thus *reflecting*, and entirely irreſolute, ſeveral People of Quality (the Door being not now refus'd, as when I was ſo wretchedly happy, as to fill her Arms) came to her *Toilet*; amongſt the reſt, the *Chevalier* ——— who was wiſer than my ſelf, and found her large Poſſeſſions extremely convenient for him. I quitted the Room; and he being in *Lettice*'s Favour, had Advice of what had paſs'd, and ſo well manag'd the Widow's Reſentment, that they were marry'd before *Noon*, and went to *Bed*, from whence they did not riſe in three Days and three Nights. The Chevalier having in that Time ſo far prevail'd upon her Paſſions, that ſhe made a Deed of Settlement upon him of all ſhe was worth. The Minute ſhe had *executed* it, the Chevalier gave her a moſt reſpectful Bow, and deſir'd ſhe wou'd pleaſe to know her own *Apartment*, and not ſtir out from thence, without his *Conge*; elſe, ſhe muſt be pleas'd to make her own Choice, to what Place ſhe would retire; and endeavour to content her ſelf with the poor Income of four-

ſcore

ſcore Crowns a Year, that had brought him ſo many *Thouſands*. But above all, deſir'd her never again, to take it into her Head, to beſtow the Honour and Happineſs of her Bed, upon a Wretch ſo unworthy of it, as he acknowledg'd himſelf to be; for he had really took a Surfeit of Felicity, and could not poſſibly promiſe himſelf that ever he ſhould recover.

You ſee, my Dear *Elonora*, concluded *Don Antonio*, what I have loſt, by being too far prepoſſeſs'd by my Paſſion for you; do not imitate me, but reſolve with your ſelf, to make the *Baron* happy in your Perſon, and let me be Maſter of your Heart. None can cheriſh and value it ſo much——I ſee you are extremely *ſhock'd* at what I have ſaid. —— I will give you Time to reflect upon the Advantage of it. —— I hope you will allow me leave to ſee you thus to morrow Night, and then let me know your laſt Sentiments upon it.

Here Don *Antonio* departed, without the leaſt word of Anſwer, on my ſide, to all he had ſaid. When he was gone, I had my fill of Tears and Reflections, confounded at the Boldneſs he took in making me ſuch diſhonourable Propoſals. I wiſh'd to hate him, endeavour'd to hate him; I knew he deſerv'd it, but yet it was not in my Power to do it; tho' my Eyes were not ſhut upon his Faults, my Heart was open to his Beauties; yet fix'd upon the Rock of Honour, not Love could move the ſtrong Foundation.

It was break of Day, before I could reſolve to return to the Houſe; as I was in the Walk that led to it, I ſaw my Brother appear; there was Light enough for him, not only to diſcover me,

me; but to see that I had been *Weeping*. How, *Elonora*, said he, is this well done? In Tears! I have of late been inform'd of this your Midnight *Airings*, but would not believe it, 'till unhappily convinced.——— I think you know, that nothing is so Base and Unworthy as a Lye; it has been part of your Education. You shall use the freedom of a Friend with me, if a Brother be not more. Forget that any part of your Misfortune, may be displeasing to me, and let me know your *Distress*.——— I apprehend *Love* to be the Cause. I dread to hear that Don *Antonio* is the Man; because, I fear, he has not all the *Honour* for you I could wish.

Don *Juan* so successively importun'd me, that I told him all, even to the least Tittle, of what had pass'd between *Antonio* and my self, even my very Frailties. He sigh'd to hear it, but taking care to comfort me, ask'd if I thought my Resolution was strong enough to endure an Absence from him? I answer'd, that in all Things I would be govern'd by him. He prais'd and kiss'd, then press'd me tenderly in his Arms; and assur'd me my Interests were safe in his Care. He would do more for me than he had ever thought; and since he found so much *Discretion*, mingled with my *Love*, he would endeavour to make me happy in the latter; by offering *Antonio* such considerable Advantages (if they could but bring his Father to an Equivalent) that might leave him no Objections against their Marriage, provided he had not something too exalted in his Thoughts; some *Fairy* Views of raising his Fortune, beyond any Thing that yet seem'd promising or probable for him.

Ab-

Abſence may awaken his Love to a Fear of loſing you; I will deſire my Lady, as ſoon as ſhe is ſtirring, to carry you to *Angela*, to her Siſter's, you will find a multitude of Diverſions in that *Family*. You know my Aunt is as much a Woman of the World, as any; ſhe goes to *Court*, the *Opera*'s, *Prado*, *Aſſemblies*; loves *Cards* and *Viſits*: Thoſe Diverſions will be proper to make you ſupport the Abſence of a *Lover*. Nay, who knows, my Dear Siſter, purſued he with a Smile, but you may become a *very* Woman, in the Company of ſo many. Some *new Adorer* may ſupplant the Old. If you meet one worthy of you, I ſhould be very glad of it; for methinks I don't foreſee any great Portion of Happineſs; for whatever Lady Don *Antonio* marries, thro' all his Diſguiſe, I believe him Ill-natur'd. But that is not now the Point, it ſhall be his Fault if you are not gratify'd.

This charming Goodneſs from my Brother, made me reſolve never to diſobey him; and tho' I lov'd *Antonio* to all the height a Virgin could, that was fond of *Honour*, and knew the Value of Reputation and Glory; yet I reſolv'd to depart, without giving him Advice; pleas'd to think he ſhould find, after his baſe Propoſals, that I was capable to take a Part ſo worthy of me.

My Darling *Brother* took his laſt leave of me at the Coach-ſide, with a ſtrenuous Embrace. I wept to part with him, and caſting my Arms about his lov'd Neck, wet his Face with the Tears that ran from my Eyes; then kiſſing him often with Paſſion and Earneſtneſs, I was ſurpriz'd to ſee I had ting'd his Face and Linnen with ſome drops of Blood, that fell from my Noſe.

Noſe. I think this Accident has (by a prevailing Weakneſs) in all *Ages*, and in all *Countries*, been accounted *Ominous*. I gave a Cry of Aſtoniſhment, and told my Brother, I ſhould die; he would never ſee me again. He laugh'd at the Superſtition, and to comfort me, ſaid, If an ill Accident belong'd to it, it was not to be me that was to ſuffer, but ſome other; perhaps *Antonio*, added he, ſoftly. I bluſh'd as red as Fire at his Reproach, which was all the Anſwer I made him; but getting into the Coach, he wiſh'd us a good *Journey*, and we departed.

Don *Antonio* had been out that Day a Hunting, and had no Notice of our ſudden *Journey*. He did not doubt but my Love-ſick Heart, would bring me to the *Rendevouz*, as uſual; ſo that rendring himſelf at the Garden-Gate, by Virtue of his Key, he open'd it, and went directly to the Arbor, where I was wont to attend him; but was extremely ſurpriz'd, as you may imagine, when inſtead of me, he found my Brother, apparently in expectation of his coming.

I could never gain more of the Particulars that paſs'd, than what Don *Antonio*'s reſerv'd Temper (by Snatches and Reproaches) at times inform'd me. But to make it as Intelligible to you as poſſible, knowing too well the Humours of both Perſons concern'd, I will imagine an Order in their Diſcourſe, and relate it to you thus.

Tho', Firſt, you may be pleaſed to imagine, how great Don *Antonio*'s Confuſion muſt be, at being found, at being detected in and upon ſuch a Viſit, and at ſuch a time of Night, with a Key to another Man's Houſe, made uſe of in

ſuch

ſuch a clandeſtine manner. His Deſpight was ſo great, that to this Hour (as much as he pretends to Love) he could never forgive me, but fancy'd I was a Party in the *Deceit*, and that I had concerted with my *Brother* this way to Surprize him, that he might be made to declare himſelf. It had, indeed, a ſtronger Appearance, than he had for moſt of his *Suſpicions*; for he had this certainly to go upon, that Don *Juan*, would never have known the Arbor of our *Rendevouz*, if I had not acquainted him with it. So far is true; but I was not at all conſulted by him, in the deſign he had of meeting him *there*, nor in the fatal Accident that ſucceeded.

My Brother roſe to receive him as he enter'd the Arbor, and obſerving that Confuſion in him, which all his Preſence of Mind could not recover, deſir'd him to ſit and recompoſe himſelf; that *Elonora* was gone with my Lady to *Angela*, and he would take that Opportunity, to make him ſome Propoſals towards both their Happineſs. If it were true, that he had an Affection for her, which he muſt no longer Diſpute, having found him in a Place where he muſt have no other Deſigns, than to give her Teſtimonies of it, and in an *honourable manner*; ſince he could not but know, it was not in ſuch a Family as theirs, that he muſt form any that were otherwiſe.

This Reproach gave *Antonio* to know, that I open'd my ſelf to my *Brother*; he has Courage, and could ill brook any thing that look'd like Threatning: *Rage* ſucceeded his Surprize, ſo that *Stern* and full of *Ill-nature*, he made him this Reply.

Has

Has *Elonora* been ſo weak! ſo much a Girl, to expoſe me to her Brother? I deſpiſe her for it! and is he turn'd *Bravo* for his Siſter, to get her a Husband? Sure her ill Conduct has made her in ſtrange Neceſſities for one! I ſhall be a very unfit Perſon to ſerve ſuch a turn, or to be made a *Dupe!* the old *Baron* will do much better. I diſapprove of her *Deſigns* and *Tricks!* how great ſoever was my Paſſion for her, my Reſentment ſhall not be leſs; and whatever I intended before, I will not marry her now. —— Here he put his Hand upon his Sword, expecting Don *Juan* would require Satisfaction for his Abuſe of me; as it was too true. My Dear unhappy Brother, could not bear to have me revil'd, like a *baſe* Woman! he drew——— they fought ——— the Conſequence was this ———after ſome time, Don *Antonio*'s Fortune prevail'd: He run him through the Body, Don *Juan* fell at his Feet, and dy'd upon the Inſtant.

Permit me a few Tears, at the Remembrance of ſo amazing, ſo great a Loſs! where are Brothers to be found ſo dear, ſo tender, ſo moderate, as was Don *Juan?* All my Misfortunes took their *Æra* from his Death; he dy'd for me, in vindicating a *belov'd* Siſter, from the barbarous Aſperſions of a *Lover*, who himſelf ought to have loſt his Life, in defending me from thoſe of others; ſeeing I had as yet no Fault, but what proceeded from my too great Tenderneſs for him.

No ſooner had Don *Antonio* obtain'd this fatal Advantage, but he bethought himſelf of a Retreat: His Key was of uſe to him, he reſolv'd not to fly; there had not any Perſon ſeen him; he could not fear Don *Juan* had acquainted any

of his *Friends* or *Domeſticks*, with his Deſign of meeting him there; becauſe, a Siſter's *Honour* was ſo nicely concern'd in it. Alas! he exactly foreſaw how it would happen. My poor Brother's Body was found next Morning, by the Gardiner, but with no Weapon in it; for Don *Antonio* was ſo happy as to diſingage his; the Alarm was preſently given, the *Officers* of *Juſtice* ſent for, Search made, but nothing could be found, nor no true Judgment of the Perſon that had kill'd him. His *Watch* and *Purſe* were ſafe in his Pocket, ſo that they knew it was no *Robber*'s Attempt: Nor could it be ſuppos'd to be done by himſelf, becauſe his own Sword was *unſtain'd*, and fallen a length beyond *him*.

I was alone ſo unfortunate, as to be able to gueſs at the *Truth*; the Alarm came to *Angela*; my Mother *idoliz'd* Don *Juan*, we flew back to the Country, to have our laſt Sight of that dear Man: but ah! what Sight? *Pale*, *Bloodleſs*, *Ghaſtly Stern!* that Indignation, with which it was ſuppos'd, his Soul left his Body, remain'd impreſs'd upon his Face. My Mother's Grief could not have half the Force of mine; I *ſhriek'd*, I flung my ſelf upon him; nor minded the *Pollution* of my Garments and Perſons, ſtain'd by his Blood; Horror ſeiz'd me; I *roar'd* with *Anguiſh*, my Guilt reproach'd me; nor could any thing, but the higheſt Sence of my own Honour, hinder me from publiſhing my Opinion to the World, that Don *Antonio* was my Brother's *Murderer*. Never was a Scene ſo moving! my poor Mother drown'd in Sorrow, lay ſilently extended on one ſide of the breathleſs belov'd Body of her Son: I *frantick*, *reſtleſs*, and upbraided with my Guilt, threw my

ſelf

ſelf a thouſand times over *him* and *her*; my *Cries* and *Groans* made all the Houſe reſound. At length they tore me from the *Body*, which Love and Deſpair made me ſo unwilling to be parted from, that I dragg'd it after me, as they were removing me from him. The whole Care of the *Family* was transferr'd to me; not one but look'd upon me as a *Lunatick*: The *Phyſicians* were ſent for, who order'd prodigious Quantities of Blood to be taken away from me, and the Room to be entirely *darken'd*; they apprehended I ſhould grow *mad*, if I were not already ſo. And, becauſe I refus'd their *ſopo-riferous* Potions, or indeed, any Refreſhment, they held me, and by Violence made me ſwallow ſuch *Quantities*, that at length prevail'd over the *Diſtemper*, and forc'd me to a *Slumber*; from which, when I awoke, I found my ſelf ſo enfeebl'd by my Loſs of *Blood* and *Spirits*, that I neither had the *Will* nor *Capacity*, to renew my outragious *Mournings*.

But it was not ſo well with my poor *Mother*; her ſilent Sorrow, ſeiz'd with ſurer, more ſecure *Deſpair*; and quickly left the Phyſicians little Hopes of her Recovery. To be ſhort, hers was ſuch a *Lethargy* of Woe, that in very little time carry'd her from the World, without the Capacity of putting her Affairs in Order, or making any *Will* in favour of my unmarried Siſter, and my ſelf.

Ah! Don *Antonio*, what Miſeries do I not ſtand indebted to thee for! fatal Source of *Elonora*'s Woes! Will not the juſt Gods avenge me upon the Monſter? Will they not make him an Example, to deter others from diſhonourable *Purſuits*? Or is his Puniſhment deferr'd to a

long *hereafter?* that unhappy Mortals may wondering ſtand at gaze, *humbled* and *conſcious* of their *Incapacity*, which would *fathom* with the ſhort-ſighted Line of *Reaſon*, the *unfathomable* Decrees of *Providence!*

My youngeſt *Brother* ſucceeded to the *Eſtate*, but not to Don *Juan*'s Tenderneſs: He had married himſelf to the Diſlike of the whole *Family*, who had not convers'd with him in ſome Years; ſo that in taking Poſſeſſion, he brought his own and Wife's gloomy Reſentments along with him. My Mother's *Funeral* was no ſooner *ſolemniz'd*, but we were given to underſtand, that my Brother and his Lady deſir'd us to withdraw, for they wanted the Houſe to themſelves.

Whatever Addition Don *Juan* deſign'd us, was by his precipitate Fate, no more than Deſign: Nay, my Mother dying without a *Will*, what ſhe left behind her, was divided by an equal Diſtribution amongſt us *all*. So that from the Proſpect of being Happy in a Gentlewoman's *Fortune*, I ſaw my ſelf reduced to a very indifferent *one*, and ſufficiently humbled in my Pretenſions; not to aſpire to Match with any of thoſe, that would before have thought it their Honour and Advantage to have marry'd me.

My Mother's Siſter was our neareſt Relation; they thought fit to intruſt the Care of me with her; but I quickly found ſhe regarded nothing leſs, her own four beautiful Daughters being ſuffer'd to breed themſelves as well as they could; one had already marry'd much to her Diſadvantage, and there was little Proſpect of the others ſucceeding better. My Lady very

ſel-

ſeldom permitted 'em to come amongſt the *firſt-rate* Set of *Company* that ſhe kept her ſelf: *Cards* and Beaus were ſtill the *Buſineſs* of her *Hours:* She lov'd *Admiration*; ſhe lov'd *Flattery*; and though ſhe had gain'd that Age which is frightfully call'd *forty*, there was nothing of it in her *Humour* or *Diverſions*. A large Jointure, and a round Sum of Money that her indulgent Husband had left her, fail'd not to draw the Pretenſions of a world of younger *Brothers*, *Soldiers* of *Fortune*, and *Heirs*, who had blaz'd away theirs: Theſe were the Entertainment of her *Toilet* and *Table*; their Neceſſities would not ſuffer them to ſhare the Afternoon and Evening Hours, where nothing but high *Play*, and conſequently Perſons of better Purſes than they could pretend, were *then* thought fit Companions for her Ladyſhip.

I had ever an unfortunate *Genius* that *way*, and lov'd deep-play too well; my Aunt ſaw and incourag'd that *inconvenient* Taſte. My Fortune could no way pretend to keep up with *hers*; and yet I was always call'd to make one of the *Gameſters:* Her own Daughters were as very *Ideots* that way, as I wiſh I had ever been. They never were permitted to come amongſt us; their Youth and Beauty would have forbid my Lady's Pretenſions to *either*, and have hinder'd her to have been eſteem'd (what ſhe extremely affected to be thought) agreeable.

Whilſt I was thus every Day impairing of my Fortune, and amuſing the trouble of Mind I was in for poor *Don Juan*, and my Mother's *Death*, which I muſt ever look upon my ſelf to be the fatal Occaſion of, the *Count* that

you lately found with me, pretended to fall in love. I had often play'd with him; he loves the Diverſion too well, and has loſt a great deal of Money by it. I ſpeak to Ladies, who doubtleſs have, in their turns, made many more Conqueſts than a Beauty ſo mean as mine can pretend; and therefore are not ignorant of the Aſſiduity of a *new* Lover. The Count was marry'd, and had therefore his own Reputation to manage as well as mine: He was *diligent*, and *liberal*, a Quality by all Women valu'd in a Lover; not for the uſe they may make of it, but as a Proof of *their* Love: For it is certain, that true Love never yet knew what was *Property*; all is at the Devotion of the Perſon *beloved*; and whoever you obſerve to have a Reſerve in their *Fortune*, have always one in their *Heart*. The *Count* was *complaiſant* and *tender*; and tho' he be not eſteem'd one of the firſt Rank in *Underſtanding*, and *fine Senſe*, yet has he enough for a *Lover*; becauſe he always refers to the Perſon *beloved*, and gives nothing his Stamp of Approbation, that has not firſt had *hers*. Theſe Qualities have, doubtleſs, given him Succeſs in his Converſation with the *Fair*. As to my part, I had *Honour! Don Juan!* my Mother! and *Antonio!* in my Head; which all together, produc'd ſuch a medly of thinking, that left but little Room for the *Count* to mingle advantageouſly with that *Miſcellanea*, which intirely took up the *Thoughts* and *Sentiments* of my Soul.

Don Antonio may poſſibly have Reaſon to complain, that I have ſo long forgot to ſpeak of him, *Reſentment! Indignation! Grief! Abſence! Diverſion!* in ſhort, ſeveral things, but moſtly him-

himſelf, was of force to weaken his Intereſt in my Breaſt. I hourly refus'd him my *Eſteem*, at the ſame moment when I could not wean my ſelf of my *Love*; but it was ſo far ſuppreſſed, that it ſeem'd to leave me a reſpit of *Uneaſineſs*; I had no longer that extremity of *Pain* which is felt in *raging diſappointed* Paſſion; time had weakned and reduc'd it to a ſort of a *Letbargic Indolence*; with daily Promiſes of getting free, even from that; the Symptoms were ſo far *favourable*, that I ſhould not have doubted of Succeſs, if his *agreeable* Form had not again intruded to fill my Eyes, and my *Ideas*, with what had formerly ſo pleaſingly entertained them.

One Day, when my Aunt was engag'd abroad at Play, I was told, a Gentleman from the Country ask'd to ſpeak with me. I order'd his Admittance, not at all ſuſpecting *Antonio* would ever again have dar'd to approach me. He who had ſuffer'd me to endure ſuch a violent fit of Illneſs upon the Death of my *Brother*, without once coming to viſit, or ſending to enquire after me. Yet it was *He*; and luckily for me I was alone. When he appear'd, I gave a Cry of *Horror*, as if *Don Juan*'s Ghoſt had upbraided me, for converſing with his *Murderer*: My Blood curdl'd, my Heart ſunk, my Spirits failed, and having once or twice repeated my Outcry, I ſunk down upon the Floor, in a Fit of Swooning!

Don Antonio rais'd me, and call'd for help: It was a long time before I recover'd; the People withdrew, and I ſaw my ſelf alone with *him*. Is it thus *Elonora*, that you receive a faithful *Lover*, ſaid he? Is your Averſion ſo *tu-*

tuous? Muſt your Senſes all run into a *Hurry* at the ſight of me? Doubtleſs, 'tis your Conſcience that upbraids you: Your *Pride* and *Affectation* of *Honour*, ſacrific'd me to your *Brother*, you *betray'd* and *ridicul'd* me! reduc'd me to an Extremity, than which there could not be a greater. What a Figure do you think any one muſt make in my Circumſtances? Invading another's *Habitation* by a *falſe* Key, at an Hour ſo *obſcene*. Ah, believe me! tho' *Fortune* gave me the Advantage over Don *Juan*, I ſhall never forgive *Elonora* for making a Friend's Death ſo neceſſary to that State, I was (by her *Treachery* and Treaſon) reduc'd to.

'Tis much too long to entertain you with our Diſcourſe. I upbraided in my turn; I *wept*; I *lamented Don Juan*; I ask'd him, What he pretended? Why he would not ſuffer me to be at *eaſe*, and, if poſſible, to forget him? I knew I muſt now loſe all hopes of marrying him; not only upon the ſcore of my little Fortune, but my Brother's Death; which for ever forbid me to wed his *Murtherer*, tho' it were true, that he could reſolve to accept of me with a much more inconvenient Fortune, than when he had once before refus'd me. I therefore conjur'd him, by the Memory of that dear Brother, who had ſuffer'd by him, no more to viſit me; ſince that involuntary Love which ſtill poſſeſs'd me, could be fruitful in nothing but Diſquiets to us both.

Whilſt we were thus *expoſtulating*, my Aunt (diſappointed abroad of her Company) return'd. Being told who was with me, ſhe came to entertain *Antonio*, in reſpect for his Family. But Heavens! what a good Correſpondence immediately

mediately ſucceeded? They had not ſeen each other in three Years; *Antonio* was become a *Man!* Handſom! and *ſeemingly* well accompliſh'd! he put on all the *Softneſs* and *Affectation* of *Sweetneſs* and Complaiſance, that is ſo natural to him when he deſigns a *Conqueſt*. He told her he never ſaw any thing ſo handſom, and ſo improv'd as was her *Ladyſhip*; tho' by the way, that was but an odd ſort of Compliment, a Woman of forty being ſuppos'd to have but little Capacity of Improvement at that Age. Her *vain* Ladyſhip, to whom *Incenſe* and *Adoration* was acceptable, did not fail to receive it as her *Due*, and ſmil'd him an Anſwer of Approbation; and to be out of his Debt, ſhe in kind told him, ſhe cou'd not doubt of his *Merit*, ſince his Converſation gave ſuch extraordinary Proofs of *Wit* and *Judgment*, that nothing ever ſeem'd to be *juſter* or better *imagin'd* than all he ſaid.

Behold here the Foundation of an *Amour!* that however prepoſterous it ſeem'd to me, was very well fitted to the Humours of the Perſons concern'd. My Lady call'd for Cards, we went to *Ombre*; Don *Antonio* watch'd her Eyes, more than he minded his *Play*; my Lady was not at all *ingrateful*. She told him nothing had ever ſo much Sweetneſs as his Looks; that when he was a Boy they had miſtook him to be ill-natur'd! but certainly nothing cou'd be *ſo*, that had that *Softneſs* and *Beauty* in their *Eyes! Antonio* did not fail to return, that if there was any thing of *ſweet* and *tender*, 'twas all due to the Inſpiration of her own *Charms*, that had given his Heart a dance of Joy it had never known before; from whence it ſparkled to his Eyes in a manner wholly new and *ſurprizing* even to *himſelf*.

Tho'

Tho' I did not think that there was a Word of Truth in any thing *Don Antonio* ſaid; I could not help being piqu'd at it. I look'd upon her Ladyſhip's Face, where *forty* was writ in *Capitals*, I reflected upon my ſelf and found I cou'd not yet reckon ſixteen. Ay! but I conſider'd again, that Don *Antonio*'s real *Idol* was *Money*, and then I no longer doubted but he was in earneſt; conſcious of the prodigious Advantage her Ladyſhip had over me in that Point, I no longer argu'd for Precedency, but as it was reaſonable, I yielded her the Advantage, without any more diſpute.

Three ſuch diſtracted Players will not eaſily be found together again. Don *Antonio*, as I told you, ogled her *Ladyſhip*, and her *Ladyſhip* was not at all behind-hand with Don *Antonio*; I was remarking upon *Both*, ſo that the Cards play'd themſelves: At length Supper reliev'd us; my Aunt was never ſeen in ſo good a Humour; I was ſurpriz'd at it, and fancy'd ſomething of extraordinary in Don *Antonio*, ſince others ſaw him with the ſame Eyes that I did. I cou'd not doubt of her *Ladyſhip's* liking, becauſe ſhe receiv'd him with ſuch an Air of Diſtinction, that I had never ſeen her entertain any with, of all that numerous crowd of Pretenders that the largeneſs of her Fortune drew to her *Toilet*; amongſt which there were ſome *Handſome*; ſome Men of *Senſe* and *Faſhion*, and very few *diſagreeable*.

As he was taking his Leave, my *Aunt* ingag'd him to dine with us the next Day; but becauſe ſhe wou'd not that ſhe ſhou'd ſee her handſom Daughters, ſhe affected to be indiſpoſed, and wou'd dine in her *Dreſſing-Room*, with only Don *Antonio* and my ſelf; ſhe order'd me to be below

low Stairs, ready to receive and bring him up.

Conſidering the ſtate of my *Heart*, this was an Employment that held but an ill Correſpondence with it; however my Buſineſs was to obey. Don *Antonio*, without much Ceremony told me, he was very glad of that Opportunity of ſpeaking to me, to ingage me to ſerve him in the Deſigns he had of marrying my *Aunt*; that her Ladyſhip had made him Advances enough to encourage any younger Brother. He was grown wiſer ſince *Lamira*'s Adventure, and wou'd not loſe another *Widow*, thro' *vain Scruples*, and *nice Principles* of *Reſpect*; that tho' my Lady had *ten* Years the Diſadvantage in *Age*, yet he liked her *Perſon* and *Manner* far before *Lamira*'s; and ſince it was impoſſible ever for him to be my *Husband*, without undoing both, he cou'd not think of beſtowing himſelf in any place ſo much to my Advantage, and where he could not miſs of many Opportunities of ſerving me.

I anſwer'd, 'twas all very fine; that I found he took me to be as wiſe as I ought to be; that is to ſay, one without that Weakneſs, which had once poſſeſs'd my Heart in his Favour: But however indifferent I might be, ſtill I had too much Horror at the Thoughts of my *Aunt's* marrying the Murtherer of her *Nephew!* that if, for my own ſake, I had hitherto been ſo wiſe to conceal it from the World, I ſhou'd think my ſelf tied by *Honour* and *Duty* to confide the Secret in her *Ladyſhip*, to prevent her from falling into a Misfortune, that I ſhou'd always reckon amongſt the *greateſt*. *Antonio* bid me have a care of what I did; when once he took a *Reſolution* he always went through with it; that if I ſhould be ſo fooliſh, he would never forgive me;

me; and one way or another it ſhould abſolutely end in my Ruin: For if he loſt her Ladyſhip, there was no length his Reſentments would not carry him. And ſhould he over-bear my Diſcovery, and ſtill carry her, it would be a Thorn in his Thoughts, that could never be pulled out, but by my undoing———I anſwer'd, that I found he was an arbitrary Monarch, and muſt be obey'd.

My Relation grows already too long. I will contract it all I can, by telling you in ſhort, that her fond Ladyſhip ſtruck by an unerring Dart, (ſhe who every Day of her Life convers'd with Youths of *Addreſs! Beauty!* Quality! Gallantry and Fortune!) ſurrendred her ſelf to the bare appearance of a young Gentleman, educated in, and who had convers'd with almoſt nothing but People of the Country; yet Nature and Genius diſtinguiſh themſelves every where: He appear'd as *Polite* (when Spleen and Ill-nature had not the Aſcendants) as if he had been bred in a Court. I was made my Aunt's *Confidant*, and you need not doubt but for the Time infinitely in her Favour. I ſaw her *Doatage* ſo extreme, that I thought it would be an impoſſible Endeavour to cure her of it; and therefore ſaid nothing of poor Don *Juan*'s Death! It would but let her into a Secret that would make her mortally hate me, for having been once belov'd by her Darling Don *Antonio*.

The *Amour* went on ſo ſucceſsfully, that in leſs than a Month's time, they were *marry'd!* and my new Uncle as artificial as you can imagine, wore the Appearance of an extraordinary happy Husband. 'Till his firſt Ardors beginning to abate, he renewed thoſe he had for me, with that

that *impetuosity*, that I cannot describe: He assur'd me with ten thousand Oaths, that his only View in marrying with my Aunt, was to have an Opportunity of being in the same House with me: That he lov'd me after a lost manner; nay, had never ceas'd to love me, but was forc'd to dissemble it even with my self, lest the Ascendant I had over him should engage him to marry me, which would have been mutual Ruin to us both; for had I but seem'd inclin'd to ask, he could not have resisted me: Nay, he had yet been further pain'd, even to an Extent of Dissimulation, in pretending to love my *Aunt*, and engaging me in his Interests, he would be thought by that Action not to love me, lest (by my Tenderness to him) it should give him any Interruption in that only Design and Business of his Life, gaining an Opportunity of wearing away his Hours in the same House with me, without any Reflection to my Virtue or Honour.

See how I was invaded! The *Count* from without, my *Uncle* within! I had nothing but sollicitations to *Ruin* and *Dishonour*. Don *Antonio* quickly took the Alarm of the *Count*'s Passion and Design; for tho' it was not *obvious* to the disinterested, *Love* and *Jealousy* presently discover'd it to him; and this I thought was no slender Proof of my *Uncle*'s Sincerity: So far my *Frailty* and *Vanity* prevail'd, as not to be displeas'd at his first Returns to *Love* and *Me*. But when he incessantly importun'd me to make him Happy; my Virtue was apprehensive of the potent *Invader*, and did all that was necessary to avoid him. Fruitless were the Exhortations I made of Duty to his Lady; of mine to my Aunt; of what we both ow'd to Glory; he ever got the better of me at Argument; so that I declin'd the Field,

Field, and ſought my Safety by *Flight* and *Retreat*.

My *Aunt* kept an old reverend Gentlewoman, in quality of *Companion*; *Intriegues* and *Exceſs* had reduc'd her Fortune to nothing, all ſhe had to depend on, was her Ladyſhip's Favour; a ſlender *Tenure*, ſince nothing is more inconſtant than a Woman of Faſhion: Their *Paſſions*, *Approbations*, *Averſions*, having no Foundation, but *Opinion*. How few of us have true *Principles*, and how much fewer make uſe of even thoſe we have? *Emilia*, had ſufficiently experienced the *World*, and knew the true Value and Uſe of *Money*, though now ſhe was no longer Miſtreſs of any. She had a ſubtle contriving *Head*, and finding my Lady's Prepoſſeſſion for Don *Antonio*, was early in his *Intereſt*; and by that means made her Court ſo effectually, that ſhe had as great a ſhare in his Breaſt, as a Temper ſo dark as his would admit. She ſaw immediately how the World went with us, and as ſhe told her ſelf, thought it hard, if out of the Intrigues of ſuch a *Family*, ſhe could not one way or other make her ſelf neceſſary, ſo as to procure a Sum of Money, to purchaſe ſome little *Annuity*, to keep her *independant* of Favour, for the reſt of her Life.

She began to inſinuate her ſelf with me; ſhe had found the *Count*'s Pretenſions, and alſo the Duke de —— who was come into the preſent taſte of her Ladyſhip's *Viſitors* liking of me: She quickly found I was poſſeſs'd with what ſhe call'd that *Foible*, *Honour*; and read me a Lecture upon the Value of *Youth*, *Beauty* and *Money*; that whoever neglected to make uſe of the *former*, whilſt they had it, ought unpitied,

to

to want the other; not that, as ſhe remark'd, there was any great Hopes of making my Fortune, from the preſent State of my Affairs. The *Count* was eſteem'd more a *Debauchee* than a *Lover*; loſt exceſſively at Play, and had very little Money at Command. Beſides, by intervals he began to love his Wife, when ſome *Friend* had been ſo kind as to tell him, ſhe was eſteem'd by the Town very *handſom*. He thank'd him for his Diſcovery, promis'd to conſider her Charms; at the ſame time proteſting, that he had wore away ſo many Years with her, not at all ſtudious of her *Merit*, or having any other regard for her, than as to a Woman, whom he was bound to lead his Life with, 'till Death ſhould be ſo commodious to diſingage either of them.———As for the *Duke*, he was *Moroſe*, *Old* and *Sullen*, *Covetous* and *Cholorick*; uneaſie to his *Family*, and to all his *Intimates*. Neither had he ſo great a Command of Money as might be expected from a Man of his Quality, moſt of his Eſtate coming by his Lady; for it was ſaid when they married, that it was as it ſhould be in that Match, his Eminence wanted Money, and her Ladyſhip Honour: Therefore *Emilia* continu'd to remark, there was nothing very Advantagious for me to be expected here. I was quite out of the Road of hopes in my Aunt's Family, of making my Fortune by Marriage, or even getting an indifferent Husband; except I would do as one of her Daughters had done, take up with an *Inferior*, or marry the *Chaplain*; who, as ſhe aſſur'd me, had a great good Will towards me; but that ſhe believ'd my Heart was too deeply ingag'd to Don *Antonio*,

tonio, to think of such an unequal Establishment. In short, she insinuated her self so far, that I confess'd to her the Strength of our former Engagement, reserving to my self that only particular of Don *Juan*'s Death. She wore the Mask of Virtue in all her Conversation with me; and therefore I besought her Assistance (who was grown old in the Experience of the World) how to avoid Don *Antonio*'s Pursuits.

She had what she wanted, this weighty Secret, and away she went with it to Don *Antonio*; made him a thousand Offers of Service, and at length got into his Confidence. He told her he must enjoy me, either by Favour, Fraud, Force, or any other way but Money, which he thought by prudent Management might be saved. She advis'd him, however, to distress me that way, and either to win a considerable Sum of me at Play, or to procure some Friend of his that should, who might be answerable upon Honour, to give him back what I should lose. This hit *Antonio*'s *Vein*, he would be loth any thing Great should go out of the *Family*. But whilst they were contriving their Matters, Fortune really distress'd me, my *Aunt* and I lost considerably to the *Mock-Chevalier*; we were at another Lady's Basset-Table; and therefore his Worship was to come next Night to ours, to be paid his Winnings. My *Aunt* was to dissemble this Point to her young Husband, who was too fond of Money, to permit her Ladyship to squander it away, without reprimanding her, and reading Lectures against that inconvenient Pleasure, *Gaming*. She had now got a Master who had possess'd himself

(by

(by her Indulgence) of all her ready Money, with which he had very wiſely purchas'd an Eſtate for himſelf; ſo that ſhe knew no more than I did, how we ſhould ſave our *Honour* to the *Mock-Chevaliere*. At length it was come to that Extremity, that ſhe muſt borrow the Money upon her Diamond-Neck-lace, upon pretence of having it new-ſet, and which was a very good one; ſhe entruſted me with the Management: She could ſpare nothing elſe, becauſe *Antonio* often toſs'd over her Jewels, condemning Cuſtom for the vain Expence. I had recourſe to *Emilia*, being my ſelf not us'd to ſuch Affairs. She borrowed upon it as much (within fifty Pieces) as would ſatisfie for both our *Loſings:* But how to get fifty Pieces *more*, I was as much at a loſs as for the whole. Thoſe little *Ornaments* that I was Miſtreſs of, being already engag'd for Money the Day before, to go to that *Baſſet-Table*. *Emilia* and I conſulted all manner of ways: At length ſhe perſwaded me to try Don *Antonio*. I bluſh'd at her Propoſal; I knew he lov'd Money too well, to part with even ſuch a Trifle as that, without a *valuable Conſideration:* But Neceſſity oblig'd me to conſent, that ſhe ſhould ask him in my Name. But would you believe, ſhe came back *blank* and *amaz'd?* All the Favours our Sex could beſtow, were not, in his Opinion, worth fifty Pieces. However, he refus'd her by a civil Pretence, and ſaid, he really had not half that Sum at preſent in his Power, having ſo lately made his Purchaſe; but advis'd her to try the *Duke*, or the *Count*, who could not with any Aſſurance, refuſe her, becauſe they often play'd, eſpecially the latter; and let what

would happen; never wanted ready Money for *that*. Here we were again at our Wit's end; the Count was at his *Villa*, and not expected 'till Evening; the *Duke*, I was more unwilling to have the Obligations to than any: Not that it was a Sum considerable enough, to expect my Favours in return; and I assur'd my self in a few Days, of being able to repay it. —— Time press'd, my *Honour* was engag'd; *Emilia* told me, 'twas nothing,——she would go her self and make him the Request. She wrote a Note to him, as from an unknown, and did all that was necessary to raise his Curiosity. His Eminence sent for her, and gave her a private Audience; he did not know her Person, nor had ever seen her at my *Aunt*'s; she told him this Story, That a young Lady very handsom, and whom she durst promise would be to his *Highness*'s *Taste*, had lost a sum of Money at Play, which she had borrow'd upon her *Jewels*; and least her Mother should miss them, requested the Favour of his Eminence to lend her Fifty Pieces; in return of which, he might expect those *Virgin Favours*, that had never yet been bestow'd upon any.

Emilia exceeded her Commission to gain her Point, not doubting but to find a means of retreat, should his Eminence be willing to part with his Money, as she had very great hopes. He kindled at the mention of a young Beauty, fallen in Love with him! and led her on as if he was infinitely *Charm'd*, 'till the killing Demand came of Fifty Pieces; then he turn'd upon his *Heel*, *cool'd* and *pall'd*; yet civilly told her, he should have been inexpressibly Happy in the Offer she made him, but that he happen'd not

not to be at Liberty for any ſuch good Fortune, becauſe his *Heart* and *Inclinations* were already engag'd. —— *Emilia* follow'd after, and ſoftly whiſpering, How if the beauteous *Elonora* were diſtreſs'd, would not your Highneſs be proud of ſerving her with ſuch a Trifle? Though ſhe were not diſpoſed to make good all the falſe Promiſes I have given of an imaginary *Country-Beauty*. How! the charming *Elonora!* anſwer'd he, all ſurpriz'd; my whole Eſtate is at her Devotion; ſhe ſhan't want Fifty Pieces. The Dutcheſs is in the Country, we have the Houſe to our ſelves; ſhe may come *Incognito* to receive the Money, a Hackney-Chair brings her even into this very Chamber, without any one's Knowledge. Haſte! and in fetching her, give her this Aſſurance, That it is not my Fault if ſhe want any thing that ſhe thinks fit to Command. *Emilia* told him, That ſhe durſt make me no ſuch Propoſal; if he would pleaſe to ſend the Fifty Pieces, and be at the Baſſet-Table in the Evening, he might receive her Acknowledgments; and, perhaps, (if Fortune was propitious) his Money again; but ſhe could not promiſe any other Reward. —— And I am too old and too wiſe, anſwer'd the Duke, to grant without —— How! Fifty Pieces, for the Honour of only obliging a Lady, who propoſes no other Payment but Thanks! Theſe are not Times to ſquander away Fifty Pieces for nothing. If ſhe thinks fit to oblige me, I ſhall be at home 'till after Dinner, in expectation of her Commands.

Emilia went back to her Coach *forlorn* and *diſappointed*, confirm'd more than ever, in her value for Money. She found it was hard to come

by, since even the *Young* and *Handsom* could not command it, without a more valuable Consideration. As her Thoughts were thus busied, she saw the *Count* pass her, in his travelling Coach, just return'd to Town; she call'd to hers to stop; the Count knew her Voice, saw her Person, and did the like to his; then alighting, came and ask'd, if she had any Commands from him, on the beauteous *Elonora*'s Part? For if he was not mistaken, she seem'd to have a Desire to speak with him. She told him, if he would please to step into her Coach, she would tell him the Affair; which she did in all its Circumstances. Don *Antonio*'s Refusal, and the *Duke*'s Proposal. The generous Count red'ned with Indignation, to find one, as he said, so Covetous, and the other so Mercenary; and yet both *unworthily* pretending to be *Lovers*. Then taking out his Pocket-Book, in which were three Bills, two of fifty each, and the third of five hundred Pieces; the last he put into her Hands, and bid her assure the enchanting *Elonora*, (I use his own Terms) that he was so far glad of her Distress, as that it gave him an Opportunity (tho' but by such a Trifle) to show Part of the unbounded Respect and Value he had for her.

Elonora would have refus'd the five hundred, and took one of the fifty Pound Bills, but he begg'd her not to think of that; it was not a Sum fit for *Elonora* to borrow, or for him to lend. It might be useful to her, and help to recover her late Losses; but if he durst presume to advise, it should be, not to venture any more with the *Mock-Chevalier*, who would always prevail by an Art, of which he was very well

well assur'd, against all those he should play with. —— Conjur'd her to present me with his most humble Duty, and that when I thought him Worthy, he hop'd I might be brought to make him Happy.

The Necessities my ill Conduct had reduc'd me to, forc'd me to receive this Money as a piece of good Fortune, that I had all the reason in the World to be satisfied with; but my Virtue reprov'd me against having an Obligation to a marry'd Man. *Emilia* laugh'd at my Scruple, and made none at all in accepting fifty of those Pieces that I presented her, which she thought she very well deserv'd, for procuring me the Five Hundred.

Don *Antonio* did not fail to enquire how she had succeeded; which when she had told him, speaking of the Count, Let him have her, cry'd he, since he is such a Fool. He will make my Work the easier, he may buy her Person, but I am assur'd of her Heart: I'm not so nice in *Precedency*, provided I but have her. No matter, whether I am First or Second; let him combat (and, if he can, overcome) that gigantick Monster, *Honour*. I love lazy Pleasures, and shall be well pleas'd to come into the *Quarry*, without the Fatigue of the *Chace*: When once she is dispossest of that *Fantom*, my Work will be easy. If I'm not mistaken, she is in a fair way; for when once a Woman, so Heroick as *Elonora*, comes to receive Obligations, rather than to be stain'd with that Vice of low and vulgar Souls, *Ingratitude*, she will run into a much greater, and depart from even her Virtue, to maintain her Gratitude.

I was but little pleas'd to find what a good Husband Don *Antonio* was, both of his Money and his Pains: I saw the Count, but not without Confusion, my Blood would mount to my Face, and disorder both, for he could not see mine without an equal share. When I was about to thank and assure him of returning the Obligation, the first Money I was Mistress of; he prayed me to speak no more of it, that he thought himself more than paid, by the Service he had done me; and assur'd me there was nothing of his in his own Power, that was not as much in mine.

I had all the reason in the World to conclude, that I was belov'd of him. I was so far Grateful, as to wish it were in the Fates that I could make him easy. But since my *Honour* and *Virtue* could stand the Test, even of *Gratitude*, for *him*, and *Inclination* for *Antonio*; there was no other way, but to use his own Endeavours, to overcome a Passion, fatal in its Consequence to him, if *unregarded*, or to me, if *rewarded*.

Don *Antonio* had still the Assurance to sollicite me; I yet lov'd him, tho' I hated him; a *Paradox* that may easily be reconcil'd by those that know our Passions are Involuntary, and the Opposition of Reason and Inclination. This Day, after his Lady was gone to her *Villa*, which is about six Leagues distant from *Angela*, my Uncle came and told me there was to be *Musick* in the *Tuilleries*, and if I would take *Emilia* with me, he would do himself the Honour to wait on me: He knew I lov'd what was Good, and the Character he had heard of this, rais'd my Expectations. I was for taking our young beauteous Cousins; but my Uncle said,

'twould

'twould diſoblige her Ladyſhip, who had order'd they ſhould not ſtir out 'till her return. When we came into the Walks, my Lord of ——— join'd us, as if by *Chance*; we follow'd the *Muſick*, which, for the Benefit of the Eccho, fix'd upon the Bank of that *Canal*. There were multitudes of Company; it was not above two Hours before you came, that they diſpers'd; the Muſick went off, and I found my ſelf alone with the *Count*, Don *Antonio* and *Emilia* having both diſappear'd. I thought at firſt, that they had follow'd the Muſick, in hopes of another *Air*, and was pretty eaſy, but deſir'd his Lordſhip, that we might endeavour to find 'em out. Our way was thro' this gloomy Walk; I heard the great Clock ſtrike Twelve. Terror and Amazement ſeiz'd me! ſeeing the *Tuilleries* wholly Deſolate, and my ſelf in the Hands of a *Lover*, who began to make uſe of the Solitude of the Place, to Kiſs and Embrace me in a manner he had never done before.

I ceas'd not from making all the Reſiſtance that was in my Power, ſtill calling Don *Antonio* and *Emilia*. The Count ſmiling, took me by the Hand, and leading me to this Place, deſir'd me to ſit whilſt he told me ſuch things as ſhould make me conclude, it was but vain for me to expect that either Don *Antonio* or *Emilia* would come to my Relief.

I fell a Weeping; and if I was betray'd, conjur'd him to be more *Noble* than I found my *Uncle*; and to have pity upon my *Diſtreſs*. He ſaid, that if it were poſſible for him to live without the Poſſeſſion of me, he would not have attempted it; but ſince he had given my *Honour* and *Virtue* all they could imagine as their

due, Love, in his turn, call'd upon him, for a Diſcharge of ſome of the much more weighty Debt, that was owing him, which he was reſolv'd at any Price, this Night ſhould be diſcharg'd; yet, ſince he would much rather be oblig'd to my Inclinations than Force, he would tell me ſome *Particulars*, that if he was not miſtaken, would for ever cure me of thoſe I had for that Traitor Don *Antonio*.

The Count ſeeing that I gave him an uninterrupted Audience, proceeded thus:

Yeſterday in the Afternoon, I was at the *Italian* Chocolate-Houſe, Don *Antonio* came in; I enquir'd for his Lady; though it was only to know how you were diſpos'd. He told me ſhe was gone to the *Prado*, and *Elonora* with her. We complain'd of the Emptineſs of the Town, the Dulneſs of the Court, heat of Weather, which made Drinking no Diverſion; and in ſhort, of many Inconveniences which caus'd the Time to hang upon our Hands. Don *Antonio* plays well at *Picket*; he propos'd it to me, knowing I had very little *Judgment* and worſe *Fortune*.

He ſeldom plays high, unleſs he be ſure of his Man; though I know not how one can call it ſure, becauſe *Luck* (even in the Hands of a *Bungler*) will determine the *Cards* and *Game* to his Advantage. We agreed to play for fifty Pieces the Party; I *repiqu'd* him eight times in a dozen; in ſhort, he could not win one Game of me. The Cards run prodigiouſly on my ſide; he fretted, he toſs'd, he ſwore; you know very well he loves his Money, and how uneaſy he has often been at the loweſt Play, and when he has loſt but the moſt inconſiderable

ſiderable Sums: He *doubled* in hopes to *quit*, he *doubled* again. I did all that he would have me; I deſir'd only to make him eaſy, but that could not be whilſt I *won*, and he was ſo conſiderable a *loſer*. The Sum came up to four thouſand *Crowns*; that laſt *Repique* put him beyond Patience, he threw the Cards upon the Ground, and vow'd he would play no more.

After his Heat was a little over, he told me he would ſend me the Money next Day, he had nothing like that Sum about him: I was very eaſy; the Diſcourſe chang'd to ſeveral other Subjects. The Chocolate-Houſe empty'd. I would have gone to Supper, but *Antonio* retain'd me, and ſeeing we were left alone, he begun thus:

What does your *Lordſhip* think of that Lover, who when he has an Opportunity with a *Miſtreſs* (that has been cruel) does not employ it to the beſt Advantage? But ſuffering her feign'd Tears and Prayers to intercede for her, ſhe goes off, without making the Lover as happy as he might have been; if he had more regarded her Deſires, than her Words, and poſſeſſed himſelf by Force, of what all Women would willingly part with, if they had but always that Pretence to excuſe their Yielding?

I think, anſwer'd I, that I would be beholding for my good Fortune to any thing rather than Force; but if I had try'd every other way, and the Poſſeſſion of my Miſtreſs were abſolutely neceſſary to the Repoſe of my Heart, I would give her Virtue that Pretence for granting, becauſe a Woman is not to be raviſh'd twice; and if you once compaſs the Happineſs, ſhe no longer diſputes of the manner how you came by

by the Advantage; but with all imaginable Freedom, as often as there is an Opportunity, obliges us to the height of our Desires.

Right! reply'd Don *Antonio*, your Opinion comes up to mine: What thinks your Lordship of such an Opportunity with *Elonora?*

Elonora! I answer'd in an amaze. Why do you name her to me? She is your Wife's *Niece*; do you apprehend I have any Designs on her, and would revenge the Loss of your Money upon this Pretence? Would you make her the occasion of a Quarrel?

Quite contrary, he interrupted. In short, I know all your Affair, I am of Intelligence with *Emilia*, and know the Mystery of the *Five Hundred Pound Bill.* I have my self loved *Elonora* before ever she came to *Angela*; and even wearied my self in the Pursuit of the *Peevish* Beauty: She thinks none deserving of her Charms, that does not proceed in an honourable Fashion, forsooth; you know that is in neither of our Powers. I am so far *piqued* at her Denials, that I should be very glad to gain my Revenge upon her any way. I think none so effectual as letting your Lordship have an Opportunity of ingaging her: What would your Lordship give for a convenient one? You know very well that by her own Consent you can never expect it.

I would give with all my Heart, answer'd I, that very Money I have just won of you———

'Tis done, interpreted Don *Antonio*, if I give you an Opportunity, and leave the beauteous *Elonora* alone with you to morrow (or any time your Lordship shall appoint) in a convenient Place, (I will not charge my self with the Consequence) your Lordship is to disingage me of the

the Four Thouſand Crowns I have newly loſt; and there is no Obligation of that kind to remain between us.

Agreed, ſaid I, there's my Hand upon it, do you procure me ſuch an Opportunity, and you owe me nothing.

But my Lord, he interrupted, becauſe Reputation is nice, you are never to report this of *Antonio*, upon pain of being call'd to an Account: I that dare betray *Elonora*, whom I adore, dare fight! ——— I promis'd him I would not, and he proceeded. To tell your Lordſhip the greateſt Inducement is not Four Thouſand Crowns, though I have all the Value for Money that it merits, which is infinite, becauſe it procures all Things. But I would my ſelf enjoy *Elonora* without a Noiſe. I would triumph over her diſdainful Virtue; when you have once obtain'd, the way may be eaſy. The Obligation I have to her Aunt makes Force impracticable on my ſide; and yet I muſt and will poſſeſs her: If your Lordſhip fails, I muſt think of ſome better Method.

Here we agreed, that I ſhould this Night give the Muſick in the *Tuilleries*; that when he ſaw us engag'd, and found his Opportunity, he ſhould ſteal away with *Emilia*, whom he could manage as he pleaſed. Thus you ſee, Beauteous *Elonora*, the Price I have been proud to pay for you; but that's but little to what I would give; make your own Demands, I ſhall never think 'em large enough, or an *Equivolent*, for that Happineſs you can beſtow —— Tho' ſhould you refuſe, know you are ſo much in my Power (the Walks quite empty, the Guards at a vaſt diſtance; and ſhould any ſtraggling *Centry* come

up

up to us, *Money* would teach him his Duty, and make him retire) that it is impoſſible you can eſcape me. I will think whatever you will pleaſe to have me of that fantaſtick *Honour* of yours; and that nothing could have over-rul'd it, but the extreme Diſtreſs to which I have reduced you: Be therefore *Generous* and *Kind*; give me *That* with *Freedom*, which I am capacitated to take by *Force*. Go with me to a *Place* I have prepared for your *Reception*, or reſolve to ſee me proceed with all the *Fire* and *Reſolution* of a *Man*, whoſe *Life* and *Eaſe* depends upon the *Poſſeſſion* of his *Love*.

Here he renew'd his *Embraces* and *Prayers*. I caſt my ſelf at his Feet, and uſed all the Arguments imaginable to diſſwade him from ſo baſe an Attempt. What did I ſay, what did I not do, to avoid him? He was ſo reſolute to my Ruin. I *ſhriek'd!* I call'd *aloud!* I was near two Hours in contending with him——— none came to my *Aſſiſtance*; my Force was expir'd. I could not defend my ſelf from a *Violation* of that *Modeſty*, ſacred to *Virtue* and to *Honour*. The Count gain'd many Advantages; and had had the greateſt, if the *Juſt* and careful *Gods*, who watch over the Diſtreſſes of their *Votaries*, had not ſent you in that *important* Moment, to preſerve me from *Deſtruction!*

Thus, my Lady *Intelligence*, you may ſee it is not always that we ought to judge by *Appearances*. Baſe *Antonio!* ingrateful *Emilia!* brutiſh *Count!* they've all conſpir'd to my Ruin. Ah! what Retreat have I? Where in this bad World ſhall I find a Protection for my *unwary* Innocence? My Brother's Family *averſe!* my Aunt's Houſe *dangerous!* Don *Antonio* is *implacable* and *reſolute!*

reſolute! I will never again return to a Place which he diſhonours. Oh adviſe! aſſiſt me! tell me of a *Sanctuary!* Is there any ſuch a *Receptacle*, for the Poor, the Innocent, the much unhappy *Elonora?*

Intell.] Ceaſe thoſe piercing Tears and Lamentations; I will introduce you, with ſuch Succeſs, to my Sovereign Princeſs *Fame*, that ſhe ſhall recommend you to the Protection of our Graceful *Empreſs*; whoſe Noble Breaſt will certainly compaſſionate your *Youth*, *Beauty* and *Diſtreſs*. You want nothing but to be known by *Her*, to meet the Reward due to ſuffering Vertue: She will receive you into the Houſhold, where you ſhall ſhine as in your proper Sphere; conſpicuous by your Charms; valu'd for your Converſation; reverenc'd for Goodneſs; and dear to the *Empreſs* for a thouſand Vertues, ſo much of Kindred to her own!

Virtue.] 'Till then the beauteous *Elonora* ſhall remain under our Care; we will not have her leave us till her Eſtabliſhment. My dear *Aſtrea*, you cannot but be pleas'd with ſuch an agreeable Companion in your Travels. I requeſt ſhe may have part in all our Affairs, and when it is found convenient, ſhare our *Inviſibility*.

Aſtrea.] From *Elonora*'s Diſtreſs, I will have my Prince forbid that dangerous Vice of Gaming; the leaſt Attempt that exceeds a Trifle, ſhall be *Penal*. How can the *Worthy* and the *Great*, level their Converſation with *Raſcals?* Or how vain and fruitleſs muſt be the Foundation of their Hopes, to think, that they, who never made Play but their *Diverſion*, ſhould be upon the Square with indigent *Sharpers*, who have run thro' all the *Practice* and *Myſtery* of the

Dice

Die and *Cards*, before they were Maſters of ſufficient Succeſs, to give 'em a Garb and Bank fit to introduce 'em to the *Great?* To engage with 'em, is to be defeated; to ſtake their Money, to be ſure to loſe it. Were theſe Gentlemen of the Faculty excluded their Circle, would not the Diverſion (which is what was the original deſign of *Gaming)* be as great for Trifles, as when they ſtake their *Thouſands?* 'Tis Avarice! 'Tis Avarice alone, upholds this ſhameful Vice! Of which there is abundantly leſs to be ſaid, than for many others. In Wine their Cares are often drown'd, the Mind reliev'd, and Fancy heightned. In Love, the Heart it ſelf feels true Delight: Nay, in Womens promiſcuous Converſation, Nature furniſhes *Tranſports*, almoſt of force enough to ſoften Sin, and which may the better be excus'd, becauſe it is a *Sin* of *Nature*. But in *Gaming*, Diſtinction's loſt; the *Witty* and the *Weak* upon an equal *foot*; for that admits no Converſation. The illiterate Blockhead, and the ſparkling well-taught, poliſh'd Man, whoſe Learning and Genius would, in every other Place procure him Admiration, are here upon a level. The *greatly*-born and *Cottager*, ſhare the ſame Reſpect and Honour. Only the *Brave*, the *Honeſt*, oppos'd to *Knaves*, muſt have the Diſadvantage, becauſe his Soul diſdains to uſe thoſe juggling Arts, to which the others owe their Fortune!

If *Gaming* thus obtain, down with the Nurſeries of Liberal Arts, the *Univerſities* and *Academies*; for who would ſtudy or write, when there are found none to hear or read? In vain is all the Poet's Care to heighten Nature, repreſent the Incidents of Life; to ſhow you *ſuffering*

fering Vertue, crown'd with juſt *Rewards*, and *Vice* beneath the *Ax*; if empty *Theatres* be his *Reward*, a *ſolitary* Houſe his *Laurel*; whilſt each Gaming-Table's crowded to the Brim, all Time miſpent that takes from *Play*, and every Nobler Entertainment's ſwallow'd up in that alone.

Intell.] If your *Divinities* were but to ſee the prevailing Force of Gaming, you would certainly conclude it *Witchcraft*; ſuch is the *Infatuation* that even the *Buſie* and the *Wiſe*, the *Lawyer* and the *Citizen*, are poſſeſs'd. The *Coffee-houſes*, *Clubs* and *Cabaret-Meetings*, are infected. *Imitation* has brought it down from the too much *Leiſure* of the *Great*, to mingle with the too much *Buſineſs* of the *Little*. They call it *Diverſion*, but we know 'tis *Imployment*: Their Souls, ſet upon *Gain* in their *Chambers* and *Shops*, can't take it off in another place. Their Hours, they cry, are precious; Times hard; Money ſcarce; and fruitful Wives expenſive. What ſhou'd they do but be *induſtrious?* and endeavour to improve every Moment to its beſt advantage. *Drinking* (which us'd to be the top of their Diverſion when aſſembled) is call'd ſottiſh and expenſive, a waſte of Time and Conſtitution. But *Cards* and *Dice* are profitable *Entertainments*; whence the few *Lucky*, often in an Hour gain more conſiderably, than from whole Days in their Trades: And notwithſtanding ſo many are ſucceſſively undone by Play, all purſue it, becauſe none thinks he ſhall be the *Man*; whence Ruin not ſteals, but boldly ruſhes upon him at Night, who in the Morning was at eaſe; the wretched Family undone, and *Priſons* crowded with thoſe Gaming incorrigible Fools; whom even the perpetual Example

ample of their Neighbours, can't convince of the Inconvenience they purſue.

Nor do thoſe *Beaus*, whoſe Subſiſtance moſtly depends upon their good Fortune with the Lady's; a Set of *worthleſs* Fellows, without *Souls: Little* by Nature, and *leſs* by *Inclination*; which indeed, is *Nature*, who *dreſs* and put on the *Airs* of the *Great* and the *Ingaging*; but in a manner ſo *affected*, that it becomes *Loathſome*. Theſe Wretches, I ſay, do not ſtand unindebted to *Gaming*, for moſt of their Succeſs. They uſe it as an Introduction to the *unwary Female Cit*; who *cloy'd* with the *homely* Embraces of her *unpolite* Partner, gives into thoſe *Airs* and *Delights*, that theſe *nauſeous*, fine Gentlemen, *advance*. Whence not only their *Principles* and *Virtue* become *corrupted*, but their Husband's *Caſh* and *Stock* are laviſh'd to ſupply the *Riots* of a *worthleſs* Generation; who having nothing of their own but what *Vice* procures 'em, never fails to reduce the Poſſeſſions of thoſe, who are ſo unfortunate to converſe with 'em, to *nothing*.

Aſtrea.] Therefore! therefore, my Lady *Intelligence*, ſhall *my Prince* have the *Glory* to aboliſh this *modiſh Taſte*, this *faſhionable* Ruin, this *inexcuſable* Deſtruction! A *Wheel* of *Fortune*, which with her prepoſtrous *Whirl*, raiſes the *Wretch*, born from Mud; adorns thoſe choppy Hands with ſhining *Diamonds*, whoſe proper uſe Nature deſign'd to tug the *Cable* and the *Oar*, to hold the *Plough* and dig their *Bread*, from out the harden'd *Furrows*. Whilſt thoſe born Great, with the ſame *Whirl*, ſhe forces to deſcend; loſing all that their ſhining Anceſtors, by glorious *War*, or the *more* glorious *liberal Arts*, obtain'd; whence not only their *Fortunes*, but

their

their *Vices* are *exchang'd*. The *gaming Sharper* generouſly enriching the *Bubble* he has *undone*, with the Secrets of thoſe *vile* cheating *Arts*, by which he wrought his Ruin: From whence, he that was the *valu'd* Gentleman, *commences* odious Sharper, and the odious Sharper the fine Gentleman; the former becoming *abjectly* Poor, by thoſe very Methods he took to make himſelf more than *uſually* Rich.

Virtue.] Yet, not the Men alone, my Dear *Aſtrea*, but the Women, my peculiar Province, are infected. By Play, the Thoughts of me are baniſh'd from their tender *Boſoms*: They become *bold*, *avaritious*, *deſigning*, *unmerciful*, *neglectful* Mothers, *inſupportable* Wives, exchanging all their Charms for Gold, to laviſh at the Baſſet-Table. Thus is *ineſtimable* Virtue *barter'd* for that malignant *Metal*: Therefore, in your *reform*, forget not to ingage your *Prince* to a Reſtriction in all thoſe of our Sex (under ſuch a Degree of Age and Charms) that they may not play, whilſt they yet have a ſufficient ſtock that way to compound with their *Lovers* upon a *deficiency* of Money.

Intell.] That's Count *Biron*'s Palace, which I ſhow'd your *Excellencies* when we entered the *Tuilleries*. *Elonora*'s Relation has took up ſo much of the Time, that I believe he has left off *Play*, and is retir'd to his Bed-Chamber; yet the *Lights* are ſtill *blazing*. Pleaſe your *Divinities* to repoſe beneath the Canopy of theſe ſpreading Trees, and we ſhall quickly find if the *Gameſters* be gone. When the Door *opens* to let any of them *out*, we may take the Opportunity of *entring* (tho' to your Divinities all Places are pervious;) where you will ſee the *greateſt Genius* of his Age, with the *leaſt* of it in

his *Aſpect*. The Affairs of a Nation in his *Head*, with a pair of *Cards*, or a Box of *Dice* in his *Hand*, or poring upon a *Cheſs-Board*: But that you may be no Stranger to his *Fortune*, I will, firſt, ſuccinctly tell you the preſent Circumſtances of it.

Count *Biron* has had a Perſon of which nothing could be juſtly ſaid, to make it thought diſagreeable; as on the other ſide, not much extraordinary towards raiſing *Expectations*, which *Nature* never meant he ſhould *anſwer*. Yet to conduct you in, to ſhew the *foldings*, the *intricaſies* of his *Mind*, would require *Ariadne*'s Clew, to ſave you from being loſt in the *Labyrinth*. So many have been his *Changes*, and ſo *artfully* choſen, that ever when he did *change*, tho, *departing* from what, but a Moment before, we had *applauded*; ſtill has he had the Addreſs to make us *approve*, as if he never cou'd put his Hand to remove one *Scene* and introduce *another*; but the ſeeming Reaſons he found for the *Exchange*, made his Politicks be admir'd. However his Inconſtancy, by thoſe who affect Conſtancy, might be condemn'd. A long run of Buſineſs, and Acceſs to the *Cabinet*, has made him a Maſter, as to the Intereſts of it: A vaſt Strain of *Court-Skill* is to be obſerv'd in all his *Converſation*. An *artful* Compoſition of what are both *condemn'd* and *applauded*. He courts *Humility*, but is wedded to *Ambition*: He moves, he talks a *Hero!* but he lives a *Man!* No *Pleaſures* that he has not *prov'd*, no gentile *Exceſs*, that he has not *taſted*; yet appearingly *Abſtemious* and *Regular*. Tho' great of *Genius*, *great* in *moſt* Things, yet not to be defended in *all*. His Favour, with too vaſt a *burſt* of *Light*, gla-

glaring full in the Face of the *Unworthy*; elſe, ſhould we at this Hour (to inſtance only in one thing) ſee the Mock-*Chevaliere* poſſeſs'd of a Poſt which ought to be fill'd by one more deſerving? But the *Widow* has *Charms* and *Intereſt*, and Count *Biron* has *Fondneſs*; elſe, what Man would have been drawn to the *Chevaliere*'s Houſe to Viſit, under the Diſguiſe of an old Woman? Two ſuch *Accompliſhments* as the Art of *Gaming*, and a *beautiful* Lady for his Companion, were enough to recommend any Man with as little worth as the *Chevaliere*, even to Count *Biron*'s Favour; who is too wiſe to advance unprofitable Merit, too fond of the *Uſeful*, to introduce the *Uſeleſs*. For what are *Arts* and *Sciences* to a *Politician*, a *Stateſman*? What are *Hiſtorians*, *Poets* and *Poems*, but exuberant Branches, ſuperfluous to the Growth of a Common-wealth, who *raiſe* and *defend Notions* of *Right* and *Wrong*; teach *Principles* and ſelf-miſchievous *Stedfaſtneſs*, without regard to *Times* and *Seaſons*, or any of thoſe Conſiderations, that ſo wiſe a Man as Count *Biron* takes along with him, in all his Actions?

He was born in *Utopia*, an Iſland, as I inform'd your *Eminences*, of the *Adriatick*, having the potent *Venetian* Common-wealth for their Neighbours. His Family was *Patrician* and of very good Reputation, but not overbleſs'd with the Smiles of *Fortune*, which left this Gentleman a younger Brother, and *his* to make. After he had finiſh'd his Studies, he was introduc'd to the Favour of a *Prince*, one of the greateſt in *Utopia*; renown'd for all things, *big* and *little*, that can be taken into the Compaſs of *Humankind*. Of the *Dead*, we ſhould

never ſpeak at *all*, if we cannot *Commend*; ſo that leaving his Defects, we will only reſt upon his *Merits*; and tell you that Count *Biron* could never have had ſo great a Maſter for his *Original*. Happy alſo in this, that as he imitated his *Virtues*, he could take Warning from his *Defects*, and wiſely avoid thoſe *Precipices* into which the unwary Conduct of the *Prince* betray'd him.

The *Utopians* are a People happy in their Climate, miſerable in themſelves. Though poſſeſſing all things neceſſary to *Life*, to *Eaſe*, nay *Pleaſure*; yet ſo reſtleſs that they ſeem to poſſeſs nothing. Whoever governs there, what *Prince* ſoever ſhall happen to be at their *Head*, had he the Merit of a *God*, the Juſtice of *Aſtrea*, ſtill muſt he deſpair of being univerſally acceptable to a People ſo *divided*, not only among themſelves, but each Man in himſelf: *Few*, very *few*, but have ran Counter to their own Inclinations, and approve to Day what they have before *condemn'd*. They change *Parties*, they change *Monarchs*, with the ſame Eaſe that they ſhift their Linnen, with as much *Fondneſs* for the New, *Contempt* for the *Old*. No *Obligations*, no *Intereſt* can fix them; for if a ceſſation of *Faction*, a breathing of *Diſcontents* and *Tumults*, leaves them ſome Years to grow *rich* in *Eaſe* and *Fulneſs* of all things; their *Poſſeſſions* increas'd, their Trade in a *flouriſhing* Condition; ſo wanton they become with Plenty, ſo fond are they of *Change*, that they barter all theſe Enjoyments for their *Oppoſites*, and call out loudly for a *Revolution*; tho' 'tis odds, but they are *ruin'd* by what they *require*. 'Tis impoſſible for any one *Opinion* to *obtain!* no *Merit* can there be

be ſaid to gain an *univerſal* Approbation; not the greateſt Man for *brightneſs* of Parts, *vaſtneſs* of Genius, fine *Wit*, and *finiſh'd Underſtanding*, muſt ever pretend to be a *Standard*, where all are ſo *divided*. That very Merit, which in ſome creates Admiration, in another cauſes *Envy*, and in ſome *Contempt*. As to *Religion*, they have almoſt as many *Opinions* as there are *Families*; yet is there a pretended *National One*, or rather *Two*, becauſe we find it divided in *Fact* and *Terms*, of *GREAT* and *LITTLE*. Unhappy muſt be that *Sovereign*, who reigns over a People, whom he cannot *govern!* unhappy the *Miniſter* and *Favourites* of ſuch a *Prince*, becauſe they are ſure to be rewarded for all their Diligence and Cares, with nothing but Envy and ſtubborn Diſcontent! When they are in *Peace*, they call for nothing but *War*; and that *War* when once begun (though never ſo *reaſonable* and *proſperous*) they grow weary of, and call yet *louder* for *Peace*; Create, Depoſe, Aſſaſſinate the General's *Fame*; elevate to the *Heavens*, or ſink him low as *Pluto*, upon the Arrival of every Courier: Bold to face an Enemy, Fool-hardy, they love *Cruelty* and *Bloodſhed*, and rather than not *Fight*, would be contented to be *beaten*. They ſtand not to weigh the Oeconomy of the *War*, 'tis a *Battle* they deſire, let the Circumſtances be never ſo diſadvantageous; not underſtanding *Delay* can be accounted for. *Action* they require, 'tis *Action* they pay for, and tho' they are ſure to loſe by it, they will have it, or elſe a new General, a new Monarch; and to finiſh their Character, as a famous Poet has it of another People,

———'Tis on Record,
That once in twenty Years they change their Lord ;
They lead their wild Deſires to Woods and Caves,
And think that all but Savages are Slaves.

Muſt not he who can humour the Genius of ſuch a People, and yet purſue the Intereſt of the Nation, which are two Oppoſites, have himſelf a prodigious one, and a long Experience? So qualified is Count *Biron*; he ſerved under four Reigns, before the preſent, in two admitted to the *Cabinet*; and though their Methods were different, he conſidered himſelf was a Courtier, and conſequently ſhould not diſpute, but obey. I forgot to tell you, that in *Utopia*, the Women are only capable of the *Crown*. The *Princeſs* who laſt Reign'd (after a break in the Line) found it in her Perſon cemented again. Count *Biron* was introduced before ſhe was born, and poſſeſs'd a ſmall Poſt under her *Aunt*, who then govern'd. She dy'd, and her Siſter the Princeſs *Ormia* ſucceeded, who was Mother to the late reigning *Princeſs*.

Ormia had two Daughters; the youngeſt, contrary to the Cuſtom of *Utopia*, ſhe had marry'd abroad to a Duke of *Venice*; where, tho' the Dignity be but *Annual*, his *Intereſt* and *Riches* were ſo great, that he held it an unpreſidented length of *Time*. Still with reſpect to the Succeſſion of his Mother-in-Law's *Kingdom*, upon which he caſt an Eye of *diſtant* Regard, not deſpairing, tho' he had not married the eldeſt Siſter, by lucky Incidents, and his own good Management, but to reign one Day in Right of his *Princeſs*.

Ormia

Ormia had a Favourite who was paſſionately dear to her: She created him a *Marquis*; and for fear of (or to cure) *Cenſure*, married him to one of the prettieſt Lady's about the Court, now call'd the Marchioneſs of *Caria*. This Lady ſhe put about the Lady *Olympia*, her eldeſt Daughter. Count *Biron* was alſo become a *Favourite*; it was not yet time to diſpute the Will of his Sovereign, his Fortune was not perfected. *Ormia* took it into her Head, to make ſome Innovations in *Utopia*, in Favour of her only Son, a Child of two Years of *Age*; ſhe would break the Laws and Cuſtoms, and make the Succeſſion *Maſculine*. The People as inconſtant as poſſible, lov'd Change, as well as ſhe could do; but it muſt be a Change of their own, what themſelves deſired. They oppos'd her, becauſe they lov'd Oppoſition; and ſhe very well ſaw through their natural Perverſeneſs, ſhe ſhould find much more Trouble than ſhe expected, before ſhe could be able to effect her Purpoſe.

The Marquiſs of *Caria*, Count *Biron*, and one or two more great *Officers*, were call'd to conſult about the Methods moſt proper to make them receive ſuch a Change. They reſolv'd upon thoſe that were *Arbitrary*; an *Army* was rais'd. The *Princeſs*, according to the Inclinations of her *Heart*, made her Favourite Marquis, the General. Count *Biron*'s Courſe of Life having never led him to the *Camp*, ſhe retain'd about her own Perſon, and conſtituted him one of the Council of *five*, to whom ſhe gave an unlimited Power; Firſt, to examine into thoſe Laws that made the Succeſſion *Feminine*; and afterwards to *revoke* or *diſpenſe* with them, as they ſaw Occaſion.

The Duke of *Venice* immediately took the Alarm; for ſhould ſuch Methods obtain, what Proſpect could he have, of one *Day* wearing the *Utopian* Crown? He had by Hopes, Promiſes, and the Love of *Novelty*, gain'd a large Party, who continually inform'd him of the Advances that were made, and which he neither wanted *Intelligence*, *Intereſt*, *Cunning*, or *Capacity*, to *traverſe*.

Count *Biron* diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in his new Employment. They made many Alterations in *Government*; *raiſing* and *diſmiſſing* all thoſe whom he thought would advance or deter their Purpoſe. The Nation began to be in a *ferment* to ſee that they purſu'd in good earneſt, Methods which ſubverted their known *Laws*; deſtroy'd their Conſtitution; and were in a way (ſhould they ſucceed) not only of breaking the *Succeſſion*, but of making the *Monarchy unlimited* and *Arbitrary*.

The *Marchioneſs* of *Caria* in mean time inſinuated herſelf into the Lady *Olympia*'s Favour; which was no hard Matter for her to do, becauſe on her ſide ſhe was not only *Atificial* and *Cunning*, but *Olimpia* was *Good* and *Tender*. She gain'd ſuch an Aſcendant over *her*, as began to make her conſider'd by all thoſe who foreſaw that her Miſtreſs muſt one Day, nothwithſtanding the Princeſs *Ormia*'s Endeavours, wear the Crown of *Utopia*.

Count *Biron* had not been able to defend himſelf from the Effects of the *Marchioneſs*'s Charms. His Heart was inflamed, but he was forced to ſuppreſs the Fire, becauſe that he ſaw but little hopes of a return. The *Marquis* was not only the handſomeſt Man at Court, but the

Duke

Duke of *Candia* had the Reputation of her Heart. Nothing could be fairer or more agreeable than Madam *de Caria*. In her were reconcil'd the two Oppoſites, and which has ever been eſteemed a Paradox, *Gallantry* and *Covetouſneſs*: Unleſs you will ſtill call it *Covetouſneſs* to deſire *Lovers* as well as *Money*. 'Tis certain ſhe has liv'd to know a Fulneſs of Enjoyment in *both*, one of the moſt happy Ladies of her time, (but in her laſt Scene) who when ſhe was *Young* poſſeſs'd all thoſe *True* and *Glorious* Pleaſures, that ſo well becomes the *Young*; and in a more advanced *Age*, when all her other Paſſions ſeem'd to be ſwallow'd up in the Love of *Riches*, ſhe found her ſelf in Poſſeſſion of a greater *Maſs*, than the whole accumulated Endeavours could procure of the united Race of Favourites, than ever the *Eutopian* Monarchs had; and they have not been either *few* or *inconſiderable*.

Count *Biron*'s good Senſe ſoon recommended him to the *Marquis*'s Taſte, who was as ambitious of Glory as a true *Hero*, as *Covetous* as his *Wife*, as *Self-intereſted* as ſelf-Love could make him, yet ſhining in a thouſand *Virtues* that obſcur'd his *Vices*, with the addition of *Good Fortune* and *Court-Favour*; they but by Intervals appear'd, and with ſo little Diſadvantage to his *Reputation*, that could his Friends have perſuaded him to have been leſs fond of Property, and the ingrateful Methods by which ſometimes he acquir'd it; his ſetting would have been as glorious his *Meridian* Sun. But what Mortal is without ſome Defects, either prejudicial to *themſelves* or *others?*

The good Correſpondence there was between the Marquis and the Count, left the latter many Oppor-

Opportunities of ſeeing Madam de *Caria*. Ah how irreſiſtable! did he find her Charms? Sometimes he would ask himſelf what a *Stateſman* had to do with that inferior Atraction, *Beauty?* A *Stateſman* who had *Penetration* and *Capacity* ſufficient to raiſe him to the *Miniſtry*, without a fear of being ſtop'd by himſelf, with vain ſcrupulous Nicety at what he might find in his way to Grandeur. But theſe very wiſe Reflections ſerv'd only to ſhow him, that however all Politician as the World eſteem'd him, and as he would be thought, Love ſtill found he was but a Man like others, and as eaſily diſarm'd. He needed only to ſhow him the Marchioneſs's fair Eyes to make him confeſs himſelf a *Mortal*; nay, and ſo weak a *one*, that the leaſt *Glance* or *Word* from Madam de *Caria* had force to make him lay down at her Feet all Pretenſions, that interfered with her *Arbitrary* Right of *Beauty*. Her deſpotick Sway, her undoubted Capacity of making him either bleſs'd or miſerable. The God of Love finds little more difficulty in ſubduing the *Grave* than the *Gay*; the Deſires he gives are alike *Ubiquitary*, and if he ſometimes reign more potently, 'tis in the Heart of thoſe to whom Nature has given the largeſt Portion of Underſtanding; they ſet the trueſt Value upon thoſe ineſtimable Joys within his Power to beſtow, and which none but an affected *Stoick* could ever yet ſo far recede from, as not to confeſs they are the greateſt that human Nature is capable of taſting, according to that celebrated Poet,

Love

Love the moſt generous Paſſion of the Mind!
The ſoft Retreat that Innocence *can find!*
The ſafe Director *of unguided* Youth!
Fraught with kind Wiſhes, and ſecur'd by Truth.
That cordial Drop, Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life *go down!*

But as great *Genius*'s have this Peculiar, that when they are in Misfortunes, and meet unlucky Accidents, they have addreſs, not only to extricate themſelves, but to make thoſe very Misfortunes conducive to the advantage that thoſe Accidents ſeem'd to obſtruct: So Count *Biron* foreſaw that this Paſſion which he ſo ragingly felt for Madam de *Caria*, by her aſcendant in the Lady *Olympia*'s Favour, might be brought to introduce and fix *him* there; an Advantage he had then but little Proſpect of: I mean a *rational* one, becauſe he was in the *Intereſts* and *Deſigns* of the Princeſs *Ormia*, which ſhe drove on with all the Violence imaginable. 'Tis hard to ſay whether even ſo wiſe a Man as Count *Biron* was not for once miſtaken! If he did not believe the intended *Innovation* would have ſucceeded; Why did he give into the Meaſures, and by all his *Actions* and *Diſcourſe*, ſo publickly adhere to it? If he did not, it was ſtaking his Fortune upon a deſperate Chance, or rather a Certainty of loſing? However, he was ſure that thus far he could not be miſtaken, openly to appear for the *Princeſs*, and ſecretly to aſſure her Daughters (who in ill Fortune were apt to flatter themſelves with any ſhadow of Hope) that at Heart he was ſo far devoted to their Intereſts, that whenever an

Oppor-

Opportunity presented, they should find the good Effects of it. So was his Retreat secured, and which way soever the *Dye* cast, himself in Election to draw a Prize.

Thus having found the *Delicasy* and admirable *Secret* of uniting his *Love* and *Interest*; he consider'd only of the Methods to advance them. The Duke of *Candia* was a powerful Rival; he did not doubt but one of his agreeable *Make* and *Merit*, was as well receiv'd by the *Marchioness*, as he desir'd; because, by perpetual Observation, he found their Eyes were of Intelligence, a tender Languishment invading those of Madam *de Caria*, whenever they met the Duke's. All the Faculties of her Soul seeming uncapable of their Office, or united in that *one*, of regarding *Him* with Passion; an entire Absence of Mind to other Delights, was apparent in her Person. This the jealous *Biron* beheld as a mortal Blow to his aspiring Hopes, when he saw them whisper (as sometimes the Indiscretion of Lovers seiz'd them) he would seem to dart them *through*, as if he where capable of *divining* what they said, as if nothing could 'scape his Penetration. It must certainly be a very impertinent thing to have a Politician for a *Spy* and *Lover*, especially when one is so far from designing to favour him, that one *loves* and is *belov'd* by *another*. If the *Marchioness* had had as little Consideration as most Ladies who have Gallants, we would have thought Count *Biron*'s *Assiduity* and *Divinations* very troublesome. But she was none of those, that had only the Interest of her Passion at Heart, so as to make her peevish with all those who put any Interruption to it. She had greater

greater Views, and though ſhe did not in the leaſt deſign to favour, ſhe was too cunning to diſoblige the Count, conſidering he had already an Intereſt *one* way, and a *Genius* ſufficient to ſecure himſelf the hopes of making it any *other*. Therefore ſhe aſſum'd an exact and obliging manner towards him; a more *cold* and *retir'd* one for the Duke; at leaſt in publick, where the contrary might give any occaſion of *Umbrage* to the Count. This ſet him infinitely at eaſe. So true it is with a little Addreſs, a Lady *belov'd* may ſucceed in the Management of the moſt refin'd Politician; beeauſe *Nature* alone being to be gratify'd in what relates to the *Heart*, their Stateſman-Notions (which in Buſineſs ſo ſucceſſively diſtinguiſhes them) has nothing at all to do with *Nature* or the *Heart*.

The Count, with an Air of *Confidence* and ſeeming *Advice*, one Day entertain'd the *Marquis de Caria*. My Lord, *ſays he*, You are not to be told the Value I have for your Friendſhip; I am more honoured by it, and ſet a greater Price upon it (if Compariſons may be allow'd) than upon all the Favours our Sovereign Princeſs beſtows upon me. But let me find a Method to prolong it to the Date I could wiſh; which I aſſure your Lordſhip is no other than the End of my Life. But what have we to do with the Duke of *Candia?* He is ever at Madam *de Caria*'s Elbow! always at your *Houſe*, or on the Lady *Olympia*'s Side. Why do you permit a *Rival* of his *Make?* Why do you allow him the Liberty of entertaining that young Princeſs? I thought your Lordſhip was a more refin'd *Politician.*

litician. I wou'd have her reliſh no Perſon's Converſation but yours: Does ſhe not ſee all things through the Marchioneſs's *Glaſs?* Shou'd it in diſcretion be permitted to *reflect* his *Image?* Believe me, you ought more than any Man alive to take the Alarm of his Aſſiduity. The Duke is a Man out of our *Management*; he is as great as he deſires to be, has a good Eſtate, and a Temper to live up to it; a *Generoſity* and *Openneſs* in his *Manner*, that reliſhes nothing of Self-intereſt. He will never be a *Politician* any further than to *croſs* thoſe he ſhall eſteem his *Enemies.* We ought to exclude him the Lady *Olympia*'s *Converſation*, leſt he ſtep from thence into her *Favour*; but in order to that, you muſt firſt exclude him from Madam *de Caria*'s. I do not allow of his repeated Viſits, unleſs ſhe accounts better for them than I find ſhe can. Have they no Body to *Taillé* for 'em but the Duke? Ah better ſhe never touch a Card as long as ſhe liv'd! For 'tis thoſe Opportunities that gives his *Eminence* ſuch Acceſs to the Lady *Olympia.*

The *Marquis* had an Opinion of the *Count*'s *Penetration* and *Politicks:* Himſelf as yet lov'd *Gaiety* and *Pleaſures* too well, to let his Head lean much that way; eſpecially when he had ſuch a Friend as *Biron* that wou'd do the Buſineſs to his Hand, and ſave his *Brain* the Expence. He ſubſcribed blindly to all he adviſed, not diſcerning that 'twas his Wife the *Count* was *Jealous* of, not the Lady *Olympia.* Therefore he forbid the *Marchioneſs* to converſe with the *Duke*, and in a Tone as if he wou'd be *obey'd.* She knew that *Arbitrary* manner was not natural to him; and had nothing to do but to find out the ſecret

ſecret *Spring* of this extraordinary *Movement*; her *Beauty* and *Spirit* had long ſince given her a ſort of an Aſcendant over her Lord, and ſhe knew admirably well when to make uſe of it. She ſo ſucceſsfully apply'd it, that he cou'd not detain any longer from her Count *Biron*'s *Advice* and *Fears*. She ſmil'd to her ſelf, and only told the *Marquis* his Friend had *Reaſon*; ſhe wou'd put him out of Pain, and do her beſt to oblige them both.

The Count wanted not any *requiſite* of a profound *Stateſman*, eſpecially that one of *Spies* and good *Intelligence*. Madam *de Caria* had not a Servant that was not in his *Intereſt*: From one of thoſe of her *Toilet*, he was inform'd, That ſhe us'd to go often abroad in Diſguiſe with the Lady *Olympia*, exchanging *Habits* with their *Women*; ſometimes muffled to the obſcure Part of the *Theater*, where *Opera*'s and *Comedies* were repreſented. The Pretence was to obſerve the *Marquis*, of whom the Marchioneſs affected to be *jealous*. Theſe Frolicks *incognito* were a great Jeſt and Entertainment to the Lady *Olympia* and the *Marchioneſs*, and gave this latter all the Opportunity ſhe cou'd deſire of ingratiating her ſelf with her. Count *Biron* knew by his *Spies*, what was the Pretence, but he thought the real Deſign on Madam *de Caria*'s Side muſt be to meet the *Duke*; ſince to oblige her *Lord* and *him*, ſhe diſus'd any Publick Converſation with his *Eminence*. When the Court was at one of the *Royal Villa*'s, *Biron*, had Intelligence from Madam *de Caria*'s Favourite-Woman, that ſhe had got a new Frolick in her Head, only between themſelves, in which the Lady *Olympia* was not to have any part. About a Mile from

from the *Villa* was a *Gard'ner*'s Houſe, who had large Gardens, and excellent Fruit; her Ladyſhip had order'd this Woman of hers to procure two Habits, ſuch as were uſually worn by the *neateſt*, *ſpruceſt* of the Country *Girls*, and they two would go before Sun-riſing, to buy Fruit at the *Gard'ners*, as if it were to ſell it again. Her Heart was ſo ſet upon this Frolick, that ſhe would not go to Bed all Night, for fear of over-ſleeping her ſelf. The Count did not doubt, but that there was ſomething elſe at the Bottom, beſides eating Fruit; ſo that liberally rewarding his Intelligencer, he reſolved to be there as early as her Ladyſhip, or rather before. He got himſelf into an Upper-Room in that little Houſe, inventing a Story to the *Gard'ner*'s Wife, of his having fought a Duel that Morning, and deſiring her to conceal him 'till the Search was over. He planted himſelf behind a Window which commanded the Road that led to that little *Rural-Habitation*. Long he had not waited before he ſaw the Duke of *Condia*, with only one Servant, riding upon a full gallop. When he was within a field of the Houſe, he allighted, and leaving his Horſe with his Man, paſs'd forwards into the Garden: Soon after her diſguis'd Ladyſhip appear'd with her Woman, ſo exceſſively delighted at her innocent Frolick, as ſhe call'd it, that ſhe titter'd and laugh'd all the way. The Count knew her Voice better than he ſhould have done her Perſon; Jealouſy made him raving mad, when he ſaw her enter the Garden, and obſerv'd the Duke to join her, and both of them to walk off into the *Labyrinth*, leaving her Woman to ſurfeit her ſelf if ſhe would upon the

the fine *Fruit*, that grew there in a great abundance.

The *Count*, without asking himſelf what he deſign'd, follow'd after; though he did not know but that there might happen a Rencounter between his *Eminence* and him; he was reſolv'd to diſturb a Happineſs he had no ſhare in: But recollecting, like a true *Politician*, that if he cou'd but decamp his Rival, the Benefit of that Morning's Maſquerade might remain to himſelf; he thought his beſt way was to give the Duke an opportunity of ſeeing him without believing himſelf ſeen; upon which he would poſſibly endeavour to withdraw, to avoid being made the Jeſt of the *Court*, for riſing ſo early, and taking that extraordinary Pains to meet only two Country Girls; they might alſo think her Ladyſhip ſecure in her Diſguiſe. It happen'd directly as the Count had foreſeen. In approaching the fatal *Labyrinth*, he blow'd his Noſe, he ſung an *Air*; nay, even read aloud ſome Lines out of a Book that he held in his Hand, all to make himſelf known. The Lovers took an immediate Alarm; it was thought beſt for the Duke to withdraw, for the Reaſons before-mention'd. Madam *de Caria* truſted to her Diſguiſe, and aſſur'd his *Eminence*, ſhe did not doubt but to get off without Suſpicion. They immediately knew his Lordſhip; the Duke gave him ten thouſand hard Wiſhes, for diſturbing the Pleaſures of ſo *private* and well-concerted an Aſſignation. But there was no ſtaying, it would be to little purpoſe; for ſhou'd Count *Biron* diſcover, he would certainly join, and perhaps rally him upon his Adventure with the Country-Girl: So that every way his

Eminence ſaw the *Stateſman* had ſpoil'd his Morning's Diverſion; though he was far from imagining that *Biron* had done it deſignedly.

When the Duke was gone, which the Count punctually obſerv'd, her diſquis'd Ladyſhip ventur'd out, giving an accidental Glimpſe of her Perſon, as ſhe tripp'd along, to his impatient Lordſhip, who was upon the Watch: He haſtily made after, and overtaking her before ſhe was either got out of the *Labyrinth*, or in view of her Woman, brought her back to the moſt retired Part of it; ſhe *ſtruggling*, *bluſhing*, *frowning*, and dropping him abundance of affected Country-*Curchies*, the better to *top* her Part, ask'd him what he meant? pray'd him to be civil and to let her go, or ſhe would call her *Uncle*, who, ſhe ſaid, was the *Gard'ner*. The Count let her play over her little *apiſh*, *pretty Tricks*, and conſidering her only in the Quality ſhe appear'd, ſmoother'd her with his Kiſſes, took the liberty of her *Boſom*, and ſome other Irregularities, which her Ladyſhip cou'd not ſo well defend her ſelf from, nor yet ſeem'd to be much diſpleaſed at. He had heard of the Caprichio of *Court*-Ladies, had been acquainted with ſomething like it in the Courſe of his own Converſation, and therefore did not know but Madam de *Caria* might be brought, under the Diſguiſe ſhe wore, to do him *that* Favour, which would coſt him a length of *Aſſiduity*, expence of *Time* and *Oaths*, in her own Perſon. Add to this, her imagin'd Security from being known, and which above all things Women of pretended Honour are fondeſt of in their Pleaſures; and the Diſappointment ſhe had met with, from the Duke's being forc'd

to

to fly. The Count running over in a Moment, all theſe *politick* Conſiderations, took out a Purſe of Gold from his Pocket, and dropp'd it into her Boſom. Her Ladyſhip was ſo far a *Danae*, that *Jupiter* himſelf muſt have *woo'd* her in a *golden* Shower; and tho' that was no Sum to bribe Madam *de Caria*, at her own Lodging or in the Circle, yet it was a very great one for a Country-Girl. Her Ladyſhip had a Soul ſo well fitted to the love of Money, that ſhe ſet a great Value even upon the ſmalleſt Sum, and never car'd to loſe what ſhe cou'd conveniently and honourably gain. She conſider'd this as the real Effects of her Beauty, wherein her Quality had no part; and thought to her ſelf, it was but a Frolick, the Count would not know her, ſhe never lik'd him ſo well before. There are amorous *Graces* and *Airs*, extreamly advantagious to ſome *Perſons*; and they muſt be very diſagreeable indeed, who do not become the *Dreſs* of Love, the *Softneſs*, the *Languiſhment* that he inſpires: Thoſe agreeable *Ardors* and *active* Fires, extreamly recommend even an indifferent Beauty. The Count ſcarce believ'd he durſt be ſo happy as her feeble Reſiſtance promis'd him; but to be as obliging as poſſible, he did not fail to give her Virtue the pretence of utmoſt Force on his ſide. 'Tis true, ſhe did not call out, that was not very convenient, but ſhe reſiſted as far as her Strength would permit. Alas! what is one of that weak *Sex*, in the Hands of a *ſtrenuous* Lover, who leaves nothing to be added to his Endeavours of over-coming? *Frailty* is not only excuſable at *ſuch* a *Juncture*, but *indiſpenſable*,

eſpecially with Perſons that are reſolv'd to prevail whether *one* will, or *no*.

The Count found the way of making himſelf as happy as he deſir'd with his Country-Maid; but not immediately to diſabuſe her, he purſu'd the Diſguiſe, and ſaid to her, my Dear Child, why don't you come to *Court*? by *Heavens*, you are lovelier than any thing that we have there. I never ſaw any thing ſo fair! —— you have the prettieſt innocent Bluſh, it *fires* me but to look on you! ——You are ſo like the very handſomeſt Women about the Princeſs, that I am diſtracted about you. I doat on you for that very *reſemblance*, tho' ſhe is not half ſo *Pretty*, nor ſo *Ingaging*. The *Innocence* and *Simplicity* of this Dreſs, which leaves *Nature* to her ſelf, is a thouſand times beyond all *Court*-Ornaments. How *unadorn'd*, how beautiful are you, my Dear Child? What is your Name,—— that I may know how to call you? every thing that belongs to you, muſt be precious to me; what is your Name? ——*Maria*, Sir, anſwer'd her *bluſhing* Ladyſhip, with a *pretty affected* Liſp; I fear you are but an inconſtant Spark, and will quickly forget your poor *Maria*, now you have undone her. —— Suppoſe I ſhould prove with Child, as who can tell? they ſay ſuch things have been. Why then ſend to me, pretty *Maria*, anſwer'd the *Count*, and I'll take care of *that* and *thee*. Ay, but where ſhall I find you? reply'd the Lady; you may be a *Lord* for ought I know, by your Money ſo you may; and what *Lord* will own Acquaintance with a ſorry Country-Girl? you may be Proud when you are at your own home, though you are ſo Humble here.——

My

My Dear *Maria*, interrupted the *Count*, embracing her, don't deſcribe your ſelf, don't you be ſo, and *Biron* is the moſt happy of all Men. ——O, there's no Danger of me, ſhe anſwered, what have *poor* Folks to be proud on? That raviſhing Beauty of yours, he reply'd, which, if you had been born in a *Cottage*, would have rais'd you to a *Throne*; if there cou'd in the World be found a Monarch that lov'd like me. *Hey-day!* you talk in the Clouds, anſwered ſhe, with a *pretty affected clowniſh toſs*, what have I to do with *Kings?* but now you muſt let me go, for my *Father* and *Mother* will miſs me, and my *Uncle* and *Aunt* will be angry for ſtaying to talk ſo long with a Gentleman. You won't tell them what we have ſaid, will you? No, my Dear *Marchioneſs*, interrupted the fond *Biron*, nor no Soul alive. How, reply'd her Ladyſhip, with quite another ſort of a Leer, what do you call me? —— The Dear raviſhing Madam de *Caria*, who has made *Biron* the happieſt of all Men. —— O! cou'd you know your ſelf ſo little, as to think any thing cou'd diſguiſe that reſplendency of yours, from a Lover who has ſo long deſired and adored you! Very pretty Morning's Work, anſwer'd her Ladyſhip, in a Pet; I own I hate you ſo much for overreaching me, that I'll never forgive you as long as I live. —— We'll try that, my Dear *Maria*, interrupted he, and forcibly kiſſing her —— Come, 'tis *Caprichio*, to like me *leſs* now you *know* I *know* you. —— I ſhall tell no Body. —— You are ſure of your Honour in my keeping. ——That affected *Sulleneſs* and *reaſſum'd Native-Pride*, is not half ſo becoming as your

Kindneſs. —— Would you have me your Slave? Subdue me with Love, —— there I am *indefenſible*. —— Behold the willing Victim of your Charms! —— Come, you ſhan't be peeviſh, —— you ſhall forgive me, —— and to ſhow that you do——permit Count *Biron* to be as Happy with the *Marchioneſs*, as he was with *Maria*.

Thus was this *Court-Star* ingag'd with an Amour with our *Politician*. He ſo far inſinuated himſelf with her, as to exclude the *Duke*, who afterwards went into *foreign* Countries, to drown the Memory of her Laydſhip's Inconſtancy, where he marry'd himſelf to a Wife ſo *wonderful*, as at their Return, to fill the *Court* and *Kingdom* with *Admiration*, tho' I do not tell you of what ſort was that *Admiration*.

Still the Princeſs *Ormia* purſu'd her Deſign, which ſo alarm'd the Duke of *Venice*, that he brought his *Dutcheſs* over with him to *Utopia*, by her Preſence to put a ſtop to her Mother's Proceedings. The Princeſs, at their Landing, ſent to prevent their coming to Court, upon Pain, not only of her Diſpleaſure, but of being ſecur'd as Priſoners of State. Moſt of the diſcontented flock'd to him; their Numbers were ſo great, that he quickly form'd an *Army* capable of making a ſtand, till the *Eſtates* could be aſſembled, and Methods found to ſecure the *Succeſſion*, according to the known Laws of *Utopia*.

The Princeſs *Ormia* juſtly alarm'd, to hear not only of the *Number*, but *Quality* of the *Deſerters*; conſulted with thoſe neareſt to her *Heart*, and moſt in her *Confidence*. No *Courier*, no *Hour* arriv'd, but brought ſome *fatal* Addition

tion to her *Misfortunes*. She ſaw her Error, but ſhe ſaw it when it was too late: She would have recover'd thoſe falſe *miſtaken* Steps, ſhe had made in the *Adminiſtration*; but alas! what avail'd that Recovery? The Duke was concern'd in the Intereſts of a People, whom one Day he pretended to govern in Right of his *Dutcheſs*, and therefore was reſolv'd to purſue them, though it even coſt him the Irregularity of aſſuming a Crown before it was his turn to wear it. The very Soldier, who as it has been remark'd, us'd to have no *Law*, no *Religion*, but *Pay* and *Plunder*; now pretended to *Conſcience* and *Remorſe*, and would not fight againſt *Law* and *Conſcience*; they deſerted in great Numbers, notwithſtanding, all their Princeſs's Endeavours, in repeated Aſſurances of deſiſting from the intended *Innovation*. She quickly found that her Buſineſs was now not alone to excuſe, but defend her ſelf; for the Duke mov'd on like an impetuous Torrent. The *Hands* and *Hearts* of the People were every way devoted to him. The Marquis de *Caria* advis'd her to fly, till the Reign of ſome more propitious *Star*. The Princeſs (hitherto great of Soul) told him that ſhe would never deſert her People; they did and might abandon her, but it ſhould be no Example; ſhe would not Sacrifice the reſt, thoſe who remain'd firm to her. Would it were poſſible, ſhe added, to fix our remaining part of the Army, my Lord, ſo as to depend upon them for one *Battle*? Would one at leaſt, not make one Attempt before we tamely ſubmitted to loſe a Kingdom of this Extent? Adviſe in this Exigency of my Affairs: You are their *General*, in what

Diſpoſition do you find them? are there none truly Loyal? ſuch brave Examples as you are capable of giving, ſhould determin them as to their Duty. You, my Lord, whom I have diſtinguiſh'd by ten thouſand Acts of Favour, whoſe Merit I have been able to reward; proud to have drawn, from your low Fortune, that Curtain of Obſcurity, which would have travers'd all your Virtues. My till now glorious Sun-ſhine, has made you eminent, as your Deſerts: Have you not taſted the Sweets of Royalty, without the fatal Sting? without the odium that weighs down the unhappy Wearer of a Crown? Will you not do all things to uphold a *Princeſs*, who is without Bounds in her Tenderneſs? who permits you to have no Rival in her moſt dear Affections? Ah, preſerve the State and me! what though through too great an Indulgence to my helpleſs Son, I have been miſtaken, will nothing but our Lives attone for that Miſtake? Haſte, my Lord, and redeem the *Errors* of my Fate and me; ſtrike one Stroke for *Empire*; what do I ſay for *Empire?* For *Security*, to preſerve me and my poor Infant from falling a Sacrifice to the Inconſtancy of my People, and the Duke's Ambition.

I go, Madam, anſwered the Marquis, full of Gratitude and Emulation, to do ſomething *conſpicuous*, ſomething deſerving of that *Eclat* of Favour, which with uninterrupted Glory has ſhone upon me. Wou'd to the Gods, the Duke and People cou'd be appeas'd with my worthleſs Life, that my Fate cou'd but attone for thoſe *Errors* of your *Reign*, which they pretend to reform; this Minute would I offer

my

my devoted Head, to ſecure my Divine Princeſs in her Rights of *Birth* and *Sovereignty*, a grateful Glorious Sacrifice. Farewel, Madam, permit me to kiſs your Royal Hand, as an Omen of that good Fortune, I am going in ſearch of: Before to morrow Night, expect to hear of ſome Action, worthy of him you have ſo advantagiouſly diſtinguiſh'd.

From the Princeſs's Cabinet he retir'd to his own Apartment, where he found Count *Biron* and Madam *de Caria* at play. Ha! cries he, what at Cards when all our Fortunes are at Stake? Are you ſo inſenſible my Lord of *Biron* of the preſent State of Affairs? Does not the *Princeſs* totter in the Throne? And how ſhall we be able to ſtand? I ſo plainly perceive her fall, that for my part I have determin'd with my ſelf this very Hour to abandon her *Miſtakes* and *Her*, and go over to the Duke. No Intereſt, no Gratitude, ſhall make us act againſt thoſe Principles of *Honour* and *Conſcience*, that are inſeparable from the Character of an honeſt Man. She is *ruin'd!* ſhe is *ſinking!* will not ſhe cruſh us in her Fall? If we ſtay longer, 'till the Duke have no occaſion for us, of what Merit will be our Attempt? I have in vain indeavour'd to make her ſecure her Perſon by Flight. She will ſtay 'till 'tis impoſſible, and would have me go to the *Army* and fight a *Battle*, with not a *Heart* or *Hand* at her Devotion. Forſaken as ſhe is, by Friends! Subjects! Favourites! and her better Fortune! What have we to do but to give into the *Tide*, and ſuffer our ſelves to be born along the *Current!* Ha! you ſay nothing to all this; is it not a Subject of Conſideration and Moment? Are you cold?

Are

Are you dead? Whence can come such an *Apathy*, such an Insipidity, or rather Fearfulness? Have you done? gravely answer'd the Count; if you can be but calm, I will show you, that thinking People may secure their Interests without those Transports and Passions that you betray. You say you design to go this Hour to the Duke——what then becomes of Madam *de Caria?* What becomes of that great Interest she has made for you in the Lady *Olympia*'s Breast? Do you believe that *Ormia* will not revenge your Treachery to her upon your Wife, whom she knows you still act the *Lover* to, rather than the *Husband?* We may well call this but superficial Thinking. You advise the *Princess* to fly; what then do you intend to do with your self? We may well say your Lordship looks no further than the present. Either you have resolv'd to make your self an Attendant of her Flight; so to become a wretched Exile in some Foreign Court! Dependant on anothers Bounty! An Object only of *Compassion*, perhaps *Contempt!* or Scorn! for thus it generally happens to the Distress'd; or you will stay behind, and suffer her to take away all your future hopes of Grandeur, in carrying away the Lady *Olympia* with her; whom, upon no pretence, she will not be brought to leave behind, if she but have it in her Power to take her along. Believe me, my Lord *Marquis*, 'tis upon this *Rock* you must build for *Fame*, for *Grandeur!* 'Tis that Lady whom you must apply to, as the surest Foundation you can fix your Hopes upon. Perhaps you do not foresee, because at so great a distance, that the *Utopians* can have no Happiness, till they derive it from her. Believe me,

me, She is born to bleſs her *People*: She has a Reliſh of all the *Virtues*, with ſo perfect a *Benignity* of Temper, that the Diſtreſſes of others will be to her, as if they were her own. Even at this Moment, ſhe regrets nothing ſo much as her Mother's Misfortunes, notwithſtanding all ſhe has done to her prejudice touching the Succeſſion. This Lady, by my Advice, and Madam *de Caria*'s good Management, we have perſuaded to retire from *Court*, upon pretence, That her Mother's *Creatures* would ſacrifice her to the Intereſts of her Infant-Brother. 'Tis true, it was a long while before we could determin her to forſake the Princeſs in her Diſtreſs; but the Marchioneſs produc'd ſo many Arguments to prove this was the only way of ſerving her, becauſe, in ſecuring her ſelf, ſhe ſecur'd the only Perſon who would have Intereſt enough to act for her Mother's, that we have at length fix'd her Reſolution. She withdraws this night, and Madam *de Caria* with her; then you will be at liberty to purſue with ſafety your Intention of going to the *Duke*. *Ormia* alarm'd at your deſertion, whom ſhe ſo intirely confided in, will doubtleſs have a Diffidence in all thoſe who remain, and are neareſt her Perſon. There ſhall not be wanting thoſe about her to raiſe her Fears, till ſhe reſolve upon her flight. When ſhe is abſent, the *Eſtates* may act more diſ-intereſtedly and calmly. I am for the Succeſſion in a Lineal Deſcent; and therefore ſhall oppoſe all the *Duke*'s Meaſures, if he aim at the Crown. We may poſſibly find out a Medium how to reward him for his trouble, and not dethrone the *Princeſs*. But yet I think it much better that ſhe be firſt in a place of Se-

curity:

curity. The *Duke* himſelf (ambitious as he is) would not mingle Cruelty with it. If he ſecures her Perſon only, the *inconſtant* People will grow weary, even of *Perſecution*: If ſhe eſcape being ſacrific'd in the firſt warmth of their Reſentments, they will afterwards cool upon their Revenge; and fall to *pity* her *Misfortunes*, rather than *puniſh* her *Miſtakes*. This will involve us in *ſucceſſive* Diſcontents; therefore my Aim is, to put an end to our *Fears* at once; by ſecuring our *Laws*, ſo that it may not be in her Power even to *ſtretch* 'em. This may be eaſie, if we can but overbear the *Duke*'s Ambition, and *ſtem* the firſt Current of the *People*, who are alike prodigal in *rewarding* and *puniſhing*; *exceſſively* grateful, or *exceſſively* otherwiſe; and both oftentimes without *Reaſon*, and always without any *Conſtancy* in their Diſpenſations.

Thus, my Lord *Marquis*, tho' you have found me at Play with your Lady, I am not ſo thoughtleſs as you imagin. To Morrow I will be with the firſt, at the Princeſs's riſing, to hear how ſhe receives the News of the Lady *Olympia* and Madam *de Caria*'s Abſence. If I apprehend her aright, ſhe will be leſs ſtunn'd, and think it a much leſs terrible Stroke, than what will fall upon her from your Quarter: So true it is, That the Ingratitude of *Favourites* and *Friends*, whom we have particularly oblig'd, is, to *moſt*, the ſenſibleſt of all *Diſappointments* or *Evils*.

It happen'd to the Princeſs *Ormia* as the *Count* had foreſeen: All her other Woes ſeem'd but little to her in Compariſon of the Marquis's Deſertion: The Marquis, whom ſhe had ever treated with ſo tender a *Confidence*; the Marquis, who by that very *Confidence* had it ſo often

ten in his Power to have remonſtrated to her the Errors ſhe was purſuing, and which wou'd poſſibly have prevented 'em. She remain'd *aſtoniſh'd! ſpeechleſs!* full of *Horror* and Diffidence! She now thought it time to fly for Safety, for Life! Whom cou'd ſhe truſt? Whom cou'd ſhe confide in? after the Ingratitude of ſo near a Favourite. She imparted her Deſigns to none of any Figure; but at the fall of Night, ordering her young Son to be brought her, with only his Nurſe and one under Servant, ſhe convey'd her ſelf thro' the Gardens to the River ſide, which came up up to the Walls, where ſhe took a Boat of Common Hire, and bid the Men row down 'till they came to the firſt Ship they found at Sea, which was at about ſeven Leagues diſtance: The Watermen did not know the Quality of their Paſſenger, they ſaw her exceſſively griev'd; ſhe wept inceſſantly; holding her helpleſs Babe in her Arms, the Tears ran from her Eyes upon his Face, the Night became exceeding dark: The Winds whiſtled in hollow Murmurs round her uncover'd Head! The Boat was open, without Shelter, or promiſe of any. They gain'd the Sea, but found no Ship outward-bound. What cou'd ſhe do? There was a violent Storm ariſing; to put to Shore was falling into the hands of her inraged People, more mercileſs than the devouring Waves. Whilſt ſhe was thus irreſolute, the Winds and Seas roſe to overwhelm her, they blew directly from the Coaſt, the Watermen cou'd not hinder their Boat from driving out to Sea; they call'd in vain to any Ship to take them in, none were in their hearing; Death

was

was inevitable. When the Princeſs ſaw the approaching Ruin, ſhe repin'd not for her ſelf, but her dear Child, and thoſe unhappy Wretches that were likely to be involv'd in her Deſtiny. I propheſy'd to my ſelf, ſays the dying Lady, in quitting my *Houſhold Gods!* my *Palace* and Kingdom! that I ſhou'd never again return! that I ſhou'd never more have a Manſion that I cou'd call my own; but if I eſcap'd the *Winds* and *Seas*, ſhould become a wretched Wanderer, without the Property of Food and Raiment, either for my ſelf or Son, but what I receiv'd from the Charity of others. Ah, wretched Thirſt of Arbitrary Power! to what have you expos'd me? Let all Monarchs be warn'd by me, a fatal Sea-Mark, I, to point the Danger! let 'em never endeavour to divide their own Intereſts from that of their Peoples! Never carry their Laws to an unjuſt Extent! Behold! I fall as an Attonement to the angry Gods! Forſaken by all! Betray'd! Reſign'd to Ruin by thoſe very *Favourites* and *pretended* Friends, who flatter'd my Injuſtice! Who, by their Approbation, encourag'd me to act up to the height of my own Wiſhes. Without their Suffrage I had never attempted to carry things to Extremity. Applauded by thoſe, who whilſt they flatter'd me with their *Mouth*, betray'd me in their *Heart*. Yet witneſs for me, ye *Winds* and *Waves*, that roar to my deſtruction, I forgive their *Crime!* I forgive their *Treachery!* May the merciful Gods forgive 'em, and take my *erring* People into their Protection! Let mine and my innocent Babe's Lives attone their Wrath! Ah wretched Infant! Why art thou

thou alſo devoted to Deſtruction? What haſt thou done to be involv'd in my Misfortunes? yet it is enough to be born from the Unhappy! Thou art my Child, thou dy'ſt for that, and we muſt willingly ſubmit.

Such were her Lamentations, whilſt the Water-men who row'd for Life, held their Fate in Suſpence: At length their Strength was quite ſpent, and they could no longer ſtem the Force of the Waves, which with very little Oppoſition overturn'd their ſmall Bark, and ſunk them irremediably down for ever, into that fatal Abyſs.

The Dutcheſs of *Venice*, though not next of Kindred to the Throne, by the Majority of the Peolpe was ſeated there. Count *Biron* in this Reign found the Art of being heard, which with him is to be applauded; he was conſulted, truſted and approved. But this *Princeſs* did not long enjoy the Sovereignty, a malignant Diſtemper carry'd her from Life, and reſtor'd the Lady *Olimpia* to her Right of Succeſſion; the Duke by the known Laws of *Utopia* (that would not ſuffer a Male in the Throne) being oblig'd to deſcend.

Now behold Count *Biron*, Great as his own Deſires, happy and at large! without any to controul his Genius: For the *Princeſs* ſatisfy'd of his Abilities, repos'd the Weight of *Empire* upon his Shoulders, reſigning the *Miniſtry* and Affairs of State to him, and the Command of her Forces to the *Marquis*: Whilſt Madam de *Caria* ſhar'd with her, all the *ſofter* Sweets of Sovereignty, and the entire *Profits* of unbounded Favour.

Un-

Under the *Administration* of the *one*, and the *glorious Successes* of the *other*, the *Utopians* became more considerable to their Neighbours, than they had been in some Ages. The wonderful good Understanding between the Marquis and the Count (of which Madam de *Caria* was the Chain, one end remaining with her *Lover*, the other with her *Husband)* contributed chiefly to this Success: For how can a General expect to make any considerable Progress *abroad*, when he is travers'd and disappointed from *home?* So perfect was their Intelligence, that the General did nothing in the *Army*, without the Advice of the *Minister*; nor the *Minister* any thing in the *Cabinet*, without the Approbation of the General. Those that are Malicious will tell you that the Marquis was not ignorant of Madam de *Caria*'s Amour with the *Count*, when it was at the height; but being too much a *Courtier* to disturb himself with *Trifles*, when he had such important *Views*; he readily yeilded *some Things*, by which he might secure himself of *all*. To this good Correspondence of theirs, the Count sacrific'd the greatest *General* of the Age; a *General*, who at the Head of only six thousand Men, ill paid, and worse provided for, subdu'd three Kingdoms as large as *Atalantis*; and wou'd have set no Bounds to his Conquests, if the Count had not travers'd all his Undertakings, retarded his Provisions, and supplies of Money; and in short, made it so impossible either to proceed, preserve his Acquisitions, or maintain his Post, that in the midst of all his Lawrels, he was made to withdraw, as if rather a *conquer'd* than

than *conquering* General, only guilty of doing (what was esteem'd) glorious Impossibilities.

Thus did many revolving Years perform their Course with uninterrupted good Fortune to the *Marquis*, the *Count*, and Madam de *Caria*. Is Love of Money a general Taste in Favourites? must not only ours in *Atalantis*, but those of all Nations be infected with it, as if overcome with an unsatiable Thirst, which in endeavouring to quench does but the more increase? the Marchioness cou'd set no Bounds to her Acquisitions, because her Desires were unlimited; she was starving in the midst of Plenty; she enjoy'd not any thing, though she was in Possession of all things. *True* Merit was what she never consider'd, neither did she *reward* or *raise* without a *Bribe*; the *meanest* as well as the *greatest* Offices, had a settled Price, yet sometimes were they to be disposed of to the highest Bidder. Thus far indeed, Impartial, that she knew no Friends, bestow'd no Favours, but according to the Rate they would give: Money was with her in the room of *Friendship*, *Favour* and *Affection*. She found the happy Art of disposing her Daughter to the most advantagious Match in all *Utopia*, with less Money than was usually bestow'd by Lords of his Rank in *Marriage-Presents*. This Lady, conscious of her Mother's mighty Interest, haughty as a Daughter of the *Seraglio*; bore her self upon the Merit of *Her* Grandeur, and like an *Ottoman* Bride, look'd down with Contempt upon the *Bassa*, whom she honoured with her Embraces; insomuch, that to instance in but one thing of a thousand, to shew how she *despis'd* and *oblig'd*: As soon as her first Son was born, she order'd her Lord should be ac-

quainted with his good Fortune in these Terms, *Go tell the Fool*, I *have got him an Heir*; Words of so much Signification, especially in the Word or Letter *I*, that it may very well deserve a learned *Dissertation*, or *Explanation*, by the most *Ingenious*.

But Madam *de Caria* could not do so little *Good*, or rather so much the contrary, without falling under the *Odium* of the *People*. The People, who with no indulgent Eyes, examine into the Actions of *Favourites*, had always rather Rail than Applaud; and hate that Grandeur they cannot share in; they *Censur'd*, they *Repin'd*, they even *Murmur'd*, and nothing but her Lord's Successes abroad, hindred them from rising to tear her from the Arms of Power, where she was still secur'd; because there was not found any so Fool-hardy, as to risque their own Ruin, by informing the Princess of the ill Use she made of her Favour. What *Person*, when he had paid his Price for an Employment, would hazard the losing of it, by murmuring at the Extortion he had been forc'd to give? What *Artificer* run the Danger, nay certainty, of being employed no more, by complaining of the Abatements that had been made in his Bills? She was grown too *big* for any *little* Persons Revenge; and the *Great*, they cared not for that publick Spirit, of endearing themselves to the People, by so unthankful an Office, as telling the Princess *Olimpia*, she had been mistaken in her Choice; that she had all her Life seen only the bright side of her Favourite; the *Appearance* only, that she made of *Virtue*, but was an utter Stranger to the *real Vices* she possess'd. This, I say, would be but a dull way of making one's Court

Court to a *polite* Lady, as was the Princeſs; ſo that Madam *de Caria* ſtill kept her Station, for want of Day enough to ſet her in a true Light, and to ſhow thoſe Faults, that were capable of removing her from it.

'Till at length, there appear'd at Court a new and riſing Favourite; who the more alarm'd the Count and Madam *de Caria*, becauſe ſhe was really *wedded* to all thoſe *Virtues*, which the Marchioneſs qut *Woo'd*, and that too but *ſuperficially*, and in *bare* appearance. *Hilaria*, for ſo was ſhe call'd, had a Soul fitted for *Grandeur*; a capacious Repoſitory for the Confidence of *Royal Favour*. She lov'd and underſtood Letters, introduced, nay applauded the Ingenious, and did always her endeavour to make them taſte of the Royal Bounty: She remov'd far from her, that *ſordid* Vice, which with the blackeſt Ink had overcaſt Madam *de Caria*'s Mind. *Money* was in her Eſteem no otherwiſe to be valu'd, than for what it procur'd, as to Neceſſaries of Life, and thoſe elegant Conveniencies that are appropriated to the Great. But when one would ſpeak of bartering *Reputation*, *Honour*, the leaſt of all the *Virtues*, or even the World's Opinion for Riches, ſhe deſpis'd the narrowneſs of that Soul, capable of entertaining ſo mean a Thought; nor for more Treaſure than the Sea conceals, would have heſitated upon committing the leaſt Injuſtice. She not only wore, but *lov'd* the Holy awful *Robe* of *Religion*, with tender Pity and Concern to thoſe, who ſeem'd to ſquander away their precious looſer Hours, unthoughtful of a future State, unmindful of that Day of Account that they muſt one Day make, before the *Righteous*, im-

partial *Minos*. Her *Wit*, her *Judgment*, was like her Soul, of the *fineſt* Frame; ſhe ſpeaks more correct than others Write; without the Pride of ſeeming Knowledge, does good to all, never ſeeking for any Reward, but that of a well-pleas'd Mind, in having done her Duty. In ſhort, ſhe had the good Fortune to be plac'd in the Eye of Favour, whence only her own Merit, and Sovereign's Capacity of well judging of Merit, diſtinguiſh'd her; happy in a Miſtreſs, deſerving ſuch a Favourite; Her Miſtreſs happy in a Favorite, ſo worthy to be ſuch.

In the Houſhold there was one who poſſeſs'd a conſiderable Poſt, named Don *Geronimo de Haro*, who had not only Capacity for the Affairs of the *Cabinet*, but eminently poſſeſs'd a Virtue that often vaniſhes, as it approaches *there*. He was *Honeſt!* he was *Brave!* underſtood the Intereſt of the Nation, and fearleſly proclaim'd and purſu'd it: Not that any one could juſtly tax Count *Biron*'s Capacity; whenever he *fail'd* to exert it, it was becauſe he had a *Reaſon* for that *Failure*. However, religiouſly juſt to his own and Monſieur de *Caria*'s Intereſts, he never departed from them, not ſo much as in Pretenſion. Happy Marchioneſs! who cou'd ſo *ſurely*, ſo *ſecurely*, unite her ſelf and Family, with ſo *confirm'd*, ſo *try*'d, ſo *unalterable* a Friend as *Biron!*

Don *Geronimo* made his Applications with no leſs Aſſiduity to *Hilaria*; but his was an Aſſiduity ariſing from the awful Eſteem he had of her Thouſand Virtues. He felt their generous Warmth in his own *Breaſt*, and from thence ador'd them in hers. She could not be ingrate-

ful

ful, her fine *Senſe*, and *Judgment*, did Don *Geronimo*'s Juſtice: From mutual Admiration, they grew to mutual Eſteem and Confidence. The Royal *Olimpia* permitted them to have a ſhare in the Sweets of her appropreated Hours. Don *Haro*, as he had the Honour of a nearer approach, perceiv'd a *Depth* of Judgment, a *Capacity* of Government, a *true* and *ſurprizing* Taſte of *Politicks* in the Princeſs, whom he had been made to believe, had only this of meritorious (as to State Affairs) in her Character; not interfering or mingling her own Senſe, with that of her Miniſters, leaving them to determine of the Nation's Intereſts, which ſhe ever made her own. Don *Haro* would liſten to all ſhe ſaid, with that pleaſing Approbation, humbly offering his Opinion, if in any Point diſagreeing from the Princeſs's, that ſhe ſoon found the difference of an *Arbitrary* ſelf-ſufficient Miniſter, and that of a *modeſt diſtinguiſhing* Man, conſcious of her Capacity, who, as ſhe ſaid, was the only one would vouchſafe to hear her.

The Count cou'd not want Intelligence of this *new-form'd* Union; he fail'd not to give the Alarm to Madam *de Caria*, firſt inclining to try gentle Methods to diſſolve it. The Marchioneſs employ'd her, hitherto, never-failing Intereſt with *Olimpia*, to get *Hilaria* diſcharged the Royal Service. But by that ſevere and diſdainful Air, with which the Princeſs receiv'd her Petition, not ſo much as deigning to give her the leaſt Word in anſwer. She ſaw her *Suit* was like to be but Cold, and therefore retir'd to conſult the Count upon this *new* and *ſurprizing* turn of Affairs. He Paus'd, he took time for Reflection and Conſideration, and

in a word told her, he would try his own Intereſt, ſince ſhe had fail'd in hers. The Marquis was then abroad at the Head of the Army, Count *Biron* could with all his Heart have wiſh'd him at *Court*, to back his Attempt. It is no way neceſſary that Stateſmen and Politicians, ſhould have the Courage of *Heroes*, their *fine* thinking, and *juſt* Idea of things, generally cauſes 'em to ſet a truer Value upon the Benefit of living, and the Enjoyments of Life, than a Soldier does, who has nothing to do but to maintain the Poſt to which Honour has call'd him, to keep his Ranks, and at his General's Command, to fall without a Murmer, *blindly* and without *heſitation* fulfilling his Deſtiny.

Count *Biron* aſſum'd to himſelf all the Courage he could, and even more than was natural to him, to puſh this once for the removal of Don *Haro* and *Hilaria*. He told *Olympia* they were of a *Party* obnoxious to her true Intereſt; that if Don *Geronimo*'s Councils prevail'd, he would retire himſelf from Buſineſs, becauſe he foreſaw the Miſcarriages that would enſue; and for which poſſibly he ſhould be anſwerable. That the Marquis and himſelf had hitherto manag'd with ſuch Succeſs as had rais'd the Nation to a pitch of Glory abroad, and Content at home, which it had never reach'd before. That he plainly ſaw if new Councils obtain'd, they ſhould fall into their old Irreſolution, and by perpetual Change, not only weaken their Intelligence *Abroad*, but among the Malecontents at *Home*, it being uſual to the Princeſs's of *Utopia*, before a Miniſter was warm in his Seat, to remove him, e'er he could well become acquainted with the true Intereſt of their Neighbours, or their

own

own, and Methods fixt upon, for due Intelligence! without which it was not poſſible to take right Meaſures: Whence it was that the *Management* of the *Cabinet* uſed to be as much *ridicul'd* abroad, as their *Courage* commended; the Enemy never taking any thought how to traverſe the *workings* of their *Head* but *Hands*. That he was ſo well aſſur'd of the *Marquis*'s Sentiments, if himſelf reſign'd the *Miniſtry*, Monſieur de *Caria* would immediately lay the *Batoon* at her Feet, to be diſpos'd of to whom ſhe thought more capable of her Service; tho' ſhe could not but reflect, there was none more Zealous, or Succeſsful in it, than he had been.

On the other ſide, Don *Haro* made *Olympia* obſerve the *Ambition* of the Count, how the *Monarchy* was in effect reduced to an *Ogliarchy*. A Council of *ſix*, ſitting in *Biron*'s *Cabinet* upon the Life and Death of the Nation; purſuing the Intereſts of it no longer than it agreed with their own, unalterably true to that in their Practice, tho' not in their Pretence. The few who in reality govern'd, and left her only the Appearance, were all Men of a profound Diſtinction, and who it was thought ambition'd to have that Form of Government obtain, in uſe with their Neighbours the *Venetians*. One of the Council of Six was an old *Anti-monarchial pretended Patriot*, and who would never ceaſe to purſue his Principles, as fam'd for *Sincerity* as *Courage*, renown'd for malicious Wit before he ſoar'd to Politicks. Then as to his Love of Juſtice, tho' largely at Eaſe in the World, and rather cumber'd than bleſs'd with a great Eſtate, yet he hated his *Creditors* as much as the oppo-

ſite *Faction*, and would as ſoon ſpeak well of *them* as pay his *Debts*. As cunning, as falſe! Inceſſantly with his Sarcaſtical Wit, ridiculing the Failings of others; yet in himſelf ſuffering 'em to ripen into Sins, of which there is ſcarce any but *Bloodſhed* of which he has not had a Taſte. His *Artifice* and *Capacity* being eſteem'd of excellent Helps to Count *Biron* in the Management of Affairs. Nor were the other four leſs *eminent* in their *Abilities*. Theſe *Six* were raiſing a new Fabrick, a Government among themſelves within the Sovereignty, of which the State-*Mæcenas* (one of the *Six*) would not fail in their midnight Conſultations to flouriſh in his *eloquent poetical Manner*, upon the Merits of their Conſtitution. That as to Madam *de Caria*, ſhe had by her *baſe*, *ſordid*, *avaritious* Impoſitions! made her ſelf ſo unworthy of the Royal Favour, that never no Woman was ſo univerſally the *Odium* of the Publick. That if her Highneſs would but give leave for thoſe ſhe had injur'd, to approach her, he would fear ſhe would be overwhelm'd with Complaints; not a *Grant* of hers, not an *Office*, not a *Tradeſman*, nor *Artificer*, that had not paid Tribute and largely too, to the *Rapacious* Marchioneſs. And which made her more the Object of the publick Hatred, ſhe had ſold for Gold the Secrets of the Nation to a Foreign Enemy, which had ſo conſiderably impar'd the Progreſs our Arms might have made Abroad (without the Expence of the People's Blood) that nothing but the Marquis's great Succeſſes cou'd have atton'd for Madam *de Caria*'s Treachery. Tho' 'tis true thoſe Succeſſes could not be obtain'd but with the *Purchaſe* of the braveſt Lives, and which might have all been

ſaved

ſaved if ſhe had been leſs *greedy* of Foreign Gold.

'Tis hard to ſay which of theſe two Factions would have prevail'd. The Princeſs took time to weigh the Merits of both; but before ſhe could determine, the Hour of her Delivery was come (for ſhe was big with Child) which was ſo ſevere, that even the Divine *Olympia* could not eſcape the Torture of it with Life. A Daughter indeed was born of her, who is ſtill in her *Minority*, and poſſeſſes her Mother's Crown. The Princeſs had juſt Breath enough remaining to appoint her Husband, and Don *Geronimo de Haro*, Regents, intruſting the Care of her Education wholly to the Conduct of the *Finiſh'd Hilaria*; by this means for ever excluding the Marchioneſs, of whoſe *ill Principles* ſhe had receiv'd ſo deep a Tincture from Don *Haro*'s Diſcovery, that by her Silence, ſhe too plainly betray'd the Opinion had of *her*, who had once ſo eminently poſſeſs'd her Favour.

Much about this time the couragious Marquis fought a deciſive Battle with the Enemy, which it was not only his Misfortune to loſe, but to periſh himſelf, cover'd with Honour and Wounds! a Fate which generally at the long run attends all *Heroes* who ſtill believe they ſhall *eſcape*, becauſe they have ſo often *eſcaped*; and are therefore unwilling to embrace thoſe Opportunities they may find favourable, towards making an *Honourable* Peace. But Peace would indeed be the End of their Power! a General laid aſide, when a War is finiſh'd, being no more conſider'd than a common Man. Beſides the prodigious Opportunities they have of *Gain*, to one as fond of *Riches* as *Glory*, are Conſider-

ations

ations well worth the regard of any *modern* Hero; and therefore we ought not to wonder when we ſee 'em ſo exorbitantly purſue 'em.

This was a finiſhing Stroke to Count *Biron*'s Intereſt in the *Cabinet*. His Friendſhip with the General having ſtill left him a Place *there*, where under the Power of the *Regents*, he appear'd but as the *Shadow* of himſelf; the *Ghoſt* of his own departed Genius! For who does not know that *Authority* and *Succeſs*, if they do not give Capacity, yet infinitely heightens it? Infuſing a warmth, which dilates, which ſpreads, as opening Flowers before a riſing Sun.

He diſpoſed of that great Maſs of Riches, he had acquired, in a manner as advantagious as the Exigency would permit; and having ſecured his Retreat with *Henriquez*, who then reign'd in this *Iſland* (and with whom he always held a fair Correſpondence) he withdrew himſelf from *Utopia*, before he was made *withdraw*; which every Day he grew apprehenſive of. *Henriquez* ſatisfied of his vaſt *Abilities*, and the true Taſte he had of the Intereſts of *Europe*, receiv'd him into his *Cabinet*, where he has had almoſt as great a ſhare in the Management of *State*-Affairs as he had in *Utopia*. Whether he will have the like Succeſs with the new *Empreſs* is yet a *quære?* But this we are certain, that let Politicks run as high as they pleaſe, his Lordſhip can't reſign his Diverſions, among which *open* Play, and *ſecret* Amour, have the Honour of his *earlieſt* Conſiderations.

It did not happen ſo well with poor Madam de *Caria*, formerly the *Heroin* of our Story. Count *Biron* adviſed her to ſecure her not-to-be-number'd ſtore; and to withdraw, as he did

de-

deſign to do, and he would aſſume to himſelf the Honour of being her Conductor. But there was a Fatality in it, ſhe could not be brought to leave her Native Country, tho' ſhe had never expreſs'd any other regard for it, but by plundering as rapaciouſly as an Army does the Territories of an Enemy. Yet it had been the Scene of Glory to her! the Heaven in which ſhe had blazed, a terrible Comet, with an Aſpect *malignant* and *fatal* to all thoſe, who had any occaſion of *Court-Favour*, or Buſineſs with the *Court*, and therefore ſhe could not on any Terms be brought to leave it. When the Count was withdrawn, ſhe was left without Support; all the Particulars of her *rapacious ſordid* Life, running from *Mouth* to *Mouth*, no longer in fear of ſpeaking Truth, ſince there was now, neither a Princeſs *Olympia* in the Throne! a *Marquis* at the Head of *Armies*, nor a *Count* at the end of the *Board* to protect and skreen her from the *Indignation* and *Contempt* of the *Worthy*, from the *Violence* and *Barbarous* Inſults of the *Rabble*, who one Morning ruſh'd altogether like an impetious Torrent upon her *Superbous* Palace, a Palace which had been oſtentatiouſly raiſed, and adorn'd with the *Spoils* of *many*. In a moment they plunder'd it of all the coſtly Moveables: Nor would their *Revenge* and *Rage* have ſtop'd there, if a Party of the Royal Guards had not diſperſed them. In their Fury and Heat of Blood they had reſolved to level that proud Fabrick even to the Ground, upon which it was raiſed. By good Fortune for Madam de *Caria* ſhe was then at her *Villa*. The generous *Hilaria* ſent her a Party of Horſe to ſecure her Return to Court, leſt the incenſed *Rabble* (who had certainly made

her

her Life their Aim) ſhould aſſault her in her Paſſage. In plundering her Palace they ſearch'd the moſt obſcure Corners, with inrag'd Diligence, imagining ſhe was ſomewhere conceal'd: They *threaten'd!* they *upbraided!* they *rail'd!* it is not to be doubted but in their *Fury* they had torn her to pieces, or, as *they* call'd it themſelves, *de-Witted* her. Some of 'em had reading enough to know the Story of the unfortunate *Flemiſh* Brothers; others more moderate, were for having her run the ſame Fate as the Marchioneſs *D'Ancre* who was *try'd*, *condemn'd* and *executed* for a *Witch*, being thought to have bewitch'd *Maria* de *Medici*. Not one was diſpleaſed at her being plunder'd; an incredible Maſs of Money was found conceal'd in ſeveral *Vaults* and *Receſſes* of her Palace, by a ſort of Retaliation forced to render back to the *Publick* what ſhe had grip'd from *Particulars*. Whoever knew any thing of Reading and Hiſtory, fail'd not to compare her (eſpecially in this laſt Scene) to *Donna Olympia* of *Rome*, and wiſh'd her the ſame *Cataſtrophy*; that is to ſay, ſince ſhe had eſcaped the Fury of the Rabble, that ſhe might immediately die of the *Plague*, who had been ſo *long* and *great* a *Plague* to others.

Hilaria weighing the *Viciſſitudes* of Fortune, and the *Uncertainty* of fading Human Grandeur, receiv'd her into her Protection; but hearing that the Multitude began to murmur at it, ſhe perſuaded her (tho' with much Difficulty) to reſign her ſelf a *Votary* to *Religion*. In favour of the Marchioneſs ſhe made a new Inſtitution: Her having been a married Woman, forbad her Retirement among the *Veſtals* which guard the *ſacred* Fire. *Hilaria* erected a Foundation in Honour

Honour of *Berecynthian Cybel*, and having largely endow'd it, appointed Madam de *Caria* for *Superior*. So to atone by her perpetual Attendance, *on*, and Adoration *to* the *Mother* of the *Gods*, for the Injuſtice ſhe had done to *Mortals*. The *Rabble* not daring any longer to *threaten* and *inſult*, one, devoted in ſo peculiar a manner, to the Service of the *Altar*.

Aſtrea.] My Lady *Intelligence*, you have ſhow'd us in this your Relation, how fooliſh a Sin is that of extream Covetouſneſs. It deſtroys the very Deſign it ſo zealouſly endeavours to advance; and for a little *preſent* Gain (for the truly Covetous can't be brought to loſe no more than give) often miſſes their Aim of the *Future*; and like Madam de *Caria* is bereaved of *all*, becauſe ſhe could never depart from *any thing*. Whoever reſigns themſelves intirely to this prevailing Evil, are irrecoverably *infatuated* and *blinded*; miſtaking *Riches* for things in themſelves *really* good, whereas they are only ſome of the *Means* by which good Things are procur'd. It creates an habitual *hardneſs* of Nature! an *obduracy* of Temper! by which they ſee the *Miſeres* and *Wants* of *others*, not only without *relieving*, but not daring to compaſſionate 'em, leſt that Compaſſion reach to a leſſening of their Store. The *highly* Covetous can't be truly ſaid to poſſeſs any thing, becauſe he wants as well what he has, as what he has not. Then it is wholly without Excuſe, becauſe all *Vices* have their *Taſte*, ſave only *Covetouſneſs*. And whereas *Age* decays other *Sins*, it increaſes This. What a grovelling obſcene Soul muſt he have, who inſtead of being fir'd by the Love of *Glory* and *Generoſity*, is only agitated by one Pleaſure, the

the desire of getting and never losing? A proof sufficient of the little value *Riches* has in it self, since the Gods suffer those to possess the most of them, who generally are deficient of *other* Recommendations, and do even least deserve *these!*

Forbid it *Jupiter*, that my Prince should have the least Taint of this *Sordid* Vice in his Composition; a Vice that denies the wearer the benefit of *Affections*, *Kindred*, *Love* or Friendship! who dares neither give others to *eat*, nor scarce *eats* himself. Whose Soul *cramp'd* and *reduc'd* to that one despicable Point, has not room for *Emulation*, *Glory*, *Munificence*, *Benevolence*! or any of those brighter *Sallies*, that distinguish Humankind. Nor do I well see how the extreamly Covetous can be any way *Just*, since it is a *Vice* always accompanied with *Envy* at the Possessions of *others*; and wou'd in it *self* centre not only all they *see*, but all they can *imagine*. For to a Mind like Madam de *Caria*'s, were both the *Indies* to impart their *Riches*, cou'd the Mountains open and reveal their shining Store, the Seas give up their irrecoverable Treasure, still would she remain unsated; because the love of Riches is *boundless*, never to be *cloy'd*, no not even by the utmost fulness, by any extremity of Possession.

Then I will have my Prince indeed distinguish'd, and employ those of the most *Virtue* and *Capacity*. But on any Terms I forbid him to oppress his Nation with the *Pride* and *Avarice* of *Favourites*. That Monarch who would entirely discharge his Duty, should have *none*. He ought to know himself made for his People,

ple, and not his People for him. What Right can one Man have to Tirannize over his Fellow-Mortals, more eſpecially when he conſiders, that his Power was firſt derived from *them?* Have not all his Subjects an equal Title to the *Benefit* of his *Attributes?* And how is it then, that he ſuffers *one* or *two* to engroſs thoſe *Benefits?* repreſenting things through their *falſe, miſchievous*, or *flattering* Glaſs; appropriating the Royal *Ear* and Favour, that ſhould be open and ſhine diffuſively, as does the Sun! Beſides, 'tis almoſt impoſſible for a *King* to be beloved, who reſigns himſelf up to *Favourites*; all their *Riots, Oppreſſion, Covetouſneſs, Revenge, Malice* and *Cruelty*, retorting back in *Indignation* and *Invectives* againſt *him*, the Original of thoſe *Abuſes.*

Virtue.] My Lady Intelligence for this time, we ſhall not ſee Count *Biron* any otherwiſe than in your Relation of him, his dying Tapers are long ſince expired. The Morning Lark calls loudly for the *Sun*; and ſee the *Radiant* God appears in anſwer! — Ha! there lies a Paper upon the Ground, what is it? 'Tis imperfect, it ſeems the concluſion of a foregoing *Poem*, inſcrib'd, *A Hymn to* Jupiter. *Pray* read it, and let it be to the *Father* of *Gods* and *Men*, as our Morning *Orizons* and *Adorations.*

Intell.] Oh, I know it! I aſſure your Excellencies 'tis an admir'd Piece, and wrote by the ſame Lady, whoſe Genius had Yeſterday the Honour to be approv'd by *Aſtrea*, in thoſe Verſes I ſhew'd her, call'd, *The Progreſs of Life.* Theſe were occaſion'd by a terrible *Hurricane*, that not long ſince diſtreſs'd not only *Atalantis*, but all the other *Iſlands* of the *Mediteranean.*

It

It seems to be heedlesly dropp'd from the *Poem*, which is of a much greater Length. But to oblige my Lady *Virtue* in her *Devotions*, I will not *now* endeavour to search my *Memory* for *them*, but instantly entertain your *Divinities* with what we have before us.

THE HYMN.

I.

TO the Eternal *on his Throne!*
Let endless Adorations *rise!*
Praise him, ye wondrous heights to us unknown!
Praise him, ye Heav'ns, unreach'd by mortal Eyes!
Praise him in your degrees, you sublunary Skies.

II.

Praise him you Angels, *that before him bow,*
You Creatures *of* Celestial *Frame!*
Our Guests *of* Old, *our wakeful* Guardians *now!*
Praise him, and with like Zeal our Hearts *inflame;*
Transporting up our Praise, to Seats from whence you came!

III.

III.

Praiſe him thou Sun, *in thy* Meridian *Force!*
Exalt him all ye Stars *of Light!*
Praiſe him thou Moon, *in thy revolving Courſe!*
Praiſe him thou gentle Guide of ſilent Night,
Which does to ſolemn Praiſe and ſerious Thoughts
[*invite.*

IV.

Praiſe him ye humid Vapours *that remain*
Unfrozen by the ſharper *Air!*
Praiſe him as ye return in Show'rs *again*
To bleſs the Earth, *and make her Paſtures fair!*
Praiſe him you climbing Fires, *the* Emblem *of our*
[Prayers!

V.

Praiſe him ye Waters, *petrify'd above;*
Ye ſhredded Clouds *that fall in* Snow!
Praiſe him for that ye ſo divided move!
Ye Hail-Stones, *that ye do no* larger *grow,*
Nor in one ſolid Maſs, oppreſs *the World below!*

VI.

Praiſe him ye ſoaring Birds, *ſtill as ye fly,*
And on gay Plumes *your Bodies raiſe!*
You Inſects, *which in dark Receſſes lie,*
(Altho' the extreameſt *Diſtances you try)*
Be reconcil'd in this, *to offer* mutual *Praiſe!*

VII.

Praiſe him thou Earth, *with thy unbounded Store!*
Ye Depths *which to the* Centre *tend!*
Praiſe him ye Beaſts, *which in the Forreſts roar!*
Praiſe him ye Serpents, *tho' you downward bend,*
Who made your bruiſed Head, *our* Ladder *to* aſcend!

VIII.

Praiſe him ye Men, *whom youthful Vigour warms!*
Ye Children *haſt'ning to your* Prime!
Praiſe him ye Virgins *of* unſullied *Charms,*
With beauteous Lips, becoming ſacred Rime!
You Aged *give him Praiſe, for your* increaſe *of* Time!

IX.

Praiſe him ye Monarchs, *in ſupreme Command,*
Worthy the Name of Pious *Kings!*
Then with enlarg'd Zeal *throughout the Land,*
Reform the Numbers, and reclaim the Strings;
Converting to his Praiſe, the moſt Harmonious *things.*

X.

Ye Senators *preſiding by our Choice,*
And you Hereditary *Peers;*
Praiſe him by Union, *both in* Heart *and* Voice:
Praiſe him, who your agreeing Council ſteers,
Producing ſweeter *Sounds, than the according*
[Spheres.

XI.

XI.

Praiſe him ye Native *Altars of the* Earth,
Ye Mountains *of* ſtupendious *ſize!*
Praiſe him ye Trees *and* Fruits *that there have Birth,*
Praiſe him ye Flames *that from their Bowels riſe,*
All fitted for the Uſe of grateful Sacrifice.

XII.

Jove *ſpake the Word, and from the* Chaos *roſe*
The Form *and* Species *of each kind;*
He ſpoke the Word, which did their Law compoſe,
And all *with never-ceaſing* Order *join'd,*
Till ruffled for our Crimes *by his* chaſtiſing *Wind.*

XIII.

But now you Storms that have your Fury ſpent,
As you his Dictates *did obey;*
Let now your loud *and* threatning *Notes relent*
Tune all your Murmurs *to a* ſofter *Key,*
And bleſs that gracious *Hand, which did your* Pro-
greſs *ſtay.*

XIV.

From my contemn'd *Retreat,* obſcure *and* low,
As Grotts *from which the* Winds *diſperſe;*
May this his Praiſe *as far extended flow:*
And if that future *Times ſhall read my Verſe,*
Tho' worthleſs *in it ſelf, let them his* Praiſe *rehearſe!*

Intell.] Since your *Mightineſs*'s have ſo *favourably*, ſo *glorioufly* diſtinguiſh'd me! and are pleas'd to remit to my Management the Order of your Enquiry; the *Court* nor *Divan* being not ſo early *Aſſembled*, if your *Excellencies* pleaſe to paſs over two or three agreeable Meadows, we will bring you from the *Tuilleries* (for 'till the Evening, Company does not walk here) to the Palace of the young Prince *de Beaumond*, who ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh'd himſelf yeſterday to your radiant Eyes, in the *Prado*, by a thouſand Graces peculiar to himſelf. But to divert the length of the Way, though the hour ſeems by Nature aſſign'd rather for Repoſe, than matter of Obſervation; yet Grief as well as Love meaſuring Time only by the Duration of it ſelf, to whom Seaſons are not numbred, Day and Night having neither Light nor Darkneſs to thoſe whom Paſſion has rendred incapable of diſtinguiſhing, thoſe Circumſtances are of too little Force to beget any Diverſion from their Prepoſſeſſion. Grief, I ſay, being of a reſtleſs Nature, uncapable of Repoſe; You may, in entring this Houſe upon your Left, ſee what it can do on a young Hero, whoſe Wife (a Woman as to his Temper, of inimitable Merit, becauſe ſhe was Paſſive and Obedient) lies Dead amidſt her Relations, to whom ſhe was very dear. See! the *Bed* incompaſs'd with her weeping Kindred and Acquaintance; behold the *breathleſs* Fair! an *Iron* ſlumber ſits upon her painful Brow! irremediable Death having for ever clos'd her Eyes! ſhe was yet in her Bloom of Life! an Air of Sweetneſs ſtill remains! ſomething that ſpeaks the Goodneſs of her Temper, and the Agreeableneſs

ableneſs of her Manner. In that *Face*, his *Aſpect* is neither *Grim* nor *Terrible!* an *abſence* of Mind, an *uninforming* Faculty; *ſomething* we find wanting, *ſomething* that is *inexpreſſible*, and yet not *frightful*; *Something* that has baniſh'd Life, and yet has made it defective of no other Charm, but *Motion*. Who would not be reconcil'd to the *Arms* of Death, if his Poſſeſſion were every where ſo lovely? The Compaſſion which your *Divinities* have for what relates to poor unhappy Mortals, makes you regard this *moving* Spectacle with Concern; I ſee you both are touch'd, I ſee you almoſt in *Mourning*. Paſs we on to the next Apartment, to exchange this Impreſſion for another.———

There's her Husband! Behold that goodly fair extended Perſon! he is weeping, and he believes himſelf in earneſt: See! how advantagiouſly his Sorrow has poſted him on a Bed, between two Ladies of different *Merits* and *Pretenſions*. The youngeſt of them is his Couſin, who does all her Endeavour to divert his Sorrow, through a Deſire of having her Fatigue of Duty, her Attendance upon Decency the ſooner over. Not ſo the Lady on the Left, her Concern is real, and for himſelf, but he regards her not, becauſe he will not, he cannot reward her; his Heart is for his *Niece*. In this guilty Apartment, he has not waſted, but liv'd away his Winter Hours, in the Company you ſee. His own Lady, retir'd of Temper, pleas'd when he was diverted, tho' apart from her Converſation, ſeldom mingling her own with theirs, conſcious of an inferior Capacity, a Vertue rarely to be found in Wives, who think the Name alone of ſufficient Force to center

all Regard. Virtue and Goodneſs are indeed extremely Meritorious, and ſhould beget Eſteem, nay Admiration to the Profeſſor: Yet if thoſe ſparkling Sallies of the Mind be wanting, *brillant Converſation*, an *Air* of the *World*, a diſtinguiſhing Intelligence of what is done in that World; how apt are the *Hearers* to languiſh, and go in ſearch of thoſe that have ſuch Amuſements? Humankind being fonder of Diverſion than of Inſtruction. This was our *Mourner*'s Caſe: He laments her Dead, whom he neglected living. See his Irruptions of woe! what Sallies of Mourning? What inceſſant Tears? Behold his Couſin! who cannot for Life, ſuffer him to impoſe upon her, as he does upon himſelf. She too well remembers all he has ſaid to gain her Heart; how no Intreaty, no Extremity of his Lady's, could ſcarcely tear him, though but for a moment, from his Niece's Converſation, to whom, with all his Endeavours, he was never acceptable. See how ſhe *leers*, and almoſt *ſmiles*, upon her Partner in Conſolation! who tho' Miſtreſs of more Senſe, yet has ſhe the Command of Leſs, becauſe Love ſhows her the wrong end of the Perſpective, and makes her, againſt her Reaſon, believe all that the Object of her Paſſion requires her to believe. Hence if you but obſerve, her Arguments are really fitted to his appearance of Sorrow. She admits that a Man whom ſhe knows in love with another, and who neglected his Wife yeſterday, when living, can ſincerely lament her to Day, when Dead, without allowing for what is hourly perform'd by weak Minds, ſubject to every impreſſion; and who ſuffer their Senſes to be affected, and to run away with what their Hearts

Hearts have in reality no part in. Hence they *rejoyce*, they *mourn*, they *weep*, they *laugh*, they *look*, but they ſcarcely *ſee*; all their *Movements* are *ſuperficial*, they ſeldom go to the Head of the Spring, rarely ever examin into the true Motive, and throw out either *Tears* or *Smiles*, either *Joy* or *Grief*; not as they are in Reaſon and Reality *affected*, but as they are *infected* by *Cuſtom*, and ſway'd by *Decency*. Though as I told your Divinities before, our *Hero* thinks himſelf ſincerely in earneſt, he knows not how to believe that he is ſo happy as in a little time he may find. His Lady has left him an undiſputed Fortune, Childleſs, and the Reputation of having been a *good* Husband; no *common* Merit, in theſe *pretended*, *reform'd virtuous* Times: But whence did that Reputation ariſe? Was it from his being really a good Husband, or from her being a Wife ſo Excellent, that no Husband could be bad to her? If the latter, where then is his Merit?——He redoubles his Lamentations! his Grief is ſo exceſſive, he cannot for his Life permit any Company but theſe the moſt ingaging of the Family! what have thoſe of his own Sex, or old Women to flatter themſelves, that they can alleviate Sorrows ſo deeply rooted as his? He was griev'd, he has mourn'd ſince his Wife has been no more! 'Tis now ſome hours ſince his formidable Woe took Birth. He cannot bear any *Interruptions! Conſolations!* or *Condolence!* he ſhuts his Doors againſt *Relations* and *Foreigners*; he cannot ſpeak with *Civility*, nay *Decency*, to any but his Fellow-Mourners. See! how he takes the Hand of the one and weeps over it, how he preſſes it to his Lips, and remits it to his *Heart*, that ſhe may feel the *Anxiety* where-

with it is *agitated!* Whilſt the other (moſt officious, tho' neglected) paſſes hers over his Face, holds his Head, remarks the *Burning* and *Throbs* that ſhe fances it ſends forth, preſcribes Remedies. She ſighs in Conſort, but her Sighs are unregarded. Oh unequal Diſtribution! Be contented, *neglected* Maid, with the *Poſt* your ill Fortune has placed you in: You *Love* and are not *Belov'd*; nay, which is yet worſe, ſhall never be beloved. And with all your *Senſe* and *entertaining* Converſation, are only *endured*, not as you have thoſe Merits, or your Auditors *half* ſo *much*; but as your Preſence makes a third, and forbids *Scandal* to prevail; as it would certainly do, perhaps to the Ruin of the young Lady's Honour, which in this amorous Age is not always ſafe from Purſuit, not even from a Relation, and conſequently muſt expect to meet with its *Portion* of *Cenſure*, where two Perſons of *different* Sexes are ſo perpetually together, and ſo much alone.

Aſtrea.] With what Charms has Nature adorned *Variety?* 'Tis *that* only could recommend any other Object before the deceaſed Lady to her inconſtant Husband: Her *Merit* you have confirm'd, and her Face even in Death, without *Hyperboly*, is more agreeably than that of either of the two Ladies ſtretch'd on either ſide the Mourning Husband. Whatever we conclude of his Grief, we muſt commend his Cunning, that has choſe to wear it away with Objects, who by their Preſence *alone* forbid the Continuance of it. But what ſeems moſt wonderful to me, is, how the Perſon can ſo far impoſe upon himſelf, as to fancy he is griev'd! That he can thus outragiouſly regret her *Dead*, for

for whom he had not the greateſt Conſideration when *living!*

Intell.] 'Tis one great Property of humane Kind, upon the ſimpleſt Movement to impoſe firſt upon their own Beliefs; ſo ſelf-deceived are better fitted to deceive others. The Perſon whom you lately ſaw, has not only theſe two Ladies for his daily Conſolation; but his Grief being exceſſive, he is not willing by Night to be truſted with himſelf. His Lady's Woman, for whom he was ſuſpected to have more than a Platonick-Liking, is henceforward to ſet up in his Bed-chamber: He is too *nice*, too *delicate*, to permit any Servants but thoſe of the *ſofter* Sex to ſuch Intimacies, and even among *them*, none but the *Young* and *Agreeable*. An old Officious impertinent Nurſe, would have pretended to that *Honour*, but Age and Wrinkles are more affrighting *Fantoms* than any his *Sorrow*, nay *Deſpair*, can raiſe up to his deprav'd tortur'd Imagination.

The next Houſe furniſhes with a Scene no leſs an Object of *Satyr:* You will ſee there a young Lady, who has long ſuffer'd under the barbarous Perſecution of her *Mother*; ſhe would perſuade her ſhe was a *Lunatick*, and uſed her accordingly, 'till at length ſhe has in reality made her not very far from one. As a Proof of it, ſhe is gone to live with her again; notwithſtanding all her ill Uſage. We find the Lady born with an elevated Genius in a Family of conſiderable Circumſtances, her Father a *Chevalier*. *Corinna* had a genteel, agreeable Perſon, with an abundance of roving *Wit*, ſuperficial *Sparklings*, without much *Conduct* or any *Judgment*. Her Mother, a *ſevere parcimonious* Lady, allow-

ed

ed her no Advantages from *Education* at Home, or *Converſation* Abroad, ſo that *Corinna* bred her ſelf, and took a *bent* not eaſily to be ſtreightned. She had ſo much of my Lady in her Temper, as to be Covetous; to which ſhe has ow'd Miſfortunes. The Original of her Mother's Averſion for her, had its riſe from an intercepted Letter that *Corinna* wrote to a Confidant; where complaining of the little Diverſions ſhe met with at home, ſhe ſumm'd up the Family in theſe two Lines,

A Hen-peck'd *Father*, *an* imperious *Mother*,
A deaf *Siſter*, *and a* lame *Brother*.

From which ſhe deſir'd her to make a Judgment of the Agreeableneſs of her Entertainment, and whether ſuch Company could have any part in her Fondneſs. My Lady was reſolv'd to make good the Character her Daughter gave her, and uſed her with ſuch Tyranny and Ill-nature, that *Corinna* could not ſupport it. The Chevalier her Father was concern'd at it; but according to what his Daughter had ſaid, durſt not Complain. The young Lady made him a Requeſt, that ſhe could not very eaſily expect to have had granted. My Dear *Papa*, ſays the *carreſſing Corinna*, I know you do; as if you *lov'd* my Mother, never *contradicting* her any thing; but I am ſure you love your *Girl*, becauſe you are uneaſy at her *contradicting* me in every thing: You know, my Dear *Papa*, that I'm an excellent *Houſewife*, my Lady herſelf can't ſay againſt it; all ſhe will allow me to be her Daughter in, is, becauſe I have a great deal of her *preſerving Temper*. I have no Inclination to Marry,

Marry, rather an Averſion that way; you have ſaid my Fortune ſhall be Forty Thouſand Crowns, this you would not ſcruple to pay down upon the Nail, to any old *Curmudgeonly deformed abject* Monſter, that ſhall hit my Mother's *Foible.* For if ſhe ſays it muſt be done, there's no Remedy; we muſt both conſent, tho' my eternal Quiet is ſacrificed to her *Caprichio.* Such a one I'm inform'd ſhe is in Treaty with; Old *Adorno*, you know him, my Dear *Papa*; but what are his large Poſſeſſions to me? I ſhall ever hate him; Can your *Girl* be happy with ſuch unequal Merit? When my Lady has brought Things to a Concluſion, if you refuſe your Conſent, it will make a perpetual Quarrel; if you *grant*, then *Corinna*'s mortify'd and undone. Therefore, my Dear *Papa*, truſt your poor *Girl* for once; give me the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Crowns, I'll take a little Houſe, two Maid-Servants, a Woman, one Footman, and a Coachman, and you ſhall ſee how diſtinguiſhingly I ſhall Live. Reſolving never to marry, you will have my Houſe to be eaſy in, when my Mother makes you otherwiſe at home. If you can be ſo obliging, you will render me eternally Happy, and if I Propheſy right, you'll have no occaſion to Repent of it. I will at leaſt anſwer on my Part, unleſs ſome unfortunate *whirl* of *Fate* thruſt between me and Happineſs, to Poyſon that Quiet I promiſe to my ſelf; but however, this I may almoſt venture to be a *Sybil* in, my diſappointment ſhall never ariſe from Love; and what young Woman was ever yet known entirely Miſerable without it?

To be ſhort, ſhe gain'd her Point, the *Chevaliere* made her abſolute Miſtreſs of Forty Thouſand

ſand Crowns, and of her own Conduct, ſettled her in a very pretty Houſe, for which he paid the higheſt Price, I mean his own Life. My Lady grew ſo outragious to ſee her Daughter entirely out of her Dominion, that ſhe never ceas'd a Moment from teizing her Husband; who ſo well knew her Temper, and the Aſcendancy ſhe had over him, by his love of Eaſe, and refuſing to exert himſelf, that he had put it out of his Power to recal *Corinna*'s Fortune, as he certainly muſt have done, if poſſible. My Lady would, however, take out her Revenge upon his Quiet, and ſo ſucceſsfully purſu'd her Point, that he fell a Martyr to her Tongue. A Landmark for Husbands, how they ſuffer the growth of Authority in that *Tyrannical unruly* Member!

The Gentleman who own'd the Houſe *Corinna* liv'd in, was a *Cadet* of *Juſtice*, with no large Eſtate, but that was then the worſt part of him, for his Perſon was agreeable enough, his Temper Soft and Amorous, exact in his Dreſs, not wholly free from Foppery in his Manner; he could not ſee his Fair Tenant without a Tenderneſs for her. She had many Pretenders, and ſome Admirers; but Don *Alonzo*, ſo was he call'd, prov'd to be the Man. She had ſome Reliſh of his Converſation, had read a great deal, and much of Love, but was never touch'd with any thing that interfer'd with *Intereſt*; ſhe liked with her *Eyes*, but her *Heart* had ſtill a true *regard* to the World, more than Merit. However, finding herſelf Miſtreſs of an eaſy Fortune, reſolv'd againſt the Marriage-Chain, and entirely at her own Diſpoſe, ſhe wav'd too ſcrupulous an Enquiry into what ſhe ow'd her *Virtue*, and determin'd

termin'd not to deny her Satisfaction for a Circumſtance. She had an Idea of the Joys of Love from others; all who have ever felt it, ſpeak with Rapture of its Delights. Thoſe who can Write but indifferently on other Subjects, if once they have been truly agitated by it, Write well of *that*. Her Curioſity taught her to prove whether there was in it that *Pang* of Pleaſure, as ſhe had been made to believe; but the Affair was a little nice, Don *Alonzo* had an honourable Opinion of her Virtue, and viſited her accordingly. 'Twas true ſhe was a Virgin, but weary of being ſuch, and yet ſhe did not know how to exchange her Condition, without making herſelf that *Slave a Wife*, as ſhe call'd it. However, a Lady, or her Lover, muſt be very dull indeed, in the Freedom of Converſation, if one cannot give, and the other explain, their Deſires without ſpeaking. Don *Alonzo* was perhaps as long again in gueſſing at her Deſign, as another leſs prepoſſeſs'd would have been; becauſe he deſir'd to Marry her, and was very unwilling to believe but indifferently of a Lady he had ſuch an Intention towards: He preſs'd hard upon the Point, but ſhe was deaf as Storms on that ſide; but when he would urge the Exceſs of his Paſſion, the height of his *reſpective* Flames, the *Ardor* of his Pains, his *Impatiency* for Happineſs; ſhe would ſmile him a gracious Look of Approbation, ſuffer'd him to kneel at her Feet, to graſp her Knees, to meet the *Softneſs* of her Eyes, with greater of his own; would lean her Face to his, where (all Coward, as Love had made him) the kindling Youth could not be ſo loſt to Native Hope and Inſtinct, as not to attempt the hanging Cherry

Cherry of her Lip, that ſeemed to ſtoop for preſſure. But oh! which was greater, his Aſtoniſhment or Delight? When he found that an Action which he fear'd had merited Death, was feelingly receiv'd, and repay'd with bluſhing *Uſury*; his Heart throbb'd as if 'twould leave his Breaſt; he felt ineſtimable Pleaſures, between his Fears and his Deſires. Her Sparkling Eyes caſt a Day of Hope around him, to animate his doubting Love. The Virgin-Guard of awful Modeſty was willingly thrown by, ſhe left the dazzled Youth no time to pauſe or recollect, but anſwering all his eager Sighs, his Kiſſes and Deſires, ſhe lean'd upon a Bed was near her, whether the Amorous Youth in Heat of Ecſtaſie purſu'd her. Then was his time (he thought) to gain the warm'd, the yielding Maid's Conſent; he preſs'd for Happineſs, he preſs'd to Marry her——— to lengthen out his part of Bliſs, and make it durable as great ——— *Corinna* paus'd ——— and yawn'd upon the Importunity. ——— Have you ever ſeen Water thrown upon aſpiring Flames, that riſe to cover all they meet with Ruin? Such, and ſo damp'd, ſeem'd the Burnings of the defeated Maid. At length oblig'd to anſwer his repeated Propoſition, emboldened as he grew by that degree of Favour ſhe had lately ſhown him; ——— Why, ay, *Alonza*———anſwer'd ſhe———'tis true——— Marriage is indeed for Life, ——— but who can tell what ſort of a Life? ——— Do you think we can't Love without Marrying? At leaſt it ſeems rational to us that have our Underſtanding about us, to try thoſe nearer Intimacies, which are ſaid, either to raviſh or diſguſt! to make us Fonder or more Indifferent. Whatever

falſe

falſe Notion the World or you may have of *Virtue*, I muſt confeſs I ſhould be very loath to Bind my ſelf to a Man for ever, before I was ſure I ſhould like him for a Night; I don't take you to be ſo Dull, that I need explain my ſelf any further. I have hinted to you my Inclinations, I think it is now your Buſineſs to convince me of the Extent of yours.

Don *Alonzo*, who had an early Taint in his Compoſition of Self-Conceit, did not fear that Poſſeſſion could abate of her Inclination towards his fine Perſon; he rather believ'd it would heighten it, a receiv'd Maxim, That Women become *fonder* of whomſoever they admit to thoſe *Intimacies*. He did not doubt his Charms, nor his good Fortune, by a miſtaken Notion, concluding it would give him a Right over the *diſhonour'd* Fair, and that then ſhe would be glad to Marry him with the ſooneſt, at leaſt if ſhe ſhould happen to be *pregnant*.

But he had to deal with a Lady infinitely more Politick; ſhe had gratify'd her Curioſity, and became doatingly fond of his Converſation, perpetually teizing and ſending after him when he was never ſo little a time abſent from her; but ſtill ſhe would not, ſhe was too Wiſe, or too Covetous, to Marry him. A Neighbouring Lady, whom he had introduc'd to her Intimacy, preſs'd her hard on Don *Alonzo*'s Part, to make his Happineſs lawful, repreſenting a thouſand Things to ingage; among the reſt, his vaſt Reſpect, nay, Adoration for her Perſon. *Corinna* ſaid, ſhe was indeed obliged to him; but, Madam, ſhe purſu'd, what ſhould I Marry him for, to make him the Maſter of my ſelf and Fortune, only for a Name? I love his Company,

whilſt

whilſt he is thus *Obliging*, *Inſinuating*, *Careful of Diſpleaſing*, *Tender*, *Complaiſant*, *Amorous* and *Ardent*; but theſe Qualities, ſo conſpicuous and valuable in a Lover, will be loſt, or vaniſh in the Husband: *Neglectful*, *Sullen*, perhaps *Moroſe*; all his Attributes will be *inverted*; he will then expect to be pleas'd, 'twill be my turn to *Oblige* and *Obey*, at leaſt I muſt endeavour it, and perhaps without ſucceeding, I ſhall find him *Poſitive*, *Arbitray*, *Cold*, as if he never had had any *Fire*, or that I had loſt the Art of *kindling* it; tho' I muſt confeſs to you, the Defect of my own Conſtitution, I ſhould not ſtick with him for that Trifle, becauſe whatever Lovers may talk of *Joy*, I find there's nothing in't. If I were to judge of all Ladies by my ſelf, I ſhould think it lay chiefly in the *Head*; therefore muſt be mad to give up my Poſſeſſions for nothing, to loſe all that is indearing in Don *Alonzo*'s Converſation, and not be able to find my Account any other way: No, no, Madam, I'm wiſer than that comes too. I am Miſtreſs of my own Liberty and Fortune, I ſhall put on none of his Fetters, ſince all I ſhall be entitled to by 'em, is, clearing his *Mortgag'd* Eſtate, and paying his other Debts.

Mean time, her Mother (through ſome extravagant Sparklings in the Daughter's unheeded Converſation, with her Intimates, who ridicul'd a Wit they did not underſtand) fail'd not to repreſent her in all Companies as a *Lunatick*; ſhe thought if ſhe could but ſucceed, her Forty Thouſand Crowns would fall to her ſhare: *The truly Covetous have never enough!* The Charge of keeping her under thoſe Circumſtances would be Inſignificant; at length ſhe proceeded ſo far,

as

as to have her ſeiz'd in her own Houſe, by Doctors and Nurſes, and put under the Operation. Don *Alonzo* reſcu'd her, they had a trial at Law, where *Corinna*'s Woman depos'd, that for a length of time together, ſhe had given her a Powder every Morning in her Chocolate, that my Lady had furniſh'd her with, pernicious to Health, and capable, by ſlow degrees, of ruining the ſtrongeſt Conſtitution. Don *Alonzo* pleaded Merit from the Service he had done her, and urg'd her to Marry him, which perhaps ſhe might have been brought to, ſince the Name and Quality of a Husband, was all that was left to skreen her from her Mother's malicious deſigning Pretences, if an unlucky Story had not reach'd her Ear. It ſeems, during the time of her Perſecution, Don *Alonzo* had the Reputation of Courting a Lady only for his Pleaſure, who made no ſcruple to receive his *Viſits* and his *Preſents*; but yet at the long run refus'd him her *Favours*: He was out of Patience with the *Jilting* Fair One, and as the ſcandalous Chronicle recites, having one Day found a lone opportunity, he very robuſtly gave her two or three ſound Blows that ſtun'd and threw her on the Ground; where, as 'tis reported, he took the opportunity of accompliſhing his Deſire. The *Cadet* ſo us'd to do *Juſtice* to others, wou'd not refuſe it to himſelf; for, as he ſaid, his *Preſents* had *bought* the Lady; the *Favours* ſhe had to beſtow were his, and he wou'd take 'em where-ever he had an Opportunity.

This ruin'd him with *Corinna*, who tho' *ſhe* had found nothing *in't*, was not very willing *another* ſhou'd. Her Mother got her again, and kept her a Priſoner at a Houſe in the Country, whence

to free her ſelf, ſhe did the thing in the World ſhe had leaſt Inclination for, and that was to Marry the Son of the Family ſhe was in, a *pert* young Man, without the *Ballaſt* of Underſtanding? He might have made himſelf and *Corinna* happy; but with weak Heads, good Fortune has Fumes that very often turns the Brain. They were forced to ſubmit to another Trial at Law, to acquit her from being a *Lunatick*; one (no undiverting) Circumſtance, inclin'd the Judge to give Sentence in her Favour. A Gentleman of the Long Robe, named *Vagellius*, was eminently againſt her.

> ——————————*One reputed long,*
> *For ſtrength of Lungs and Pliancy of Tongue:*
> *Which way he pleaſes, he can mould a Cauſe,*
> *The* Worſt *has* Merits, *and the* Beſt *has* Flaws.
> *Five Pieces makes a Criminal to Day,*
> *And ten to morrow takes the Stain away:*
> *Whatever he affirms is undeny'd*, &c.

To be ſhort, nothing can be added to the *Satyriſt's* excellent Deſcription of him, but a Word or two of his Perſon: Where we find a ſtudy'd Elegance of *Dreſs*, and Stiffneſs of *Behaviour*, that diſtinguiſhes him as much as his Tongue. This *Spruce*, *Affected*, not *Unhandſome* Lawyer, had made the Overture of his fair Perſon to *Corinna*. You have heard that only Neceſſity could determine her Reſolutions (againſt her Inclinations) to Marry at all, and therefore when ſhe was not under that Neceſſity, ſhe refus'd *Vagellius*, who as *little* in his Revenge, as he was *great* in Rhetorick, ingag'd himſelf of her Mother's ſide, and ſaid all that cou'd be ſaid, to convince the *Judge* ſhe was

was a *Lunatick*. *Corinna* begg'd his Lordſhip to hear her but one Word upon that Head, related the Circumſtance of *Vagellius*'s Courtſhip, and then appeal'd to his Lordſhip's *Judgment*, if they cou'd rationally condemn her for a *Lunatick*, who had been ſo wiſe as to refuſe to Marry him, with his *little* ſhare of *real* Eſtate, and his *large* Portion of Children? for he had Six. This determin'd the Court of her ſide; ſhe was diſcharg'd, and left to her own and her Husband's Management, who in a little time behav'd himſelf unworthily to her, kept two Women for his Pleaſure, in her very Eye, and Rioted out the Income of her Fortune in ſuch blameable Diverſions, 'till he had quite weary'd her out, and forc'd her to take up with her Mother's Houſe, to revenge her ſelf upon her Husband. He quickly, upon her Deſertion, fell into a want of Money, and failing to carry her off, when he came to my Lady's to demand her, he fell into a *Lunacy*; the firſt effects of it was fatal to his Friend, whom he had brought to aſſiſt him; for, without any Provocation, as they were walking, he let him go a little before, and then diſcharging a Piſtol behind, ſhot him into the Body, of which he dy'd. He alſo let fly another at the firſt Perſon that he ſaw in the Road. He was *ſeiz'd*, and brought to *Juſtice*; but his Madneſs ſaved his Life. He is now under Cure, and *Corinna* bury'd and forgotten in her Mother's Perſecutions; a Lady, who bating ſome Circumſtances, deſerv'd better Fortune, all her Miſery and Wrongs being deriv'd from *her* that ſhou'd, by Nature and Duty, have done her utmoſt to ſhelter her from being wrong'd by others.

Behold the illuſtrious Palace of *Beaumond*, in Proſpect! Has your *Divinity*, ſince your ſecond *Deſcent*, ſeen any thing ſo Glorious? Theſe are the Avenues: Ha! the Houſhold grand Druid, and a Lady with him in Tears! There is in that Man a *Harmony* of Soul, the Beauty of *true* Holineſs without the *falſe* Auſterity: Obſerve the Lineaments of his Face! Is not *Sweetneſs*, is not *Goodneſs* triumphant there? Do not they ſeem *calm* and at *eaſe*, ſeated as if in their *native* Reſidence; ſomething that reflects Mercy and Integrity to all who ſhall have the good Fortune to approach him? He is *Brave*, he is *Loyal*, not to be overborn by the Hopes of a prevailing-Party, for any Advantages of theirs, to quit his own. He has the Honour of the young *Prince*'s Ear; but he never approaches it but to confirm in him the *Hero*, to reward the *Meritorious*, encourage the Profeſſors of *Sciences*, intercede for the *Unfortunate*, and to receive from him Commands of *Magnificence* and *Benignity*. Then there is a Charm in his Pen that is irreſiſtable, all the Harmony of *Numbers* in his *Proſe*, all the Sweetneſs and unconfin'd Beauty of *Proſe* in his *Numbers*; his *TEMPLE* of *FAME*, more Immortal and Renown'd than even my *Princeſs* herſelf, ſhall blaze for ever a Standard in that way of Writing, 'till the end of Language, and not to be equal'd but by thoſe other Compoſitions of his own. O! how happy is the young Prince in a Capacity of *judging*, of *diſtinguiſhing*, *of rewarding* ſuch *exalted* Merit! He is *foremoſt* in his Houſhold, always *conſulted*, and ever approv'd. How blameleſs muſt the young *Hero* wear away his Hours of Mortal Life, that can have his every Action witneſſed by ſo *wiſe*, ſo *holy* a *Monitor*? Pauſe

Pauſe we a little; they ſpeak; the Lady ſeems diſtreſs'd; it may not be unworthy your *Excellencies* Curioſity to attend to their Diſcourſe.

Delia.] You would, my Lord, know the particulars of the unhappy *Delia*'s Misfortunes. Ah! It is not of the ſmalleſt Pennance you could have enjoyn'd me: Where I ſhould be ſo fond of Eſteem, I am entring upon Methods to deſtroy it. Can you allow for extreme *Youth* and *Innocence?* Will not that attone for my unwary Conduct? However, ſince it is my Wiſh, as well as Glory, to obey any Commands of yours; the *Native* Love I have for *Truth*, as well as due Reſpect to the Perſon I am entertaining, who, perhaps, has it in his Power to diſprove me, if I in the leaſt Tittle depart from it, ſhall make me carefully conſider nothing ſo much, in the Relation I am going to make you.

You know, my Lord, my Father was the *Chevalier*————; and if it be counted a piece of good Fortune, as doubtleſs 'tis, to be born of worthy Parents, I may do juſtice to mine, and ſay, that none could be more *Brave*, more *Loyal*, more *Virtuous*. He was alſo diſtinguiſh'd by his love of Letters, his Perfection in moſt *Languages*, his general Love of *Science*, and his *Humanity*. Oh, how unfortunate was his Loſs! My Mother was dead whilſt I was yet an Infant. The inhuman Civil Wars, that rent aſunder the Kingdom of *Atalantis*, involv'd my Grandfather's Poſſeſſions in its Ruins; and when afterwards that a Calm ſucceeded, and the Royal Line was reſtor'd, unhappy *Counſels* prevail'd. Thoſe that had been Sufferers were the leaſt regarded, through a *dangerous* wiſe Maxim of the then *Miniſter*, who told the *young unthinking* Mo-

narch, He must encourage and employ his *Enemies*, to try to make them his *Friends*: For as to those that were so out of Principle, they wou'd be his Friends still, without other Incouragement. Thus the suffering Loyalty of our Family, like Virtue, met little else but it self for a Reward. My Father had, indeed, a Military Employment, which, tho' not of half the Value of that Paternal Estate which was lavish'd in the Royal Service; yet, upon his Decease, we were sensible of the Loss of it. He left behind him three Daughters, and a Son; my Brother was kill'd in his *Marine* Command, in the late War under *Henriquez*'s Government. Thus all the Support we had remaining, fell in the Defence of an ungrateful People; who never consider the unhappy Relicts of a Family, desolate and ntglected: Never extend their Regards to those that remain Monuments of their Injustice, tho' their Misfortunes and Ruin have no other Foundation than the Loyalty of their Ancestors; their Contempt of *Life*, and an *honourable*, nay glorious Loss of it in Defence of their Gods, and of their Country: What then can remain with their ruin'd Off-spring, but stubborn Discontent, Heart-burnings, and Complaint of their undoing?

Neither was a Brother of my Father's (tho' by an Error in Education made of the Factious Party) more fortunate. He had considerably enrich'd himself; but purchasing a wrong Title, upon the Restoration of the Royal Line, it reverted back to the former Possessor; so that he was left with several small Children, an unpitied Example of Rebellion. To the Eldest of these my Father took care to give the Education of a

Gen-

Gentleman, and endeavour'd to tincture him with true *Principles:* He lov'd him with a distinguishing Tenderness; something that he could not have for his own Children, because they were too young for that reasonable part of Conversation which he met in Don *Marcus*. To him it was, that, upon his dying Bed, he left the Care of my youngest Sister and my self; the eldest having much the advantage of us in Age, was marry'd, and gone off with a Husband so ill-natur'd and disobliging, that our Family no longer convers'd with theirs. My Father associated with Don *Marcus* two remote Relations; one immediately after dy'd; the other was old, had gain'd a large Estate in the World, liv'd at the distance of above two hundred Miles from us, lov'd his Ease, and resolv'd to enjoy it; so that he left the Care of us, and our Affairs, wholly in Don *Marcus*'s Hands. He had always had an obliging Fondness, that was wonderfully taking with *Girls*; we lov'd him as much as it was possible. He sent us into the Country, to an old out-of-fashion Aunt, full of the *Heroick Stiffness* of her own *Times*; would read Books of *Chivalry* and *Romances* with her Spectacles. This sort of Conversation infected me, and made me fancy every Stranger that I saw, in what Habit so ever, some disguis'd *Prince* or *Lover*. It was not long before my Aunt dy'd, and left us at large, without any Controul. This immediately reach'd Don *Marcus*'s Notice: He took Post, and came down to fetch us to *Angela*. He was in deep Mourning, and, as he told us, for his Wife. We congratulated with him for his Deliverance from an old uneasie Lady, that we remembred

enough of to hate, ever ſince we had been Children. She had buried herſelf for many Years in the Country, a vaſt diſtance from *Angela*; ſo that none of our Family retain'd any Correſpondence with theirs. My Couſin Gaurdian immediately declared himſelf my Lover, with ſuch an Eagerneſs, that none can gueſs at who are not acquainted with the Violence of his Temper. I was no otherwiſe pleas'd with it, than as he anſwer'd ſomething to the Character I had found in thoſe Books, that had poyſon'd and deluded my dawning Reaſon. However, I had the *Honour* and *Cruelty* of a true *Heroin*, and would not permit my Adorer ſo much as a Kiſs from my Hand, without ten thouſand times more Intreaty than any thing of that Nature cou'd be worth. But not to dwell upon ſuch Trifles, I fell ill of a violent Fever, where my Life was deſpair'd of. Don *Marcus* and my Siſter never quitted the Chamber in ſixteen Nights, nor took any other Repoſe, than by throwing themſelves alternately upon a little Palate in the ſame Room. In ſhort, having ever had a Gratitude in my Nature, and a tender Senſe of Benefits; upon my Recovery I promis'd to marry him. 'Twas fatally for me perform'd in the Preſence of my Siſter, one Maid-Servant, and a Gentleman who had married a Relation of ours. I was then wanting of Fourteen, without any *Deceit* or *Gueſs* of it in others. 'Tis true I had formerly heard Don *Marcus*'s Lady repeat, in the Violence of her Rage, the baſe Methods he had took to gain her, producing Writings to a good Eſtate, when he had but the expectation of a ſmall one, and that not 'till after the Death of his Father.

I

I ſhould not urge this Particular againſt him, but to acquaint you that mine was not his firſt *Deceit*, his Lady is ſtill (for ought I know) a living Witneſs of the Truth of this: To ſum it all in a little, I was marry'd, poſſeſs'd and ruin'd. He brought me to *Angela*, fix'd me in a remote quarter of it, forbid me to ſtir out of Doors, or to receive the Viſits of my deareſt Siſter, any other Relation, Friends or Acquaintance. I thought this a very rough Proceeding, and griev'd the more exceſſively at it, ſince I had marry'd him only becauſe I thought he lov'd me; thoſe that know his Perſon will eaſily believe that I was not in Love with him. He was about two or three and twenty Years older than I was, and as I have often heard him ſay himſelf, a *Man*, and with my Father in the next Chamber, when I was born. Then as to his Perſon, his Face and Shape had never been handſome; what he values himſelf upon moſt, is a ſort of an out-of-the-way bluſtring *Wit*, by no means *polite*. You know him *Vain*, *Talkative*, *Opinionated*, mixing a thouſand *Abſurdities* with every *Grain* of Sence; then ſo perfect a *Libertine*, that he never deny'd himſelf the Gratifications of any of his Paſſions, every way a *Debauchee*. Yet can this Man talk of *Honour*, of *Loyalty*, of loſing all for his *Duty*, tho' wholly forgetful of it, when he join'd *Henriques* with the *Count de Grand Monde*, ſecuring the ſtrongeſt Citadel of the Kingdom, againſt the reigning Prince, and naming it the *Glorious Cauſe*. But not ſucceeding in his firſt Pretenſions (where he put in for being one of the Divan) he revolted back to the *Royal* Party, and made himſelf all that Reign, a *diſtinguiſhing noſy* Tool,

Tool, only fit to *ſpeak* there, what the Men of Diſcretion of his ſide, were well enough contented to hear.

Neither could Intereſt be ſaid to move me, unleſs his Wife were Dead. I muſt find him a Beggar. She had indeed a pretty Eſtate, but her Daughter was to have it; and whilſt ſhe was living, I could not pretend to the uſe of any ſhare of it. This may ſuffice againſt the ill-natur'd part of the World, who when my Misfortune began to be publick (for I was the laſt that knew of it) were ſo malicious to ſay, that either I was never Married, or elſe could be no Stranger to his Ladies being alive. The latter part I have ſufficiently anſwer'd, by the little Inducement I could have from his Perſon or Circumſtances: And as to the firſt, my *Siſter* and *Servant* are both alive, and Witneſſes of my Marriage. The Gentleman indeed is Dead, but it was not without all the Deteſtation imaginable, at being made a Party in the Deceit. Doubtleſs he had called Don *Marcus* to a ſevere Account, but that my Prayers and Intreaties, tender of Bloodſhed, deferr'd that Revenge, which ſoon after, his Death prevented him from purſuing.

I was uneaſy at being kept a Priſoner, but my Husband's Fondneſs and Jealouſy was the Pretence. I had always lov'd reading, to which I was now, more than ever oblig'd, or much of my Time had hung upon my Hands. Soon after I prov'd with Child, and ſo perpetually ill, that I implor'd Don *Marcus* to let me have the Company of my Siſter and my Friends. When he could have no Relief from my Importunity (being aſſur'd, that in ſeeing my Relations, I ſhould learn the more than barbarous Deceit he had us'd to betray me) he thought that it was

beſt

beſt for himſelf to diſcover it: After having firſt try'd all the Arguments he could invent, then the Authority of a Husband, but in vain, for I was fixt to my point, and would have my Siſter's Company; he fell upon his Knees before me, with ſo much Confuſion, Diſtreſs and Anguiſh, that I was at a loſs to know what cou'd work him to ſuch a pitch. At length, with a thouſand interrupting Tears and Sobs, he ſtab'd me with the wounding Relation of his Wife's being ſtill alive! conjur'd me to have ſome Mercy upon a loſt Man as he was, in an obſtinate, inveterate Paſſion, that had no Alternative but Death or Poſſeſſion; could he have ſupported the pain of *living* without me, he wou'd never have made himſelf ſo great a *Villain*. But when the Abſolute-Queſtion was, whether he ſhould *Shoot himſelf* or Betray *me?* Self-Love had turn'd the Ballance, tho' not without that Anguiſh to his Soul, as had poiſon'd all his Delights. Having a thouſand times ſtarted in his guilty Sleep; my Fathers Form perpetually haunting his troubled Dreams, reproaching him as a Traitor to that Truſt, which in the Pangs of Death, he had repos'd in him. And as a double Villain, caſting an impure, an indelible Stain upon the Honour of a Family, which was ſo nearly his own: Repreſenting to his tortour'd Imagination, all the Expence and Care he had of his Education; more like a Father, than an Uncle, for which he had ſo ungratefully rewarded him, in the ruin of a Daughter, who, but for him, might have flouriſh'd Fair, an Ornament to his Houſe, at leaſt not a Reproach to it. My riſing Grief forbids me to dwell upon ſo diſtreſsful a Subject, or on half thoſe Accuſations with which

Don

Don *Marcus* cunningly loaded himſelf, to be before-hand in thoſe he expected I ſhould make him. But alas! my Surprize and Grief were beyond the eaſe of Words, beyond the benefit of Tears. Horror! Amazement! Senſe of Honour loſt! the World's Opinion! ten thouſand Diſtreſſes, crowded my wounded Imagination! I caſt my Looks upon the conſcious Traitor with horrible diſmay. The ſtubborn Tears refus'd to flow to my relief; I could not Sigh, I could not Groan; my *Blood* was ſtagnated, ſo was my Reaſon. He carried me to the Bed all motionleſs. Oh that ſome pitying God had that moment tore me from his impious Embraces! that I had had but Strength, or Courage, to have abandon'd the Villain! to have left him to perpetual Remorſe! to the never-ending Invaſions of his own Conſcience! O that I had but then proclaim'd him through all the Streets of *Angela*! for the Betrayer of my Glory! the Deſtroyer of an ancient, worthy Family! which had never (in their Women) had a Stain! Then had I probably ſecur'd my ſelf from the reproach of being a conſcious Partner to my own undoing. Oh unexperienc'd Youth! Oh unavailing Reaſon! why is it that you never appear in an Age that has moſt occaſion for you? ——My Lord, I tire you with the repetition of my Woes——Alas! what Relief was there for me? My Brother, that might have reveng'd my Wrongs, was newly kill'd at Sea, the neareſt remaining Relation of a Man was *Him*, the Traitor that had ſeduc'd me to Ruin by a ſpecious Pretence.

My Fortune was in his Hands, or worſe, already laviſh'd away in thoſe Exceſſes of Drinking and Play, that he could not abſtain from, tho'

tho' he had lately Married me, a Wife, whom he pretended to be fond of; I was young, unacquainted with the World, had never ſeen the Neceſſities of it, knew no Arts, had not been expos'd to any Hardſhips. My Father, a Man of true Honour and Principles; nicely juſt in his Affairs with all the World, liv'd in a handſome manner, and ſo I had been Educated. What cou'd I do? forlorn! diſtreſs'd! beggar'd! to whom cou'd I run for Refuge, even from Want and Miſery, but to the very Traitor that had undone me? I was acquainted with none that wou'd eſpouſe my Cauſe, a *helpleſs*, *uſeleſs* load of Grief and Melancholly! with Child! Diſgrac'd! my own Relations either impotent of Power or Will to Relieve me!

Thus was I detain'd by my unhappy Circumſtances, and his prevailing Arts, to wear away three wretched Years in his guilty Houſe, tho' no Intreaty, no Perſwaſion, cou'd ever again reconcile me to his impious Arms; conſcious to my ſelf of having there done my Duty, whatever appearance my living with him had as to the World. My wretched Son, whenever I caſt my Eyes upon him, was a mortal Wound to my Repoſe; the Errors of his Birth glared full upon my Imagination. I ſaw the future upbraiding him with his Father's Treachery, and his Mother's Misfortunes. Thus forſaking, and forſaken of all the World, in my Morn of Life, whilſt all things ſhould have been Gay and Promiſing, I wore away three wretched Years, without either one Companion or Acquaintance. As my Reaſon increas'd, ſo did my Senſe of Honour loſt. I began vainly to conſider whether it was an impoſſible Attempt to retrieve it.

Don

Don *Marcus* had lately got a conſiderable Employment; the Duties of it oblig'd him to go into the Country where his firſt Wife liv'd. He took a tender farewel of me, and promis'd a due Care of my ſelf and Child; ſaid he would now endeavour to do me Juſtice in my Fortune, and ſave the greateſt part of his new Income, to repair the Waſts that he had made; perſuaded me to have gone with him into the Country; and to ſeduce or quiet my Conſcience, ſhow'd me a fam'd Piece that was newly wrote in Defence of *Polygamy* and *Concubinage*, by one who was afterwards *Grand Preſident*. When he was gone, he ſoon relaps'd into his former Extravagancies, and unworthily left me to Repine and Complain at his Neglect and Barbarity; happy only in being releas'd from the killing Anguiſh, of every Day having before my Eyes the Object of my Undoing.

When by Degrees I began to look abroad in the World, I found the Reputation I had loſt, (by living in ſuch a clandeſtine manner with Don *Marcus*) had deſtroy'd all the Eſteem that my Truth and Converſation might have elſe procur'd me. O nice unrelenting Glory! is it impoſſible to retrieve thee? impoſſible to bend thee! wilt thou for ever be *inexorable* and *ingrateful* to my Careſſes? Is there no retrieve for Honour loſt? the gracious Gods more merciful to the Sins of Mortals, accept Repentance, tho' the nobler *Part*, the Soul, be there concern'd, and ſuffer our Sins to be waſhed away by Tears of Penitence. But the World, truly inexorable, is never reconcil'd! unequal diſtribution! Why are your Sex ſo partially diſtinguiſh'd? Why is it in your Powers, after accumulated Crimes, to regain

regain Opinion? when ours, tho' oftentimes guilty, but in appearance, are irretrievably loſt? Can no regularity of Behaviour reconcile us? Is it not this Inhoſpitality that brings ſo many unhappy Wretches to Diſtruction? diſpairing of Redemption, from one vile degree to another, they plunge themſelves down to the loweſt ebb of Infamy.

Oh my Lord! all things are in your Sacred Power, you only can reſtore me. Repreſent me through your charitable Glaſs, with that *perſwaſive enchanting Eloquence*, to the two ſhining Princeſs's of *Adario* and *Beaumond:* Wou'd either of ſuch bright Examples, but lend a Ray of Favour to the unhappy *Delia*, who ſhou'd dare to diſpute her *Virtue!* Nay, her *Merit?* have they not by their own unblameable auſpicious Conduct, got into their hands, the Power of Life and Death? Their Authority can preſerve or Ruin! Introduce me with Succeſs, let me be but there receiv'd, and I have never had a Stain!

Grand Druid.] Believe me, Madam, there ſhall be nothing wanting on my part, to make you an Exception to the general Rule. A Penitence ſo ſincere as yours, a Diſtreſs ſo moving, has pleaded powerfully for you. You that might have met many Advantages of Fortune, and cou'd not have miſſed Eſteem, ſhall be ſure of all my Endeavours. The Princeſs of *Beaumond*, and the Princeſs *Ormonda Adario*, his Aunt, is now with his Highneſs of *Beaumond*; the firſt opportunity that offers ſhall be yours, I will even ingage his Eminence to compaſſionate your Sufferings; and know you not that in ſo *great*, ſo *true* a Hero, to Compaſſionate is to Redreſs? free from thoſe prepoſſeſſions, that ſway the generality

lity of Mankind, he is not afraid to raiſe and reward obſcure Merit.

Aſtrea.] I am weary of being entertain'd with the Fopperies of the Fair; what Care ſhall my Prince be able to take, to prevent the growth of *forbidden* Love? How is it poſſible to hinder the Women from *believing*, or the Men from *deceiving?* the *Penalty* muſt be *there*, and ſomething of a quicker Senſe (if poſſible) than that of Honour loſt! ſince we ſee the tender Sex, with all their *Native-Timorouſneſs*, *Modeſty* and *Shame-fac'd* Education, when ſtung by Love, can trample under Foot the conſideration of *Virtue* and *Glory*, tho' by the loſs they are reduc'd to be the deſpicableſt part of the Creation. In one weekly agitated by Reaſon, but ſtrongly by her Paſſions; and who is not to be wrought upon, even by the examplary Ruin of others. What hopes, whilſt the price of Flattery runs ſo high? Inborn Pity and Gratitude teaches the Fair to compaſſionate the pretended Sufferings of him, who craftily advances her above the Heavens, and in all her Charms, compares her to *Cytherea*, whence ſhe deſcends in Pride of Power, to ſave the Wretch who rais'd her! 'till her ſelf is truly loſt. But to ſuch a Villian as Don *Marcus*, I would for ever have him branded with the notoriouſeſt Ignominy. My Prince ſhall make it Death to thoſe who can be prov'd to have ſeduc'd a *Virgin*. Since ſenſe of *Shame* and *Reputation* can't with-hold 'em! ſince *Conſcience*, *Honour*, and what the World calls Principles, can't deter thoſe *Betrayers*; the Laws muſt, and thoſe ſhall be Sanguinary. My Prince ſhall adore, and ſerve the Fair, by Methods truly advantageous! truly to their Glory! not by *falſe-deluding-Praiſe*,

Heart-

Heart-breaking Sacrifice, or *fond Complaints of Cruelty and Charms*; but in being their Champion againſt all unlawful Invaders. Never ſhall he caſt a glance of Favour, or reward with *Riches* or *Employment*, an *Adulterer* or *Debauchee*; and for thoſe who are found Guilty of Don *Marcus*'s Crime, they ſhall die without the hope of Mercy! *branded* and *unlamented*.

Intell.] In *Atalantis* there are Laws in force againſt plurality of Wives; but they have found an eaſy *Evaſion* from the *Penalty*. The Woman who ſeeks for Juſtice, after a great Expence of Time and Mony, meet nothing in return but *Cenſure*, and the Imputation of being *Implacable*, and *Litigious*, and are ever after ridicul'd as *Jealous* and *Revengeful*. Beſides the *Courts* of *Juſtice* are ſo corrupt, that in the very beginning of a Cauſe, we are ſure it will be determin'd on the ſide where there is moſt *Mony* or *Favour*, which is ſeldom or never found upon that of a *proſecuting* Wife. Then their Arts to prolong and ſpin out to a prodigious length, what they fear will be determin'd againſt them, with ways to procure *falſe Evidence*, is ſufficient to frighten the Neceſſitous and Juſt, from attempting an impoſſible or tedious Relief. But of this more in its proper place; when *Aſtrea* ſhall be conducted to the awful Seat of *Juſtice*, where ſhe will be fir'd with a generous Indignation, to ſee what ſhould be the Emblem of her beauteous Self, with *Favour* and *Corruption* in the Ballance, *Pondera-ting* the Scale, not as they *ought*, but as they *will*. Don *Marcus*'s Crime, whether he were Married or no, is to be deteſted: Her Frailty, (were ſhe Guilty) could be no excuſe to his Villany, in corrupting a young Creature under

his Care, ſo near a Relation, the Daughter of a Father to whom he had a thouſand Obligations, to whom he ow'd his Education, who honour'd him with ſo many Marks of his Indearments, and receiv'd by him into the neareſt Truſt. I can't tell whether his Marriage may not be the moſt excuſable part. For though her Advancement in the World be by that means prevented, yet are her *Principles* and *Vertue* uncorrupted, whilſt innocent of her undoing, the deluded Maid is blameleſs as to Honour. But if he made her a conſcious Party to her Ruin, that villanous Induſtry of his, to overthrow a well-grounded Education, and thoſe excellent Morals which muſt needs have been taught her by ſo worthy a Parent, will ſink him, with eternal Infamy, into the black Waters of *Cocytus*. Certainly, whoever *firſt* ſeduces a young *Virgin*, is anſwerable for all the Crimes and Misfortunes of her future Life; were he even to die for it (as your Excellency propoſes) it would indeed be a juſt Puniſhment to him; but too *weak*, too *feeble* an *Equivalent* for *Honour* loſt; her indelible Stain, tho' got in an Age, before ſhe knows the uſe of Reaſon, or can have a true Senſe of Glory, being not to be waſh'd away with Blood, no, not even with her own!

The Race of Men are arriv'd to that Perfection in *Arts*, *Sciences*, *Villany* and *Penetration*, that there can be no Laws contriv'd, how binding ſoever, in Intention and Appearance, but what they can extenuate. When ſome new one is juſt paſt, of what Nature ſoever, the firmer the better, there's the more Glory to be gain'd, the whole Body of the Gentlemen of the *Long-Robe*, fall ſeverally and immediately to conſider it in its

its niceſt ſtrongeſt Capacity ; and whoever is the Man that unties the *Gordian*, as ſome ſuch is always to be found, his Fortune is made, his new acquir'd Reputation is the Omen of Preferment and a large Eſtate, all People thronging to employ ſuch a *Head-Piece*; for with them a crafty, long-ſighted Lawyer, is an *extraordinary* Perſon, an *excellent* Man, a *worthy* Counſellor, deſerving not only treble Fees, but all the Honours of the Gown. There was ſomething like what your *Excellency* advances in Debate in the *Divan*, ſome Years ago, where it was propos'd that whoever was catch'd in *Adultery*, ſhould die. A certain *Military Tribune*, fam'd for Lewdneſs of Life, and a number of Amours, gave his Voice to paſs it into a *Law:* His Friends enquir'd afterwards, what he meant by it, he that was known to be ſo notorious an Offender? He anſwer'd, That was true, but he thought they did deſerve to die that were ſuch Fools to be catch'd; for whereas he had but ſhut the Door before, he wou'd be ſure to lock it now.

Aſtrea.] Oh how pleaſing is this Retreat! thoſe beautiful delightful Avenues, noble *Viſta*'s, accompliſh'd blendings of *Art* and *Nature!* How they prepare our Expectation for what it terminates in, that goodly *Pile*, which with its *proud Eminence* aſpires almoſt above human Sight. The mageſtick *Genius* of this Iſle is himſelf the peculiar Guardian of *Beaumond!* Behold him, my dear Mother, conſpicuous to us, tho' impervious to Lady *Intelligence* and *Elonora*; his dazling Throne reſts upon that Golden Globe, caſt in Imitation of *Phœbus*'s refulgent *Orb*, the extreameſt Ornament of the Building! See! how *Bounty*, *Hoſpitality*, *Honeſt-Love*, *Heroick-Courage*, ſmile

upon his Face! Emblems of what he inſpires into the Breaſt of the Young *Hero* his Illuſtrious Charge! His Head is incompaſſed with a becoming Wreath of the *ever-verdant Laurel*, and *faithful Olive*. Behold! that portly *Ship* of *War*, which he bears in his Right Hand! the Left declines towards a fertile *Shore*, which fair *Liberty* and *Plenty* hover over; whilſt ſelf-poiz'd above 'em all, *Imminent* and *Attractive*, is to be ſeen *unſhaken* Loyalty, with *over-ſhadowing* Wings, the Guide and Supporter of unalterable *Beaumond!* Oh happy *Hero!* the appropriated Care of the whole Cœleſtial Race! Oh Mortal! truly worthy our Regard, incompaſs'd round with all the Ornaments of Virtue! *Aſtrea* feels in approaching thee a glow of Pleaſure and Delight! the ſimpathetick Reſult of Heaven-born-Joy! Let us enter! let us behold his Perſon at a nearer View! He that dares be Honeſt; that dares be Loyal, when it is ſo much the manner to be otherwiſe; when it's become ſcarce more than a Name, and that too very near *forgotten:* He, who chooſes to walk almoſt alone, rather than mingle with the Illuſtrious-guilty-Herd; rich in that native much-becoming-Pride, of well-performing Duty. Who with a ſmile of Contempt look'd down, and deſpiſed thoſe inglorious Preferments and Rewards, with which they would have tempted his early, his unwary Youth!

Intell.] Would not Mortals be ſtruck with a certain Awe and Reverence, [at entring this High, this capacious Hall? Hark, the reſounding Dome! Eccho ſeems to have fix'd here her chiefeſt Habitation; the Voice reverberating from every ſide, gives the *tatling Fair* her

fill

fill of Repetition! ſhe is doubtleſs fond of ſo lovely a Manſion. Paſs we on to entertain your Divinties with one of the Heaven-Born-Sciences; behold what noble pieces of Painting! Is not all that you ſee greatly Beautiful! the Ornaments fitted for the Place, as the Place for them! See! that Chamber! are you not as you look around, in a beautiful *Parterre?* Has not, in theſe Hangings, Art almoſt exceeded Nature? Does not the Roſe bluſh here with a purer Red than upon the Buſh? Mark thoſe lovely Carnations! What *Elyſian* Garden can boaſt of any thing ſo fair? View the hanging Purple of the early Violet! Is not whole Spring before us? There is no need of Imagination to heighten Art, for Art even out-does Imagination; All this is the glorious Dowager of *Beaumond*'s Performances, the beautiful Product of thoſe leiſure Hours, which others of her Sex and Rank ſquander away unaccountably. 'Tis to *her* Needle we owe this true and wonderful Repreſentation of Nature! The Floriſt need not be ſollicitous of Storms and Seaſons: 'Tis here perpetual Spring, and ever-enduring Summer. I will lead you next to the Houſhold-Altar, ſacred to mighty *Jupiter!* her nice-performing Fancy has not left any thing of well-choſen Magnificence to be added to the conſecrated Dome; as if there was nothing, no not even Religion it ſelf, but what he could adorn! O *Daughter!* truly worthy thy immortal *Father*, who fell a *glorious Martyr* in the Cauſe of his *Royal ſuffering Maſter!* Her *Loyalty*, her *Perſeverance*, is of Force to attone for the Misfortune of one of her Brothers, and the Errors of both. Meritorious of the *Arms* and *Heart* of

her illuſtrious Conſort; to whoſe exalted Worth and Memory, juſt and delicate thro' a long Train of Sollicitations, has preſerv'd thy Widow'd-Bed ſacred from any ſecond Embrace; conſcious, that one Age could not ſupply a double *Phœnix!*

Leave we theſe high-bought Ornaments of *Art*, to behold what an equal mixture of it, with *Nature*, in the Enchanting Gardens can perform! Shall we not be loſt in this Wilderneſs of Beauty? Theſe Verdant Labyrinths, that returning in themſelves, and at once pleaſe and amaze, with a delightful wandring Error. See how thoſe Rows of goodly well-ſhap'd Trees defend the inquiſitive Rays of *Phœbus*, from darting into the ſacred Receſſes of this forbidden Scene! Hark! how *Artleſſy!* yet *Melodiouſly!* we are ſaluted from above by the feather'd *Natives* of the Wood; whilſt the Ambient Air's perfum'd with the Odours of thoſe Flowers that adorn the Banks beneath. See! where the *Nyades* and *Fountain*-Nymphs have taken up their beloved Habitation! Behold! what mortal Invention and Experience can perform in thoſe harmonious Water-works, inverting the very Nature of the Element, forcing that to *aſpire*, which would by kind for ever *Emerge!* View farther what *Art* and *Induſtry* can produce. Here! both the *vegetable Indies* reſide: What beautiful Ranks of foreign Greens? All that is admirable of that kind throughout the known habitable World, are tranſplanted here! Nor do they feel the *Inclemency* of a leſs warmer Climate, whilſt an artificial perpetual Heat ſupplies that Defect, and ſuffers 'em to flouriſh independant of the Sun, oppreſs'd by no Northern

Northern Blaſts, intermixtures of driving Snow, or wintry Showers : When the Natives of the Soil no longer appear; when their Beauties are no more wither'd, fallen, and forgotten ; theſe charming Foreigners ſupply their *Bloom*, and maintain an everlaſting Spring.

See! the Crown or Garland of the whole, the auſpicious *Beaumond* walking between his illuſtrious Conſort, and the Princes *Ormonda Adario*. Once more view that lovely Face! pleaſe the Divine *Aſtrea* to obſerve the *Reſemblance!* Is there not the very *Features* and *Air* of your *Beautiful* Mother, *Virtue ?* 'Tis ſhe, 'tis her very ſelf ! ſo *Graceful* her Motions ! ſo *enchanting* her *Smiles !* her *Glances* ſo very *bewitching !* Does ſhe not alike create *Love* and *Admiration*, in the Hearts of all her Beholders ? Were your Ladyſhip for ever to diſappear from mortal Eyes : You would yet live below in that glorious Repreſentative ! your *Temples* and *Altars* would be ſtill crowded and oppreſs'd with the *Incenſe* and *Adoration* of *thoſe*, who beholding her, would have wherewithal to juſtify their Miſtakes, and make even *Idolatry* excuſable.

Then is her *Soul* as much of *Kindred* to you, as her *Form !* how partial ſoever the Age is grown to *Favourites* and *Parties*, how greatly divided in themſelves about the Taſte and Eſtimation of Things ; yet do they all unite in a general Harmony of Voice, to praiſe her *Character !* How *tender* a Wife ! how *obedient !* I wiſh I needed not to ſay how *ſuffering !* how full of *Perſeverance* in her Duty ; without ever giving her Lord the leaſt Excuſe for a Failure in his ! The height of all her Reſentment having never been known to exceed (upon repeated

News of his Inconſtancy) this Exclamation! *Who can but love that Man!* Then there is a Story current of her *Goodneſs* and *Juſtice*, tho' but upon an humble Theam, that I yet never knew repeated, without drawing Tears of Emulation and Applauſe into the Eyes of thoſe that heard it. I do not ſpeak of the *Envious* or *Covetous*, they can be moved at nothing *Generous* or *Good*. In the late Wars under *Henriquez*, when that part of the Iſland (where is the Prince *Adario*'s Eſtate) lay under the miſerable Harraſs of a *civil* War, and no Returns of Money cou'd be expected thence, the Prince himſelf in the Army abroad; the Affairs in his Houſhold ſubſiſted chiefly upon Credit. A poor Butcher had truſted 'em with all he was worth himſelf, or cou'd procure upon Truſt with others, to the Value of Three Thouſand Two Hundred Crowns; a mighty Eſtate to ſo mean a Trade. In a Family, where the Domeſticks have ſuch Authority as in that of the Prince *Adario*'s: The *Princeſs* is ſeldom acquainted with the real Circumſtances, and true Poſture of Affairs. If all things that ſhe calls for be but ready, ſhe is not ſo much as to gueſs at the Inconveniencies by which they are procur'd, or the extended Patience of the ſuffering Creditor. The poor *Butcher* was threaten'd every Day by his mercileſs *Graziers* to be clap'd up in an everlaſting Priſon. Everlaſting! becauſe if he ſhou'd once enter *there*, it was impoſſible for him to have, or hope any other releaſe but Death. His Wife and numerous Children muſt be reduc'd for Bread, to ask publick Charity of the Well-diſpos'd. This carry'd the poor Fellow, to ſollicit egarly, and much beyond the natural Modeſty of his Temper; who had

had ſuffer'd his Demands to ſwell to ſuch a Sum, before he cou'd preſs with any Warmth for the Diſcharge. He had been often delay'd, and at length ſeverely repuls'd by the *Intendant*, for coming only in humble wiſe to ſue for part of his own, with as much Humility as if he were to beg it. At length a ſhort Day was appointed by his Creditors, as the Extremity of what they wou'd give him to procure Money for 'em, or to a *Goal* he muſt go. The good Woman his Wife put him upon ſpeaking to the *Princeſs*; ſhe was ſure ſhe would have Compaſſion on them, the Difficulty lay only in gaining Acceſs to her. Neceſſity gave him Courage and Diligence to watch the Gate, for an Opportunity to get in, when there was the feweſt of the People below; the poor Fellow was ſo luckly to gain without Remark the Head of the Back-Stairs, that anſwer'd to the Dreſſing-Room; the Princeſs was then at her *Toilet*. He met a *Groom* of the *Chambers*, and the *Page*, who imperiouſly enquir'd what Buſineſs a Fellow of his Aſpect had there? He anſwer'd, He wanted to ſpeak with the Princeſs, to deliver her a Petition; he was her poor undone *Butcher*, and without her Compaſſion utterly ruin'd. The haughty Domeſticks bid him be gone, it was not for ſuch Wretches as he to hope to ſpeak to their *Princeſs*; he ſaid he could not, nor he would not go; for if he did it muſt be to an eternal Priſon! They were provok'd at his daring to capitulate, and took hold of him to throw him down Stairs. He ſtruggl'd, he baul'd out, for the ſake of *Jupiter* to let him ſpeak to the *Princeſs*: He muſt and wou'd ſpeak to the *Princeſs*, or he was for ever undone! The Divine *Ormonda* heard the Noiſe,

and

and call'd to know what it was. The Officious *Page* ran to give her an Account, in Terms no way advantagious to the poor *Butcher*, who preſſed after him cloſe to the Door, and begg'd, for the ſake of all that was *Cœleſtial*, to let him come to the *Princeſs*. The *Princeſs* bid him enter. He caſt himſelf upon his Knees, wrung his Hands, and cou'd not ſpeak for weeping! the more he endeavour'd the more his Paſſions oppreſs'd him; ſo that the Opportunity he had, was like to be of no Uſe to him, 'till the charming Goodneſs of the *Princeſs* reinforc'd his Courage by the tender Accents of her ſweet Voice. When with much Interruption of Sobs and Tears, he had told the Story of his Woe, ſhe ask'd thoſe about her if it were true? The poor *Butcher*'s Diſtreſs was no News in the Family to any but the *Princeſs*, his Sufferings had reach'd the Ears and Compaſſion of the *pitying* Women, who aſſur'd her *Highneſs* it was too true, the poor Man and his Children were like to be undone for ever. Here the Divine *Ormonda* was all *her ſelf!* was all *your ſelves!* however heavenly you are? I have no Money, anſwer'd the ſweet *Princeſs*, but take this Diamond-Necklace (which lay upon her *Toilet*) 'tis worth a great deal more than your Debt. Borrow upon it as much as you can to relieve your Neceſſities. Keep it 'till I can redeem it, but do not let the *Intendant* know of it. The miſerable reliev'd Wretch, in receiving it, was out of himſelf! Joy had like to have been more fatal to him than his Diſtreſs! he once more fell upon his Knees with Tranſports, a little a-kin to Madneſs. He *bleſs'd!* he *pray'd!* he *ador'd* the Princeſs! he cry'd out! what my *Wife* and *all* my

my *Children* fav'd from *Beggary!* my Debts paid! and my own Body preſerv'd from Priſon! I ſhall go wild with Joy! When he was gone, Tears of gracious Goodneſs fill'd *Ormonda*'s Eyes: She ſaid, *How happy am I, that can make one Wretch happy?* This was her Divine Reflection upon ſo good an Action. Unlike what was done by a *Miniſter* and *Favourite* in the Reign of *Sigiſmund* the Second; who in erecting a glorious Palace (near a *Villa* where the King uſed to reſide during one Seaſon, to have the Diverſion of Racing) had been furniſh'd by a Stone-Cutter, who himſelf got Credit but upon being employ'd by ſo great a Man, to the Value of Fifty Thouſand Crowns in *Parian Marble* and Stone. But he cou'd get none of his Money, no not a Ducket, he dy'd ſtarved in Priſon. His Wife and Children begg'd about the Streets! Some of his Creditors unable to bear the Diſappointment of their Money, were involved in his Ruin. Yet the *Miniſter* had not the leaſt Compaſſion, but enjoy'd the Benefit of their undoing without Remorſe, or ſo much as vouchſafing to read one of the numerous Petitions of the poor Widow, or giving a Morſel of Bread to the wretched Orphans; tho' he left this and another beautiful Palace, with a large Eſtate to his only Daughter, and without the Incumbrance of any other Children.

How does your *Divinities* like the *Princeſs* of *Beaumond?* Does ſhe not reſemble *Cytherea?* Has not ſhe Charms enough to bleſs her *Hero*, and give her ſelf the Promiſe of ever filling his Arms without the dread of a Rival? She is yet too young to have a Character unleſs for her Perſon. But the Goodneſs of her Temper, her Incli-

Inclination to Virtue, gives us a Promiſe of all Things that are Excellent and worthy the Noble honeſt Race, from which ſhe is deſcended.

Aſtrea.] I am charm'd with all I ſee! the *pleaſing Habitation!* the *well-order'd Family!* the *Perfections* of the *Prince*, and both the Princeſs's; had we but a few more ſuch Examples, I ſhou'd be tempted to a ſecond Aboad upon Earth! How Young and Graceful is *Beaumond!* Are not all the Charms of a hundred Monarchs, his Royal Anceſtors, united in him alone? And yet he ſeems to center his Regards in *Cytherea*; her Reſemblance gives me to call her ſo. Were the Libertine to behold *their* Happineſs, wou'd he not be forc'd to acknowledge, that all the Pleaſures of Variety, have not the leaſt Compariſon with the Joys of honeſt Love and indearing Marriage! the ſacred Fire of their Connubial Union, ſhall mount without any *damp* or *decay* of Luſtre, 'till it hit the Stars! *Beaumond* ſhall uninterruptedly enjoy the blooming *Cytherea!* and the charming *Cytherea*, without a Partner or Pang of Jealouſie, poſſeſs the accompliſh'd *Beaumond.* Death only ſhall have Power to ſhift the Scene, and cauſe 'em to change their mortal, for immortal Joys. Oh illuſtrious Prince! to be perfect you have but to remain your ſelf; nor can we raiſe our Wiſhes for you to a higher Pitch than to ſay, *Be always as you are! perſevere but to the End, and you ſhall be crown'd with a never-fading Garland, the graceful Blendings and Contribution of all the Virtues!*

Intell.] I am puzzling my ſelf about the Order of your next Entertainment. 'Tis too ſoon for the *Palace*, or the *Favourites.* I wou'd have your *Eminences* behold *both* in their *utmoſt* Splendor.

dor. It is almoſt the Hour of the *Divan*, at leaſt for the Men of *Buſineſs*; thoſe few who in effect have got to themſelves the Management of the whole. They *propoſe*, *debate*, and often *conclude*, when they get the Board to themſelves, which is generally too early an hour for the Libertine *Debauchee*, and the *Fop*; who if we may judge of their Number by the Time of their Appearance, are at leaſt two Parts in three of that *numerous* Aſſembly. The Diſtance is not great, the Walk very *agreeable*. Behold that Coach! it makes a halt before us; view well the Lady upon the Right! ſhe has opportunely introduc'd her ſelf to furniſh me with Matter of Entertainment 'till we reach the *Divan*. What are her *Charms* in your *Excellency's* Opinion? Or rather has ſhe *any?* Is ſhe not rather *Diſagreeable?* Yet has ſhe been often *belov'd*, and the ſecond time *marry'd*, under all the Diſadvantage of *Character*, of that of a Wife divided from her Lord for *Unfaithfulneſs*. Marry'd! to a very pretty Gentleman of *good Eſtate*, *good Senſe*, and *good Nature*; which makes me conclude with *La Bruyere*, *When an ugly Woman is beloved*, *it muſt certainly be very* deſperately; *for either it muſt proceed from a ſtrange Weakneſs in her* Lover, *or from ſome more ſecret and invincible Charm*, *than that of Beauty*. She is as much known by the Name of *Iantha*, as by her *Title*. Her firſt publick Amour was with a young *Count*, who never yet had *any* of *his private*. But what truly heightens the Horror of this! he was her Nephew! The young Gentleman ſtinted in his Allowance by his Mother, found his *Aunt's* Generous, Amorous Temper, extreamly Commodious to his Neceſſity for Money, and the

In-

Inclination he had for *Intrigue*. *Ianthe* is clean-Limb'd, well-ſhap'd, and, as her Lovers ſay, one of the handſomeſt Women in *Atalantis*, from the Chin downwards. But there has been a Remedy found out extreamly *delicate*, againſt the few Charms of her Face; where indeed there is not to be met all the Softneſs of Features we cou'd deſire. A *Gauze Handkerchief* of *Turkiſh Embroidery*, ſhe has ſuffer'd, by her *nice well-contriving Lovers*, to be caſt over her *Viſage*, leſt ſomething *leſs* charming than her Body, ſhou'd *pall* their *Ardors*, and *abate* of their *Exceſs*. *Superlatively* ingenious in this *Oeconomy*; for as it defends againſt the happy Lover's diſguſt, the Sight being entertain'd with only the Shine of *Gold* and *Silver* in a beautiful Mixture of *Embroidery*: So the *Tranſparency* of the *Vehicle*, does not forbid her from enjoying the Pleaſure of *ſeeing* all the *Charms* of her Adorers, in the height of their Perfection: An Article of very valuable Conſideration, eſpecially when the *Black Indian* Favourite was in Place, known by the Name of the *Handſom Roman*, as remarkable for his Beauty as the large *Diamond* he wears on his Finger, which *Ianthe* once placed there, in the midſt of all their Indearments.

She that was in the Coarch with her, is one of the Widows of the *New Cabal*; what an irregularity of Taſte is theirs? They do not in reality love *Men*; but doat of the Repreſentation of *Men* in *Women*. Hence it is that thoſe Ladies are ſo fond of the Dreſs *En Cavaliere*; tho' it is extreamly againſt my liking, I wou'd have the *Sex* diſtinguiſh'd as well by their *Garb* as by their *Manner*. That bewitching *Modeſty*, which

is

is ſo becoming to the *opening Veil*, is againſt kind in the *confirm'd*, *bold* and *agreeable* Air of the *Hat*, *Feather* and *Peruke*. If in this Dreſs you retain the Shame-fac'dneſs of the other, you loſe the native Charm that recommends it. If you diſmiſs it, you diſmiſs the higheſt Beauty of the Sex: For without regard to that much-in-faſhion Virtue *Aſſurance*, next to real innate *Modeſty* in Ladies (which indeed never fails of giving the appearance) I think the outward Bluſh, and *ſeeming* Habitude of it, one of the greateſt Ornaments they can wear.

But to return to my Widow of the *Cabal*. She fell in Love with one of the *fair Female Comedians*, when ſhe was Acting the Part of a young *Lover* and a *Libertine*. The Widow ſent for the Girl, and made her very conſiderable Preſents, order'd her Picture, in that Dreſs, to be taken at length, by one of the beſt Hands, and carried her to remain with her, during the Seaſon, at her *Villa*. The *Comedian* was dazzl'd at thoſe Indearments and Advances from a Lady of Fortune, and did not know how to behave herſelf in a manner regular enough; (for her Converſation had been pretty much at large;) however ſhe added her whole endeavours, and by that means became tolerably uneaſy to her ſelf, not abundantly us'd to *decorum* and *conſtraint*. The Widow redoubled her *Kindneſs* and *Careſſes*, aſſur'd her of her *Tenderneſs* and *Amity*; ſhe even proceeded to gentle *ſqueezes* and *embraces*; nothing cou'd be more *innocently indearing* than her Tranſports! The *Comedian* was at a loſs to know only how to *Merit* ſo many Favours, but of the *meaning* of 'em: She was alſo weary of the *ſolitude* and *ſplendor* of the Widow's Family,

mily, and wanted to return to the *Amorous Hurry* and *Theatrical littleneſs* ſhe had been us'd too, and therefore receiv'd thoſe Honours with no *New-Cabal-Air*. But as if rather diſguſted at ſuch *amiable* Proofs of *Amity*, told the Lady ſhe did not like thoſe *hugs* and *indearments* from her own Sex, they ſeem'd *un-natural*; did they come from a *Man*, ſhe ſhou'd be able to gueſs at his Deſign, but here ſhe was at a loſs —— The *Widow* found her *Companion* not of a Taſte virtuous enough for the *Myſteries* of their *Union*; her mind ran all upon what ſhe had been too much us'd too, the other Sex. The *Comedian* had been vitiated by *Amour!* by *abominable Intrigue* with the *filthy odious* Men! and was not therefore worthy the Honour of being admitted into their Community. She withdrew thoſe *Airs* of Fondneſs from a Taſteleſs undeſerving Wretch, aſſum'd more coldneſs in her Behaviour to her whilſt in the Country, and at her coming back by little and little drop'd her very Acquaintance. When ſhe was return'd to her Houſe in Town, to ſhow the lurkings of her Malice, or rather her *Deteſtation* to Vice, tho' *but* in *Effigy*, ſhe caus'd the *Comedian*'s Picture to be let down, and with our own Hand cut out the Face; ſo ſtamp'd upon and abus'd, ſent it back to her whom it repreſented, at the ſame time cauſing her to be told, ſhe had by her *looſe Libertine*-Life, made it a Scandal to her Houſe to have ſuch a Picture ſeen in it. The poor *Comedian* fell a crying, and ſaid, ſhe might have let her alone; ſhe did not for her part ſeek nor covet the Acquaintance; ſhe was no worſe *now*, than when 'twas *firſt* drawn; neither cou'd her manner of Life be a Secret to the Virtuous

Widow

Widow; ſhe ſhould have objected it to her then, before ſhe gave her the trouble of ſetting, not to affront her Picture ſo: But ſhe gueſs'd the *Reaſon* of it, and wou'd leave her Ladyſhip to be puniſh'd by the Reflection of it.

We are entring the *Divan*, 'tis ſo called in *Atalantis*, having borrow'd the Appellation from the *Turks* their Neighbours, and at an Hour ſo early, that we have it all to our ſelves; the heighth of the *Dome* will ſecure the Perſons below from hearing my Voice; addreſſing to your *Eminences*, as I ſhall take care to do in a proper Key. If by your Heaven-born Power, your *Divinities* wou'd be pleas'd to erect a Throne of condens'd Air, lofty as the Roof, you might at due diſtance be entertain'd. 'Tis done as ſoon as propos'd; we ſit extremely at eaſe, and in a proper capacity for Obſervation; they begin to aſſemble. I will firſt make you acquainted with their Perſons and Hiſtory, before I ſpeak of their Conſtitution; but do not believe a quarter of 'em are worthy your Excellencies Notice; many are as much below the Dignity of *Satyr* as *Encomium*, even not knowing themſelves what Buſineſs they have here, or indeed in any individual Scene of their whole Lives; who open their Mouths with *Ay* and *No*, but as the leading Man, upon whom they depend, gives his *aſſent* or *diſſent*, eminent neither in *Virtue* or *Vice*; a taſtleſs Mediocrity is in their Compoſition. There's an early Lord! he comes out ſo betimes to ſave any Bodies Breakfaſting with him at home; when Youth was his, he was reckon'd Handſome; yet does he not ſtoop ſo much with Age as Cuſtom. *Contemplation* has made his Blood *aduſt*, and given

him to look perpetually below; but what think you are his *Contemplations?* Not the Study of *Letters* or *Humanity*, that would have taught him better; but how to weigh out his Proviſions to his Family, to ſeal up his *Oven*, that the hungry *Domeſticks* may not pinch wherewith to appeaſe the cravings of Nature, from his *number'd* Loaves. He would have found it much to his Humour to have been a *Royal Favourite*; he might then have had opportunity of getting, whereas he has now no hopes nor ways to increaſe his Store, but by ſaving, and that he is Eminent in to the laſt *Doit*. Even his being a *Party-Man* can't make him *Generous*, tho' to the *unfortunate* and *diſtreſs'd* of his *Party*. Nothing of Human Occurrences has amus'd me ſo much, as giving my ſelf a Reaſon how this Noble *Count* came to be of the ſide oppoſite to the *Court*; the *Court!* a Heaven to the Lucky! where a moment's Grant often enriches the numerous Years of their whole Lives; and where, tho' he was not ſure of ſucceeding, his deſire of getting might have made him undertake the Application. His Brother was *truly* a *Hero*, and ſhall for ever be renown'd in my Miſtreſs's Court; all that is greatly *brave* and *glorious* was in his Compoſition, yet *emulated* and *travers'd* from above, was ſent upon a *deſperate* Attempt, with *unequal* Numbers, to loſe his Life upon a *Foreign* Shore. Never upon any Incident that brings thee to my Remembrance, ſhall I forbear to celebrate thy Virtue. O mighty Shade! was it not poſſible for thee to have remitted ſome of thy exuberant Excellencies to ſo near a Breaſt as a Brother's? Impart to him from thy *Elyſian* Glory, one Ray of thy Humanity and Generous Love of Mankind!

kind! yet ſorting to his Humour, we will not ask thee to give him too diffuſive a brightneſs! Let his *Mercy* and *Compaſſion* ſhine only upon *himſelf*, and part of *himſelf*, his ſuff'ring Heir. Let him *Eat*, let him *Wear*, let him permit his own *Name* and *Perſon* to *live*, if not according to his Eſtate, yet ſomething nearer to his Dignity, that he may ſeem to remember *that* that has given the unhappy a ſort of claim to his Charity.. But if it be too much, O impartial Shade! favour his *Children* and *Domeſticks* ſo far, as that the former may ſeem to wiſh they had been ſo happy to have been born, tho' of *Ignoble* Parents, yet in *rural* Plenty; and the latter, that they may have their Neceſſities of Life reliev'd, and their Hungry Bellies appeas'd by ſomething more ſubſtantial, than the airy Honour of being Attendants upon an *Atalantick* Lord, without the expence of their Wits, in contriving how to deceive his Diligence in a careful Watch of the *deſtin'd* Food, or of having even what is allow'd begrutch'd 'em.

Let me deſcend from this *Ejaculatory* Digreſſion, to inform yonr *Mightineſſes*, that this *ſordid* Count has beſides a prodigious Bank of ready Money, near Fifty Thouſand Crowns of annual Rent; yet is there neieher *Plenty* at his *Board*, Fire in his Kitchin, nor Proviſions in the Larder: His *Wardrobe* has nothing to boaſt of but *Antiquity*; ſo far indeed a *Patriot*, that he lengthens out the *Old* Modes of his own Time; and is an Enemy profeſs'd to the *New* faſhionable expenſive Taſte of Variety. A Stranger that came to ſee his Gardens, and had ſomething of an Awe at the Name of an *Atalantick* Noble-Man, ſeeing him ſtand at the Gate in an

obſolete Garment, ask'd the Count for himſelf? Whether the Count were at home? His Lordſhip anſwer'd in the *Negative*, trembling at the Interrogatory, leſt it ſhould threaten him with the Expence of ſome *petty* Entertainment. The Gentleman had only his Curioſity to gratify, as to the Walks, and was very well pleas'd to hear of his being abroad, that he might with greater Liberty indulge the Pleaſure he propos'd, in an agreeable Solitude. I am credibly aſſur'd, that ſeeing the great concourſe which his *Villa* drew thither, during one Seaſon, to enjoy the conveniency of *Air* in a beautiful Walk and ſhade of *Trees*; he debated with his Lady, and a niggardly Confidant or two, upon ſetting a Capitation-Tax upon all Strangers who ſhould reſort thither; and was overſway'd, but with much difficulty, and an abundance of regret. It was pity indeed ſo elevated a Project ſhould happen to drop, without any Benefit to the moſt *Noble*, moſt *Ingenious Projector!*

He ſuffers his Daughters to Fade ungather'd, becauſe he can't find in his Heart to give 'em, whilſt he lives, a Fortune worthy their Birth; not conſidering *Youth* and *Beauty* are but for a Seaſon, and any Lady whatſoever, that ſhall happen to out-live thoſe Attractive Ornaments, can't with any Aſſurance propoſe to Marry with near the Advantage, as when ſhe was adorn'd with 'em. Beſides, a Husband muſt not in good Senſe be ſuppos'd to ſet half that value upon a Wife, whoſe Bloom he never enjoy'd. That *Charms* will fade if they live to a certain point of time, is certain; but then the *Poſſeſſor* and the *Poſſeſſed* decay together, juſt like their own Faces in a Looking-Glaſs, which being every Day

Day the Object of Sight, perfect Habitude permits 'em not to discern that frightful difference that there is between *Age* and *Youth*. If any one were but for Ten Years forbid that Representation, and then to have the Perspective brought; I do not doubt but they wou'd be as much at a loss to know their own outward Form, as many are to know the inward, and be infinitely more mortify'd at the Alteration, than they are by any other exchange; the Charms of the Person being obvious, and in which we are the easiest flatter'd, and fondest of that Flattery; all desire 'em in themselves before those of the Mind, which they seldom take up a Merit upon, but in default of the others. Hence if a Lady wants *Features*, she refers to her *Shape*; if both, then her *Wit* comes in to rescue her from the Arms of *Contempt*. There was scarce ever any so despicable but had something to recommend 'em, if not to the *general*, yet to a *particular*; according to the Maxim, *That Nature has made nothing in vain*. But to apply to the Count, and his *fading* Daughter; *Youth* may do without any other *Charms*, but all the *Charms* in the World can never do without *Youth*. The change that is inevitably wrought by Time, is a melancholy Consideration, and remarkable in the Count himself; for I remember to have heard an old Lady report, that she was once among Nine Ladies, where the Count *wore* the handsomest Face of 'em all, tho' none there were disagreeable, and two of 'em reputed Beauties.

Were I to repeat, as I could, a thousand *Meannesses* of his, he might justly hate me for the extent of my Memory; let him forgive the *little* I have said, in consideration of the much

could be ſaid. I recommend the ſame thing to *Ianthe* and the Count her Nephew, and will finiſh with the Uſage he beſtows upon his Heir, who has Married ſtrongly againſt his Approbation. But is not this unfortunate Match due to the *ſordid* Temper of the Count, that neither gave his Son an Education fitted for good Company, nor ſupplied him with a ſuitable Expence to keep it? Permitting him an inglorious bent, with raskally *Footmen* and *Domeſticks*. Lolling whole Days out of an upper Window, with one of the former for his Companions, playing Tricks, and laughing for their Diverſions, at thoſe who paſſed along. Then his Dreſs was as ſordid as his Father. The Linen he wore ſo courſe, and ſo ſeldom ſhifted, that where it ſhould be viſible he us'd a finer ſort of *Plebean* Surtout to cover the Deformity. I queſtion whether ever he was Maſter of a Ducat at a time in his whole Life before he Married. Thus adorn'd, in both the Habits of *Mind* and *Body*, with nothing in his Purſe to attone for thoſe Defects, what Genteel, Well-bred, Well-dreſſed, Senſible Company, would ſuffer him among them? No wonder that ſuch a *lazy*, *idle*, *lolling* Life, ſhould leave depraved Nature to it ſelf, and give him to think of a Wife, where nothing of a liberal Education interpos'd to employ his Thoughts another way. In this waſte of Time, I rather think it ſtrange that he Married ſo well, than that he Married at all; or that ſome of the *bright She-Domeſticks* did not fall under his Choice, as perhaps the *Butler* may be his *Siſter*'s. But I think in that Houſe they have neither the Spirit of *Plenty* to enliven their *Pretenſions*, nor *Gains* ſufficient to put them in a Habit *Spruce* enough to

to maintain 'em. A certain intriguing Lady had dishonour'd her Family: Her Father in leaving her a Fortune, left her without the pretence of Necessity to soften her Sin of yielding her self to the lawless Embraces of one of the Princes of the *Empire*. She had several Children by him, her eldest Daughter fell into the Acquaintance of the Count's Son, and

———*He who had never seen*
A Creature look *so* Gay, *or* talk *so* Fine,

pursu'd her to her Mother's House, who examining into the Merit of the Youth's Pretensions, found half of his Fathers Estate entail'd upon him, so that she did not forbear to manage him to the best Advantage, 'till she had fix'd him her Son-in-Law. The Count's parcimonious irreconcileable Temper, has made him forget he is his Child, and by that unnatural Oblivion is become the Theam of the young Gentleman's *Morning* and *Evenings* Devotions; he begs, he implores Relief from *Jupiter*. He *must*, he *can't* but desire the Death of his Father, that *himself*, his *Wife* and *little ones*, may have wherewithal to eat! Oh unnatural Count! Have you no Tenderness, no Compassion, for those Creatures who had never *Been*, but for you? Had you no other end in putting them into the World, but to make them *unhappy?* Oh Heart-wounding-reflection! what generous Breast can bear the *Tortour* of seeing any remote Wretch in Misery? But to have my own Child indigent and poor, when my Coffers are crowded to the brim, and made so by my *Persevering*, *Avaritious*, *Inexorable* Temper. I could not *endure* the Supposition! Remember! un-

thinking Count, that him whom you thus expoſe, is to wear your *Name* and *Honours*, to convey your Noble *Family* down to ſucceeding Ages! Will you continue to permit *Him*, in whoſe Perſon your *Glory* muſt Centre, not only to languiſh in Expectation to wiſh you may be no more; but 'till that happy Moment ſhall arrive, to Taint his Mind and Manners with low *Plebean* Vices, from which he may never have Power to reform; to *ſharp*, *deceive*, and run in Debt, 'till ſome common Priſon be his Refuge. How corrupted muſt be his *Principles?* How *abandon'd* his *Behaviour?* How *infectious* his *Vice?* How *catching* is *Imitation?* What Monſter may he not be, if the Gods lengthen out your date of Life, but to an indifferent Period. Relent! Relent! unnatural Father, before it be too late! *Remember*, that on this ſide the Grave, you muſt take leave of all your *numerous* Store! That in Death there is no occaſion for any thing, and but an impoſſible Attempt, to carry the leaſt Grain of that ſhining valu'd Mettal into the other *World!* where only the report of your *good* and *bad Actions* ſhall remain to you, of all your Poſſeſſions!

That Gentleman who ſits next him, was one of *Henriquez*'s Generals, and had much ſuch a Father to deal with as is the *Count*, but he had the ſucceſsful contrivance of Plundering him once of a conſiderable Sum, and the *natural Heroick* Aſſurance to challenge him in Defence, for which his Father would have had him Crucify'd like a common Thief, if the Sovereign had not interpoſed. He was in very good Favour with his Maſter, remarkable for his *Bravery*; and reſigning himſelf and all his Hours to the Dominion of his *Miſtreſs*,

Miſtreſs, of whom a very entertaining Hiſtory might be made. He took her from that old-out-of-Faſhion-Lord (in every thing but Politicks, and his very much-in-Faſhion-Lady) who when he heard ſhe was going to be the *General*'s Conqueſt, did all his Endeavours to retain her upon his Knees, and with Tears beg'd her not to forſake him; he would ſacrifice all to her, his *Eſtate*, his *Wife* and *Children*, at her *leaſt* Command. To whom the *Miſtreſs*, with a *cool, unconcerned* Air, My Lord, you offer me nothing, your *Eſtate* is *entail'd*, your *Wife* you don't *love*, and your *Children* are none of your *own*.

View that Perſon who is entring, he is now of the *Atalantick* Nobility. One of the fineſt Women of the Age, was, when he was young, in love with him, and your Divinities ſhall hear how us'd by him. Her Name was Lady *Diana*, her Dowry large, of a Family that had the Honour of being among the Counts of the Empire. Her Perſon lovely, as the moſt lovely Imagination could form it. The darting *Luſtre* of her Eyes, were like the *Lightnings Flaſh*, ſo *awful* and ſo *piercing*. But having caſt the *dazling Death*, they roul'd into a *reſt* from *Fire*, and gave the Gazers an *Alternative* of pleaſing Pain, with leave to wonder at their various Beauty, for Languiſhments would take their turn, and ſhow the *Mine* of Love within. A Mine which threw abroad ſuch Sparkles of Deſire, as ſpoke the amorous Temper of the Fair: She was the Queen of Love herſelf, in all her Attributes! ſo *bright*, ſo *ſoft*, ſo *warming*, ſo *enviting*, ſo envited, as if ſhe languiſh'd for a part of that *Delight*, which her *Beauties* muſt neceſſarily inſpire into the Hearts of her Beholders. Thus circumſtanced,

ſtanced, ſhe was Married to the *Conde* de *Bedamore*, a Man much older than her ſelf, afflicted with a Diſtemper, that one part of the Year, took from him the Benefit of his Feet, and confin'd him to his Bed or Chamber; where the lovely *Diana*, was forc'd to be a ſharer of his painful Hours. But then he was infinitely *fond* and *indulgent* to all her Deſires; he ador'd his beautiful Conſort, and being in himſelf an honeſt Gentleman, and good Natured to all the World, the moſt admirable part cou'd not miſs the favourable endearing Effects of it.

Madam de *Bedamore* had been moſt of her Youth abroad; ſhe had ſeen the *ſuperbous Palaces* of the *Romans*; the *Magnificence* of the *Venetian*; the *Politeneſs* of *Turin*; and the *united Splendor* of the *Lovure*; had even acquir'd the *Manners* of the moſt Accompliſh'd thro' all the Courts ſhe had paſs'd; nothing was more *eaſy* or more *enchanting* than her *Dialect!* ſhe ſpoke with the *flowing* ſweetneſs of the *Graces*. Her *Beauty* was not at all neceſſary to make her Converſation be admir'd; for even if your Eyes were *ſhut* upon the Charms of her Face, your Heart muſt be *open* to thoſe of her Wit. The *Atalantick* Court was raviſh'd when ſhe appear'd, and there was nothing omitted to indear it to her; that ſhe might be but perſuaded to ſtay, and adorn it. But that was not as ſhe pleaſed; the *Conde*, tho' without any *Taint* in his *Temper* of *Jealouſie*, wanted her at his *Villa*. He ſhou'd there have her all to himſelf; he lov'd the Diverſions of the *Field*, better than thoſe of a *Court*: All the *Delights* a *Court* cou'd give him, were center'd in *Diana*; neither did ſhe expreſs any great Diſguſt at retiring from that World of Ad-

Admiration which crowded her Steps and Eyes. The Hour was not yet come for her to distinguish in. *Promiscuous* Adoration is much a lesser Enemy to *Virtue*, because you have not Leisure for a *Particular* Regard. Coquettry may make the *Fair ridiculous*, but *Love* can only make her wretched; that infectious Distemper of the Heart, that poysons all the noble Faculties, deludes the Sense of *Glory*, *degenerates* the Taste of *Virtue*, and by degrees lays the very *Remembrance* of *all Things* but it self, into a *Lethargick* Slumber. Let the tender Sex suppress the very first Suspicion of Inclination that sway 'em to a liking of *one* more than *another:* If they *stay* but till that *Suspicion* be confirm'd, they *stay too long*, it will be *too late* to retreat; neither can all its Delight be in the least an Equivalent for Honour lost. The best that can be said of Love, is that 'tis a *fading Sweetness*, mix'd with *bitter Passions*; a *lasting Misery*, chequer'd with a few momentary Pleasures! Love gives the *Thoughts Eyes* to *see*, to *penetrate* every where; and *Ears* to the *Heart* to *listen* with *Anxiety* after all Things tho' never so *minute*. 'Tis bred by permitting themselves leave to *desire*, nursed by a *lazy Indulgence* to *Delight*. Wean'd (after *strong Endeavours* and much *Uneasiness*) by *Jealousie*; kill'd by *Dissembling*, and buried (never more to rise) by *Ingratitude!*

The *Conde*'s *Villa* was near forty Leagues from *Angela*. The House was an old irregular Building; *Diana* look'd upon it as in effect it was design'd, the Prison, where all her Charms were to be buried, and therefore desir'd that it might be made as delightful, as by *Modern Architecture* it cou'd. Her Lord thought the Request so worthy

worthy of his paſſionate Deſire to pleaſe her, that he reſolv'd to pull it down to the bottom, and rebuild it with a Magnificence fitted to the Beauty of her it was to encloſe. But how to diſpoſe of the bright *Diana* and *Himſelf*, 'till the Work was perfected, without a return to Court (which muſt be by no means approved of) was a Point he could not ſo eaſily adjuſt. There was at ſome few miles Diſtance, a Houſe that had the Name and Form of a Palace. Don *Tomaſio Roderiguez* (by the Favour of *Henriquez*, now the Baron *Roderiguez*, him that I directed your radiant Eyes to, that this moment whiſpers to the *General* I was laſt ſpeaking of) was the Owner of it; with no large Eſtate, yet ſuch a Competency, as gave him to be number'd among thoſe Gentlemen that do not make the moſt inſignificant Figure in their Country. He was then Young and Handſom, marry'd for Conveniency, upon an equal Foot of Fortune, to a young Lady who had had her Education apart from Courts; yet without any ruſtick or forbidding Airs, either in her Perſon, or Converſation. She was ſuch a Wife, as might very well pretend to ingage the Heart of any Husband of her own Rank, where the dangerous *Diana* was not in Place. In ſhort, it was not her Fault if ſhe did not pleaſe, for ſhe courted her Glaſs as much as any Lady of the *Circle*, attempted at dreſſing, though ſhe did not know how to ſucceed. Had Nature had but the Aſſiſtance of a little *fine Converſation*, and a few better Examples, ſhe had made a perfect *Belle*; for there was admirable Inclinations towards thoſe *Coquet* Accompliſhments, that recommends the *Modern Fair*. But being left only to her ſelf, there

there was a perfect *Olio* in her Manner, of what ſhe *ſaw*, what ſhe *imagin'd*, what ſhe had *read*, and what ſhe *ambition'd*. Don *Tomaſio* was a very civil Husband, becauſe *Olivia*'s Father was a Gentleman of a large Eſtate, and of very good Intereſt; beſides what he had given his Daughter, there was ſtill hopes of more, if he but approv'd himſelf ſuch as he ought. But alas! what are theſe petty Conſiderations when Love comes in place? No ſooner did he ſee the *Day* of Madam de *Bedamore*'s Eyes, but he thought to himſelf he had hitherto wander'd in *unaccountable* Darkneſs! the Luſtre of her *Charms flaſh'd* full upon his Heart: He was wounded! he was diſarm'd all at an Inſtant! ſhe had but to behold to Conquer! he was ſurpriz'd at the Suddenneſs of the *Invaſion!* but before he could well reflect, he was confirm'd in her *Victory!* he *oppos'd!* he *ſtruggl'd!* but it was but the more to *intangle* himſelf! The *Snare* was unavoidable! he neither *eat* nor *ſlept! Olivia*'s Careſſes were but vain; they had loſt even that little Reliſh which *Novelty* might give to a Husband not prepoſſeſs'd. She did not want Penetration, for let a Lady have never ſo much *Self-love* and *Self-flattery*, ſhe finds out nothing ſooner than an Abatement in the Ardors of her *Love* or her *Huſband*. Madam *Roderiguez* had no other Amuſements, ſo that ſhe found Field-room enough for Reflection. At firſt ſhe thought it might be an Indiſpoſition, an ill habit of Body, and officiouſly adminiſtred accordingly; but all her Endeavours, and impertinent Diſcourſes upon that Head, did but the more *diſguſt* her to him, and *indear* the polite *Diana*, which he never approach'd

proach'd without a new Theam for Admiration.

When the *Conde* had reſolv'd with himſelf to rebuild his Houſe, according to the *Magnificence* of the *Moderns*, Don *Tomaſio* was tranſported at the Opportunity of offering 'em part of his. Madam de *Bedamore* eaſily inclin'd her Lord's Conſent; and *Olivia*, who was become a perfect Mimick, when tho' but at a diſtance of Lady *Diana*'s modiſh Airs, was delighted to have the *bright Original* brought home to her.

Let your Divinities be pleas'd to imagin 'em all under the ſame Roof, and Don *Roderiguez* tranſported at thoſe thouſand Opportunities he had of every Moment ſeeing and obliging the *inimitable Diana*. He could there make a greater Progreſs in a Week, than in a Year at any other Place. *Nature*, more than *Education*, had given his Soul an agreeable *Turn* of Gallantry. Add to this his whole Endeavours to *attract*; and one no mean Inducement, being almoſt the only Man that had the Honour of her Converſation, at leaſt the *only one* of his agreeable Form, and whoſe Mind had a Caſt ſo nearly approaching to the Accompliſhments of her own.

Theſe Motives, with that of the Solitude ſhe liv'd in, her own Tenderneſs of Heart, and an active Principle of *Fire*, that cou'd not ſuffer her to languiſh in an inglorious Supineneſs, join'd to the Efforts of the little God, who thought he had too long wanted the Adorations of ſo bright a Votary, determin'd the Inclinations of Madam de *Bedamore* in Favour of Don *Tomaſio*. No ſooner did ſhe feel an Alteration of Mind, but ſhe (who taſted ſo few *refin'd* Delights) too eaſily gave in to this. She never examin'd whether

ther the dangerous Guide would lead her, 'twas all *new! ſparkling! enchanting Brightneſs!* no Road cou'd be diſpleaſing in ſuch agreeable Company. Her killing Eyes now ſeem'd to lay aſide their Darts: Languiſhments uſurp'd upon the *Fire*, and gave Don *Tomaſio* unmoleſted leave to gaze, where all he found was *Sweetneſs*, and ſimpathetick Tenderneſs. Thus whole Hours wou'd they entertain each other, in that mute Intelligable Language of the Eyes. 'Tis true they ſometimes ſigh'd, as if to eaſe their burthen'd Heart of an oppreſſive Load, as if both were dumb; the one thro' fear of *not* pleaſing, the other thro' a conſcious Shame at *being* pleas'd. Yet whoſe Courage is ſo eaſily reinforc'd as a Lovers? If ſometimes he proceeds thro' *Showers* of *Scorn*, *Diſdain*, *Affronts*, and even the Prepoſſion for a Rival; how ſhou'd he be long a Coward, where all the Darts of Cruelty are laid aſide, where *Love* and *Nature* both appear to Friend, and nothing but a modeſt Bluſh in place to daſh the Hopes of Conqueſt, and which yet wears a ſeeming Wiſh of being conquer'd? This and more (as there are a thouſand *ſilent* Regards to incourage a Lover, whom they wou'd have incourag'd) gave *Tomaſio* ſtrength to declare his Paſſion; he took the *unguarded* Fair in all the height of *wiſhing* Nature, urg'd his *ſecret*, *long*, *reſpective* Flame; and being really agitated, even beyond the Power of Words, he gain'd immediate Credit with the Love-ſick-fair; who eaſily concluded from her Pain, that his was real. Yet *Truth* and *Honour* made a Conteſt in her Breaſt. She knew not how to chide; ſhe knew not to diſſemble: The Lover's Flames had lighted hers, and ſent 'em ſparkling to her Eyes

to

to raiſe his Joys, and ſpeak her own. But then her Duty to her Lord, the feeble Senſe ſhe had of Virtue, gave her an Alternative of Pain: She ſigh'd! the artful Lover begg'd the Explantion. She, who had never known what was Diſſimulation, reveal'd the Cauſe, and told him of her Prepoſſeſſion; ſhe own'd ſhe felt for him, what ſhe had never felt before; that ſhe had even often wiſh'd for that Moment that ſhe now enjoy'd, tho' Glory forbad her ever to improve it to that Advantage as her Inclination for him wou'd perſwade her; therefore conjur'd him to watch her *nodding* Duty, and to be himſelf the *Guardian* of her Honour, ſince ſhe found a lazy Friend within, that in his behalf, forbid her to exert her fainting Force, in any Point that cou'd oppoſe his Love. The raviſh'd *Roderiguez* fell upon his Knees, he wou'd have thank'd the bounteous Fair, he wou'd have graſp'd her *Hands!* her *Limbs!* he wou'd have ſpoke, but the unutterable Delight, too mighty for any Voice, confin'd the Tranſports to his Breaſt, where they became too *big* to bear! *Nature* muſt yield to *ſupernatural* Force. He cou'd not get the mighty Struggle over, but ſunk upon her Lap without, or Voice or Motion. How advantagious was this Extaſie? What Lady cou'd be inſenſible, at ſeeing the Effects of her own Charms, at ſeeing a Lover dying with Delight, at barely finding himſelf belov'd? It almoſt tempted her to make the Experiment of what *all* her Favours cou'd do, ſince only the *ſingle one* of ſpeaking, had thus entranced her Adorer. She removed his Head from her Lap, and repos'd it upon a height of Cuſhions that reſted upon the Couch where ſhe was ſetting,

and

and caſt her ſelf upon her Knees in the ſame Poſture he was, with her beautiful Face to his: That abſence of Knowledge in him, gave her to indulge the Deſire ſhe had often felt of having her Lips preſs'd by his, ſo that uſing no other Endeavours to recal him, nor apprehending any danger of his Life from that amorous Lethargy, ſhe caſt her Arm round his Neck, fix'd her Mouth to his, and tranſported by Fear, and an unuſual riſing Delight within! ſhe preſs'd 'em with that *Eagerneſs!* that *warmth* of Love! as darted new *Rays* into the dying Lover! He felt the quickning Life! he felt intolerable Joy! he felt a Repetition of his *Extacy!* He egarly claſp'd himſelf about her with all the force of Love; and lengthening out the raviſh'd Kiſs ſhe gave, wounded the lovely Lips to which he had ow'd his Delight! Inchanting Sweetneſs, ineffable Rapture, cry'd out the extatick Lover, who wou'd not die upon the Bliſs? Here *Alicia*, my Lady's Woman (who from the adjoyning Chamber had heard the amorous Exclamation) came running to inform the tranſported Pair, that her Lord was juſt alighted from Hunting, and wou'd in two Moments be with 'em. This Alarm gave 'em the *reluctant* Courage to riſe from the Ground, and take a more ſeparate and convenient Setting. Lady *Diana* looking upon her Hankerchief, that ſhe apply'd to her Mouth, found the Blood running from the Lip, which had been wounded by that lovely Exceſs ſhe had endur'd! Her Lord was juſt entring, ſo that in riſing to receive him, ſhe had only time to caſt a regard of amorous Languiſhment upon *Roderiguez*, that

beſpoke the Pleaſure ſhe felt at that Proof of *unuſual* Agitation!

Madam de *Bedamore*, when ſhe was next alone, reflected upon thoſe dangerous Evidences of Frailty ſhe had ſhown her Lover; returning Honour gave her to repent the paſt, and to take Reſolutions againſt the future. She began by avoiding all lone Opportunities with that Invader of her Reſt. He was as diligent as Love and Deſire, as one that wants nothing but a happy Opportunity to put him in poſſeſſion of the Charms of his Miſtreſs; but ſeeing how induſtrious ſhe was to prevent him, he gathered from thence an undoubted Omen of his Fortune; he thought ſhe cou'd not anſwer for the Conſequence, and therefore wou'd not put her *Virtue* to the Trial. If it be ſo, ſaid the preſumptuous Lover, it is my part to ſecure that only wanting Article to make my Happineſs compleat. The *Conde* had Buſineſs in the *Divan*, that call'd him to *Angela*; *Roderiguez* ſaw him go with the Exultings of a proſperous Rival: The beautiful *Diana* met his Eyes, where, in ſpight of all her affected Cruelty, he cou'd find nothing in hers, but what ſeem'd to Congratulate him upon that unexpected piece of good Fortune. What he had next to do, was, to remove *Olivia*'s Impertinencies, who was never apart from Madam *de Bedamore*; taking her, as I have told your *Excellencies*, for a Pattern in Perfections, ſhe did not fail to give her and *Roderiguez* (who both remark'd the Imitation) a good deal of Diverſion by ſeeing how lamely ſhe ſucceeded. Art in that caſe can never be ſo bewitching as Nature. Don *Tomaſio*, to revenge himſelf upon the Diſappointment or Delays, which

which her Preſence put to his Hopes, reſolved to give her a Doſe, which without any hazard to her Life, ſhou'd yet confine her to her Chamber; an *Emetick* Powder, which he cunningly convey'd into her *Chocolate*. It was not long before ſhe felt the ill effects of it. But here *Roderiguez* was as much at a loſs as before; for whilſt ſhe was under the Operation, tender *Diana* waving all *niceties*, never ſtirr'd from her *Bedſide*; tho' he had taken care to gain *Alicia* to his Party, who did her Endeavours to draw her Lady from the ſick *Olivia* to her own Apartment: She gueſs'd her Motive, and was poſitive in not leaving Madam *Roderiguez*. He ſaw there was no time to loſe, ſo that putting on a riding Dreſs he came to his Wife in an affected Hurry, and told her he had not a Moment to ſtay with her, Buſineſs of extream conſequence call'd him to the *Capital* of the Province, from whence he ſhou'd not be able to return 'till about the ſame Hour to Morrow. He begg'd her to be well, and with a *cool* Kiſs took his leave; but of Madam *de Bedamore*, with his Eyes full of Reſpect, and an intermixture of Deſpite, as if to ſpeak his Reſentment at the *Cruelty* ſhe purſu'd.

When he was gone, the beautiful *Diana* (who lov'd that Chamber no otherwiſe than as it ſhelter'd her from the Purſuits of a dangerous powerful Lover) paſs'd down into the Gardens; ſhe had nothing on but her Night-Dreſs, one Petticoat, and a rich Silver ſtuff Night-Gown that hung careleſly about her. It was the Evening of an exceſſive hot Day, ſhe got into a ſhade of *Orange* Flowers and *Jeſſimine*, the Bloſſoms that were fallen cover'd all beneath with a profuſion of Sweets. A *Canal* run by, which

made that retreat *delightful* as 'twas *fragrant*. *Diana* full of the uneaſineſs of Mind that Love occaſion'd, threw her ſelf under the pleaſing Canopy, apprehenſive of no *Acteon* to invade with forbidden Curioſity, her as *numerous perfect Beauties*, as had the *Goddeſs*. Supinely laid on that repoſe of Sweets, the dazling Luſtre of her Boſom ſtood reveal'd, her poliſh'd Limbs all careleſs and extended, ſhow'd the *Artful* Work of *Nature*. *Roderiguez* (who only pretended to depart, and had watch'd her every Motion) with ſoftly treading Steps, ſtole cloſe to the *unthinking* Fair, and throwing him on his length beſide her, fix'd his Lips to hers, with ſo happy a *Celerity*, that his Arm was round her to prevent her riſing, and himſelf in poſſeſſion of her lovely Mouth, before ſhe either ſaw or heard his Approach. Her Surprize caus'd her to ſhriek aloud, but there was none in hearing; he preſently appeas'd her, and with all the artful Addreſs of powerful Love, conjur'd her not to remove from him that *enchanting Proſpect* of her Beauties! He vow'd he wou'd not make himſelf poſſeſſor of *one* Charm without her willing leave, he *ſigh'd*, he look'd with *dying! wiſhing! Soft-regards!* The lovely *ſhe* grew *calm* and *tender!* The *Rhetorick* of one belov'd, has *ſtrange bewitching* Force; ſhe ſuffer'd all the *glowing* preſſures of his *roving* Hand; that Hand, which with a Luxury of Joy, wander'd through all the rich *Meanders* of her Boſom; ſhe ſuffer'd him to *drink* her dazling naked Beauties at his Eyes! to *gaze!* to *burn!* to preſs her with *unbounded Rapture!* taking by intervals a thouſand *eager ſhort-breath'd* Kiſſes. Whilſt *Diana*, lull'd by the enchanting Poiſon Love had diffus'd throughout her

her form, lay *ſtill*, and *charm'd* as he! —— ſhe *thought* no more! ——ſhe *could not* think! ——let *Love* and *Nature* plead the weighty Cauſe! ——let *them* excuſe the beauteous Frailty! —— *Diana* was become a *Votary* to *Venus*! ——obedient to the Dictates of the Goddeſs! ———

But when her Reaſon return'd, and ſhe ſaw the Triumphant Lover, all *Charm'd* and *Grateful* for the Bleſſing ſhe had beſtow'd; his *dancing* Eyes beſpeaking the *glorious Victory* he had obtain'd: She tore herſelf too late from his Embraces, and wept ſuch Tears of Penitence, as if they could have waſh'd away the Memory of her Crime; but ſaid, it was in vain to try to ſhun her Deſtiny; ſhe was to be *undone* by Love. Askd him if he could be *true?* If he could be *ſilent?* If he could be *honourable*, and not reveal the Outrage ſhe had done her Virtue, or protect her againſt her Lord's Reſentment? There was nothing left unſaid by him, to appeaſe her; he told her, he would be all ſhe could deſire. That Heavenly Form, was never made only for an *old*, *ſickly* Husband's *Arms*; that a Beauty ſo perfect as hers, ſhou'd not be ſuffer'd to appear abroad, in pity to Mankind. She ought to be enclos'd! to be lock'd up from all deſiring Eyes! ſince in looking on her, they muſt *neceſſarily* Sin! the *Lover* forget his *Miſtreſs!* and the *Husband loath* the Embraces of his *Wife!* No other Woman had any degree of Charms, *compared* to hers!

Begging your Divinities Pardon for my Interruption, the *Divan* fills apace, I have a thouſand Stories that crow'd my Memory. Thoſe Objects before me creates *occaſional Remembrance*, and will make me the ſooner conclude

Roderiguez's Story, who for a considerable time omitted no Opportunity to possess the *lovely Diana*: Whilst *Olivia*, *neglected* and *observing*, lay upon the watch to *cancel* or *confirm* her Suspicions. The Preference was too *big* for the *slender* pretence of *Good breeding* and *Quality*. Their Eyes were of Intelligence, she had often remark'd her false Husband's endeavours to single out Madam *de Bedamore*, at *Entertainments*, *Walks*, or any other Place, where they might have the Pleasure of talking by themselves; whilst she, no less *obliging* than her *Lover* was *assiduous*, made him all those necessary *Advances*, that cou'd bespeak a *perfect* Correspondence.

One fatal Night, (let Lovers never forget this *Proverb*, *Time and Chance reveals all Secrets*,) the *Conde* and his Lady, Madam *Roderiguez* and her Husband, were at Cards; where the latter mistaking *Olivia* for *Diana*, was the whole Night very eager in pressing one of her Feet between his, which she had purposely extended, that he might take it for Madam *de Bedamore*. She had observ'd of late, that those Mornings when the *Conde* rose early to go a Hunting, Don *Tomasio* also quitted his Bed upon frivolous Pretences. She was resolv'd the next time to see what he did with himself at that Hour. The next Day, after the Courtship of the Foot, she heard him rise and go down Stairs, believing he left her a sleep, she slipp'd on her Night-Gown, and softly follow'd him, 'till she saw him fetch the compass of the House, and go up a pair of back Stairs to Madam *de Bedamore*'s Apartment. *Alicia* was yet in Bed in a Room within her Ladies. The impatient *Roderiguez* threw off his Robe, and cast himself into *Diana*'s Arms, never having

ing had the Precaution to faſten the Door, which, upon his precipitate Entrance only fell *too*, and remain'd upon the *jar*. *Olivia* aſcended thoſe fatal Steps, in purſuit of her faithleſs Husband; but ſeeing the Door unlock'd, ſhe durſt ſcarcely believe her own Eyes, or that ſhe had beheld him enter that Chamber; and therefore paus'd, to find a proper Excuſe (for diſturbing her Ladyſhip at that early Hour) if ſhe ſhould happen to find her alone. But then recollecting, that Jealouſie, as falſe as it was, could not ſo far deceive her, ſhe purſu'd her firſt Intentions, and coming ſoftly up to the very Bed, drew back the Curtain, blaſted with that killing Sight, of ſeeing Madam *de Bedamore*, where none but her ſelf ought to have been!

She gave a Shriek of Horror! and turning her back upon the guilty Pair ran out of that fatal Apartment into her own, putting on the next Garments ſhe found. She was going out when her Husband entred: He immediately dreſs'd himſelf, and ran after her into the Fields, where ſhe was making all imaginable haſte to her Fathers, who liv'd at the diſtance of twelve Furlongs. He catch'd hold of her Garment, and fell upon his Knees, begg'd her to return, to ſpare my Ladies Honour and his, upon which he promis'd her never more to ſpeak to Madam *de Bedamore*. But ſhe was inexorable, and he was forc'd to go back without being able to prevail. At his going out, he had order'd a Groom to ſaddle him a Horſe, which at his return, he found ready at the Gate, he nimbly mounted, and was going to make the beſt of his way, without reflecting what would become of the miſerable *Diana*; when ſhe appear'd to his in-

grateful Sight, all *trembling* and *amaz'd*! calling after, and conjuring him not to leave her alone to meet the Fury of a Husband juſtly incens'd! who at his return from Hunting, would *probably* Sacrifice her Life, to attone for the Honour ſhe had rob'd him of! *Roderiguez*, won by her Tears and Intreaties, ſuffer'd her to be ſet up behind him, and without a Domeſtick, or a croſs of Money in their Pockets, rode away: The Lady all undreſt, without any thing on but the very Cloaths ſhe roſe out of Bed with, one Petticoat, a looſe Night-gown, but neither Bodice nor Weſtcoat.

They croſſed the Country thro' narrow Lanes and all the bye-Roads, 'till they gain'd a conſiderable Town, about ten Leagues from their own Houſe, where Don *Roderiguez* being unknown, had much ado to procure wherewith for the Diſtreſs'd Lady to refreſh her ſelf, who was in the worſt of Circumſtances, that of a Breeding Woman. The ſilver Trimming of her Petticoat, that was looſly ſet on, had ſuffer'd by their precipitate Flight; the Hedges had tore off a great part, and defaced the Beauty of the reſt. There was no Cloths to be procur'd her in that place; all that could be done, was to Hire a Chariot and fix Horſes to depart early in the Morning. Their Buſineſs was to gain the *Capital*, the ſafeſt Receptacle for the *Guilty* and the *Unfortunate*. If they had not ſtaid to indulge the Lady's Conſtitution, by giving her ſome repoſe from the Fatigues ſhe had endur'd, but immediately have got into the Coach and made for *Angela*, they had poſſibly eſcap'd the *Conde*'s purſuit.

Some of his faithful Domeſticks rode after to find him where he was Hunting; yet with much Regret, for they ador'd their Lady's Good-

Goodneſs of Temper, and reverenc'd her Beauty. The *Conde*, full of pity for her *Youth* and *Frailty*, reſolv'd to tear her from that *Infamy* ſhe was purſuing; his own *honeſt compaſſionate* Soul taught him to have *Commiſeration* upon her *Weakneſs* of hers; the remembrance of the *Charms* came in to reſcue her from the cruel Effects of his Indignation. He diſpatch'd his Servants thro' all the Roads it was probably they cou'd take: He did not doubt but their Deſign was for *Angela*. The moſt ſenſible of 'em had the Fortune to come to the very Town, where was refug'd our unhappy Beauty. *Fidelio*, ſo was he call'd, immediately went to all the *Hoſtelries* and *Cabarats*, and taking a turn into the Stables under various Pretences, at length ſaw Don *Roderiguez*'s Horſe, which he very well knew, living ſo long in the ſame Houſe. He ponder'd with himſelf how he ſhou'd retrieve Madam de *Bedamore*: He thought it muſt be by Stratagem, as the only means to ſave her Honour. He was *alone*, ſo was Don *Tomaſio*, therefore he determin'd to try if he cou'd ſucceed without Force. He might indeed, as another leſs diſcreet than *Fidelio* had doubtleſs done, have taken the Magiſtrate of the *Villa* to his Aſſiſtance; but that was proclaiming my Lady's Infamy aloud, and making her Honour the Theam of every Country-Wife's Diſcourſe. To challenge *Roderiguez* was his Reſolution, if by Perſuaſion he would not yield *Diana*. Thus determin'd, he waited the ſlow approach of Day, never once entring into a Bed; tho' he underſtood too plainly that the guilty Lovers were together, and not likely to riſe, 'till urg'd by the Neceſſity there ſeem'd to be for their Departure.

The

The Chariot and Six Horſes that *Roderiguez* had order'd was come to the Gate before the happy Lovers were ſtirring. *Fidelio* watched their Door with Aſſiduity; and having permitted 'em time to get themſelves ready, he enter'd the Chamber with a reſpective Boldneſs, becoming the Character of a Servant, faithful to his Maſter. Madam *de Bedamore* gave out a loud Cry at his Sight, and immediately drop'd into a Sound. *Fidelio* ran and took her in his Arms, and laid her tenderly upon the Bed; then turning to Don *Tomaſio*, he told him, his *Lord* was at hand with the *Magiſtrates* and *Officers* of Juſtice, that in ſix Minutes he expected he wou'd be there, and therefore adviſed him, thro' the Reſpect he knew his Lady had for him, to withdraw immediately, if he intended to go off with Life. *Diana* (now recover'd) perceiving by his Air, that he thought the Advice *good*, and was going to *depart*, cry'd out to him, That they might die together; conjur'd him not to forſake her, for to a *Heart* that was ſincere and truly ingag'd like hers, Separation wou'd be worſe than Death. Told him the verieſt Coward that had yet ever breath'd, wou'd find Courage to defend his Love, if it were true he did Love. But if that were *over*, ſtill Senſe of Honour ſhou'd give him with his Life to protect a Lady that had ruin'd her ſelf for him, was under his Care, and had never been guilty, if his faithleſs Love had not ſeduced her. But a thouſand Lamentations cou'd not prevail over *Roderiguez*'s *Diſcretion*. He told her, 'twas time for 'em both to be Wiſer, there wou'd no harm come to her, her Lord's Fondneſs would protect her; and as to his own Part he muſt take

care

care of his Life; ſo, very politically, he made the beſt of his way to the Stables, and for Expedition aſſiſted the Groom in ſadling his Horſe, which he precipitately mounted, and made all the haſte imaginable to *Angela*.

Diana more afflicted at being ſo unworthily abandon'd by her Lover, than in being detected by her Husband, fell from one fainting to another, 'till *Fidelio* almoſt deſpair'd of her Recovery; but kneeling by her with all his honeſt Endeavours, perſuaded her at length to Reaſon, and a Calm in her Lamentations. She wou'd have brib'd that faithful Domeſtick, by any Promiſes, to have carry'd her to the next Sea-ſhore, where ſhe might put her ſelf Aboard the firſt Ship that might bear her Perſon and Infamy from the Sight of her Lord, whoſe Indulgence (which *Fidelio* aſſur'd her) wounded deeper than his Cruelty; ſhe wou'd be ſet upon ſome foreign Strand to ſtarve unknown and die alone! But at length ſeeing ſhe cou'd not prevail over his *Fidelity*, ſhe call'd for a Draught of Wine, which ſhe drank to reaſſure her Spirits, having before refuſed any Support or Refreſhments that *Fidelio* offer'd. Then giving him her Hand to help her from the Bed, ſhe fix'd her Reſolutions, and firmly ſaid, ſhe wou'd depart. Let us go *Fidelio!* ſays the the *majeſtick Beauty*, let us go, to meet the Puniſhment our *Folly* has ſo well deſerv'd. Ingrateful *Roderiguez*, thy *Coward*-Heart was never deſign'd a *Lover*, unworthy the *meaneſt* Lady's Favour: Thou mighteſt at leaſt have ſtaid to ſee whether the *Conde* were indeed at Hand, and not to be frighted, as thou wert, with a few Words from an inconſiderable *Domeſtick*, ſo to forſake her who had abandon'd all for thee.

thee. O the Power of Guilt! 'tis by that that we are both weaken'd! Methinks I do *more* than dye by resolving to *live* 'till I *again* behold my injur'd Lord: I chuse it as the greatest Pennance that can be inflicted for so detestable a Crime as mine!

My Lady *Astrea*, and you my Lady *Virtue*, may sooner imagine, than I define, her Perturbation of Mind, and the *Heart-killing-anguish* of a *convicted* Criminal, who has still a Sense of *Glory* and *Duty* remaining. As soon as she reach'd her Lord's Presence, who receiv'd her with Tears in his Eyes! Tears of Tenderness and Commiseration! she fell upon her Knees more convicted by that *unweary'd*, *unexpected*, *ungrounded Goodness* of his! than she cou'd have been by any ill Usage or Reproaches. Indeed her very *Aspect* was enough to raise Compassion; the *Fire* of her Eyes seem'd quite extinguish'd by the opposite Element. *Water* had gain'd the Ascendant; her Air was *dejected*; Her Habit *forlorn*, fitted to represent Distress. The Bryars and Bushes thro' which she had pass'd, had not only torn and sully'd the Fashion of her Garment; but the lovely *Face* and *Hands* had suffer'd by their Outrage. Add to this her being great with Child, and the Conviction of her own Conscience, with her Indignation at the Baseness of her *Lover*, and grateful Sorrow at the Tenderness of her *Husband*, which gave her a Remorse so becoming and inexpressible, that it was impossible for any Eye to have seen a Beauty dazzling as hers, in such Distress, without wishing to aquit her of a Fault. I am come my Lord (says she with a languishing Sorrow) and willingly, to meet whatever Punishment you can

can inflict. Self-convicted as I am, I dare not meet your Eyes, nor pretend to Mercy! If you take away my Life I cannot complain, becauſe I have deſerv'd from you the crueleſt Death! But if you deſign, as the greateſt Torture, to prolong it to its native Date, let me *voluntarily* put on your *Chains!* let me enter your Houſe a *perpetual* Captive! let me never again *converſe* or look *abroad* into the World, which I have ſo juſtly arm'd with occaſion to deſtroy my Fame. The ungrateful *Object* of my *Crime* has prov'd as *baſe* as *Cowardice* cou'd make him. You are *there*, my Lord, ſufficiently reveng'd; I ſhall never again throw away the minuteſt Thought upon ſuch a Wretch, but to deteſt him as the Author of my Folly! I will for ever mourn! for ever lament! my faireſt Hours ſhall be waſted in Penitence! I will inceſſantly count my *Prayers*, and my *Tears*, and ſay 'em all for you.

The *Conde* granted her Requeſt. She ſhut up her ſelf in that magnificent Houſe that had been deſtin'd the Seat of her Pleaſures, and no longer convers'd abroad. Her Lord, who had not a Temper fitted to the *Italian* modiſh taſte of *Revenge*, *aſſaſſinating*; nor *Health* and *Vigour* ſufficient to call Don *Tomaſio* to an Account in the Field, for the Outrage he had done his Honour, was perſuaded to ruin him at *Law* for invading his Property. But *Roderiguez*, who had had Courage to abandon Madam de *Bedamore*'s *Protection*, when her Beauties were ſtill before his Eyes, and the continued Poſſeſſion of 'em, like to be his Reward, did not at all ſcruple, when he no longer beheld her, to ſacrifice her *Fame* to his own *Security*, to defend himſelf from whatever *Mulct* they ſhould lay upon him, producing in the

the *open Court* his *Domeſticks* in *Evidence*, that Lady *Diana* ran away with *Him*, and not he with *Her*; it was *her* Requeſt: Neither did he yield to oblige her, but after the moſt *fervent* Prayers, and *earneſt* Intreaty!

The Folly *Olivia* ſhow'd in her Reſentment, deſtroy'd all the Pity which her Husband's faithleſs Uſage would have otherwiſe procur'd her. In Don *Tomaſio*'s Abſence, ſhe had cauſed his *Cabinet* to be broke open, where ſhe found all Madam de *Bedamore*'s tranſporting Letters to him; for tho' they were in the ſame Houſe, yet not having always a Freedom of Converſation, they would write, and give one another their Billets. Theſe Madam *Roderiguez* expos'd to the meaneſt Work-Women in the Fields, and to all Comers, reading 'em *Paragraph* by *Paragraph*, with her wiſe *Reflections* and *Obſervations*; 'till after a long run of *Folly*, that ſhe had made both the Lovers and her ſelf as ridiculous as ſhe cou'd, her Father reconcil'd her Huſband to her, where he deſervedly ſuffer'd the *Pennance* of *publick* and *private* Reproach, 'till her Death reliev'd him from the Uneaſineſs of her *unforgiving* Temper! unforgiving! becauſe 'tis a certain Proof that a Fault is not pardon'd, when the Perſon againſt whom it was *committed*, does not ceaſe to *upbraid*.

I know not how Don *Tomaſio*'s Uſage of Lady *Diana* and *Olivia* was ſo far forgotten, as that he could perſwade her, who is now his Wife, to marry him under a Character ſo diſadvantagious, with but a ſmall Eſtate for a *Baron*, and Children to incumber it. The eldeſt of his Sons is intoxicated with Vice, the moſt *profligate abandon'd* Wretch alive. Yet is *Tomaſio* ſometime

ſince

ſince marry'd to a Lady of Quality, and who has but one Siſter to ſhare the *Inheritance* with her of all their Father's *Poſſeſſions*. It was a long time before the old *Count* wou'd be reconcil'd to her; but at preſent they live in very good Correſpondence; and Baron *Roderiguez* is, as your *Excellencies* may remark, ſeated in the *Divan!*

Aſtrea.] I don't find Lady *Intelligence*, that in this *World* of yours, *Vice* is an *Obſtacle* to Advancement. Cou'd any Perſon be more ingrateful than the *Baron?* Poor Madam de *Bedamore* met the Reward of her Indiſcretion, and was ſufficiently puniſh'd by her *Lover*'s *Ingratitude*, and her *Lord*'s *Indulgence*; for to a Breaſt, ſenſible as hers ſeems to have been of Benefits, they *wound* and *diſarm* more than the ſevereſt Reproaches! ſhe is *loſt* and *forgotten* by her Crime! But ſee *Roderiguez*, *Proſperous* and *Flouriſhing* with *his!* How can this unequal Diſtribution be accounted for?

Intell.] *Henriquez* drew him from out of his Obſcurity, from the *little*, or rather *contemptible* Figure he had made in the Country, to *ſhine* at the *Head* of a Court! The Country! where his Deſertion of Lady *Diana* had ſo far ruin'd his Credit with the Ladies, that he was forced to be regular, and confine his Careſſes to his Wife. The meaneſt Woman wou'd not be brought to truſt him, for fear he ſhou'd betray her, and report as before, that *ſhe* had ſeduced *him*. It was his good Fortune to be able to do *Henriquez* ſome Service in his *Province*. *Henriquez!* who to his other *Heroick* Qualities, had this in Perfection, of never leaving any one unrewarded that but attempted to be Serviceable, whether

they

they ſucceeded or no. We have a *thouſand ſhining* Examples of his *Royal laviſh Magnificence* towards *Favourites* and *Others*, that were uſeful; but not *one* Complaint of his Ingratitude! The *Generoſity* of his Temper rather inclining him to the much leſs blameable Exceſs, *rewarding* the Unworthy, than leaving thoſe who had been *faithful* to him, *unrewarded*!

How likes your *Eminences* the beautiful Prince who is now entring? Can't that graceful Form be a ſufficient Excuſe for Vow-breach, when it is in favour of one ſo lovely? His *Princeſs* has reviv'd in her Perſon the Story of the *Epheſian Matron*. Good Heaven! how tender a Relict was ſhe? How did ſhe mourn with exorbitant Grief for the Death of the late *Marquis* her *adored* Lord? What *did* ſhe not ſay? What *did* ſhe not *ſuffer?* How did ſhe eternally *devote* her Years of *Widowhood* to his *Memory?* Proteſting never to receive a ſecond Embrace! Her *Reſolutions* were *firm!* ſhe needed no *Obligation* to *fix* 'em. But to bring all Mankind into the Opinion of her Sincerity, becauſe they are never too apt to credit the Aſſeverations of *young Widows*, ſhe made a *Deed* of *Forfeiture* to her Siſter of all her *Poſſeſſions*, that very Moment that ſhe ſhou'd be found to have contracted a ſecond Marriage. But alas! what are Obligations, when ſo *lovely* a *Prince* comes in Competition? It has been remark'd, that *one Extream* as to the *Paſſions*, the ſooner inclines to the *other*; from the *violent* Exceſs of Grief to the *tender* Exceſs of Love, there is a much ſhorter Paſſage than can be imagin'd. To ſee a Youth, caſt in ſo fair a Mould, intreating one to make themſelves happy, to exchange the *Height* of *Woe* for the *Height*

of

of *Joy!* the pale Glimmering of a ſickly Lamp, that feebly breaks the Miſts around; for the ſprightly Day of the *Hymenial* Torch! The *courſe deforming ſable Dreſs* of *Horror* for the *becoming-White*, and *glittering Robe* of *Bridal* Joy! But above all, that attractive Inducement! that *Bribe* indeed! that which deſerves to be eſteemed a *Bribe!* the *Antitheſes* of lonely *dark* and *mournful* Nights! the *warming Young* and near Embraces of a *wiſhing* Husband all *tranſporting* and *tranſported?* Muſt one not have more than mortal Reſolution to reject ſuch *inviting* Conſiderations? The *Marchioneſs* was no more than a Woman, neither did it appear that any Supernaturals offer'd to come to her Aid: She had vow'd, ſhe had proclaim'd it indeed; nay, which was worſt of all, had bound her ſelf, upon Forfeit of all her Poſſeſſion, never to marry again. But here was the Misfortune, the young Prince was of a Country that conſider'd Intereſt as well as Inclination; who are remarkable for their Indigence, and for making a *Ducat* go as far as thoſe of *Atalantis* can fix. How deſirable ſoever the *Marchioneſs* might be in her ſelf, ſhe wou'd ſtill be more lovely with an ample Fortune: When once ſecure of her Aſſent to Marriage, he did not forbear to hint as much to her. The Lady did not quarrel with him for a Circumſtance: She had paſs'd the *Line*, and did not care how ſoon ſhe reach'd the other *Extream*. 'Twould be as quick a Grief to miſs of him now ſhe was come to deſire him, as it was to loſe her Lord: Therefore in her Cabinet-Council, ſhe caſt about how to retrieve her Indiſcretion of the Deed. You may imagin the Acceſs to her Siſter's, was eaſy at all Hours;

ſhe knew in what Place the fatal Writing was lodg'd, and as ſoon as an Opportunity offer'd, took the Print of the Key in Wax, by which the Prince got another made. The *Marchioneſs* thought every Minute ſeven, till ſhe had prov'd the Operation: Her impatient Star did not let her long attend, for her Siſter went into the Country for a Day, when the *Marchioneſs* pretended to await her Return, repoſing her ſelf careleſly upon a Bed. The Women withdrew, the ſtrong Box was luckily open'd by the help of that clandeſtine Key, ſhe ſeiz'd the Inſtrument, the preſent Object of her Joy; and making a precipitate Departure, got into a Charriot and ſix Horſes, that by appointment waited for her, with which ſhe went to take up the Prince and drove immediately away together to her *Villa*, where they were inſtantly marry'd, to the no ſmall Delight of the *Many*, and the particular Regret of the *Few*, that were to gain by her dying a Widow; the former being pleas'd at any extraordinary *Theam* upon never ſo ridiculous a Subject, tho' we can ſcarce produce any that are new; what Incident ſoever arrives, they are ready with a Parallel, as I told your *Excellencies*, in the Caſe of the *Marchioneſs* and the *Epheſian* Matron.

There is another handſom Prince entring, one of the Blood, how *majeſtick* is his *Mien?* How *lofty* his *Air?* How *portly* and well-*faſhion'd?* He has all the *Royalty* of his *Father*, and the *Beauty* of his *Mother* in his Face; yet his Soul is but remotely allied, tho' his Circumſtances being but narrow for his Title, gives his good Huſbandry the better Excuſe. He is eminent for his length of Conſtancy to one Miſtreſs as *cunning*

nine as a *Witch!* as *old* as his *Mother!* and as *ugly* as a *Sybil!* He had as 'twas thought convicted her in a point of Unfaithfulneſs (tho' unwilling ever to own what no Body but himſelf diſputed) and took the Heroick Reſolution to break her Chain: He had ſaid ſo much a hundred times over; and therefore the Miſtreſs did not put her ſelf in much Pain about it. Her Aſcendant over him was as wonderful as her Perſon: But in a little time obſerving that he did not return as uſual, to ask her Pardon, after *ſhe* had offended *him*; ſhe ſent to intreat the Honour of a Viſit. He refuſed her; ſhe Writ to him, he return'd her Letters unopen'd; ſhe employ'd ſome of his *worthy* Favourites, her *exalted* Acquaintance, to interceed for her. His Eminence has ever been remarkable for his Humility, as to the *little* People he converſes with. The Prince lov'd their Company, but not upon her Subject. She left nothing untry'd to reconcile him, but he was obdurate, he even put her into Deſpair; at leaſt ſhe had but one Refuge left, before ſhe arriv'd at that diſagreeable Lodging. You may believe, by the Methods ſhe took, that ſhe was perfectly acquainted with her Man. She calls for her Veil, and ſtepping into a Coach of common Hire, bid it drive to the *Prince*'s Stables, from whence there was a Back-door that his Highneſs often made uſe of on ſuch Occaſions. She ſends for the Favourite Foot-man, and putting a Piſtole into his Hand, deſir'd him to get his Lord to come to her, as if ſhe were ſome new Adventurer that he was not yet acquainted with. The *Prince*'s Breach with his Miſtreſs eaſily diſpoſed him to a ſecond Affair; he preſently came to the Coach-window, which

being let down, the Lady rais'd her Veil ſlowly with one Hand, whilſt ſhe extended the other with four five Piſtole-pieces of Gold, at the ſame time bowing in a ſuppliant manner, begg'd of his Eminence that he would be pleas'd to hear what thoſe *Mediators* could ſay in her *behalf*, they were come to plead for her, and ſhe hop'd with *Succeſs*. How invincible is the Power of Gold? It *raiſes* and *deſtroys* Animoſities; the *Prince* found his ſo far allay'd by thoſe *ſhining Interceſſors*, that he graciouſly receiv'd 'em, and told the Miſtreſs with a Smile, ſhe had indeed pitch'd upon ſuch as were *irreſiſtable!*

That *Baron* who ſtands next loves Muſick exceſſively, is a great *Performer* and *Compoſer*; the latter is a *Talent* that I know none of his *Rank* beſides himſelf that are eminent in. His firſt Lady left him a Fortune, by which he has been capacitated to marry a ſecond, a Daughter of one of the late Favourites: But alas! what Man of Quality in *Atalantis* is faithful to his Wife? They do not ſo much as think 'tis their Duty to be ſo, at leaſt whilſt they have any Deſires remaining. This Gentleman did all his Endeavours to be well with a certain Woman of ſome Faſhion. Her Husband was a *Tribune* in the Army. After the uſual Formalities and Aſſiduities, the *Baron* ſucceeded in his Pretenſions; the Lady was no longer *cruel*; they lov'd one another excluſive of all others, at leaſt ſuch was that Pretence. The Baron us'd to call her his *lovely Gipſie*, and his *lovely Gipſie* us'd to call him her *ſeducing Baron*. But alas! what Faith is there in Man? This *muſical* Lover, at a Midnight Debauch, from one Exceſs to another (Women being introduced) got a Preſent which he imparted to the *Mili-*

Military's Wife; a Preſent not ſo very creditable for a marry'd Woman to beſtow upon her Huſband. Soon as the *Baron* found the ill Symptoms, he ſent to acquaint his *Gipſie*, who by good Fortune had not been ſo bounteous to divide the Spoils with her Soldier. She wept! ſhe complain'd! but Tears cure nothing! The *Baron* would have her make a Pretence to abſcond, where ſhe might go under the Operation unknown. The Advice was good, the Lady ſubmitted to it. Not doubting her Lover's Generoſity, ſhe had not took all the neceſſary Precautions againſt a deficiency of Funds; and therefore quickly found her Expences were what they could not anſwer. She ſent a Friend to the *Baron*, who heard her reaſonable Requeſt for Supplies very coldly; at length pulling out his Purſe, he toſs'd over a good parcel of Piſtoles; and taking *two*, gave 'em the Ambaſſadreſs to give her Lady; at the ſame time deſiring ſhe would never do him the Honour to ſend again upon ſuch an Occaſion; for when once with him an Affair came to that, the Pleaſure of it was over.

See there, who enters! a certain *Chevalier* almoſt as much renown'd for his *Nicety*, as his two Wives were for Gallantry, bating that his Fame is not quite ſo extenſive. He is Maſter of a *glaring Library*, deſign'd for Show; for I hear of no other Uſe he puts it to. The Glaſs-Doors are mounted upon *Joints* as *neat* as the beſt wrought *Snuff-Box*. Is it not an *awkward out-of-the-way* Expence? If one were not bid to conſider it (as he never omits to do that) who would remark the extraordinary, unneceſſary Workmanſhip of thoſe New-faſhion'd Hin-

ges? He is more *delicate* than that *Fop*, who had his Butcher to cut up all his Meat with a Fork; for this, if it were poſſible, wou'd cut up his himſelf: As he cleans all his *Tea-Equipage* with his own Hands. Whatever Buſineſs his Company may have; whatever haſte they are in, they muſt ſtay 'till Monſieur *Le Chevalier* has perform'd this Ceremony, the Things *replaced*, and *as they were* with all imaginable *Parade* and *Decency*: The Linen that he makes uſe of on that occaſion to dry his Cups are like large *Handkerchiefs* of *Cambrick mounted* with *rich Flemiſh Lace*, and always ſent as they are uſed to the *Clear-ſtarchers*. He has been long an admirer of one of the *Maids* belonging to the *Empreſs*. But Monſieur *Le Chevalier*, ſhe is not for you, a lucky *Warrior* has her Heart; for him ſhe refuſes all thoſe advantagious Offers that have been made her, ſingular and renowned for Conſtancy, in an Age where *Intereſt* too often triumphs over Love. Your Divinities ſhall ſee this languiſhing Beauty waiting at her Miſtreſs's Chair. You will alſo in ſeeing *pity* her, for having been ſo long delay'd the Poſſeſſion of the only Perſon ſhe can love, and whom all muſt conclude worthy of being beloved.

There's a handſom *Atalantick* Lord, with a bundle of Papers in his Hand, as if the Affairs of the Nation reſted only upon his Lordſhip; who as much affects being now *too buſie*, as he formerly did being *too remiſs*. There was no *ſlight* that *Youth*, *Wit*, *Wine*, *Women*, *Fire* and *Love* of *Debauch*, cou'd inſpire, but what were conſpicuous in his early Years. He has indeed *reform'd*, but the Occaſion is more wonderful

than

than his Irregularity was. There's a certain Court Lady and her two Daughters, one of 'em very handſom; they paſs'd us ſo ſuddenly in the *Prado* laſt Night, and ſtaid ſo ſmall a time, that I knew not how to direct your *Excellencies* to their Obſervation: You might have alſo ſeen this *Baron*, but that his Coach always follows theirs as if by Inſtinct. *Ogling* into it with all the Application of large handſom Eyes, one wou'd think it were a very unneceſſary Queſtion to ask who it was he *ogled*, the *frightful* Mother, or her *beautiful* Daughters? And yet it is at the former. If there is ſuch a thing as *Incantation*, as *Magick* to *bewitch* the *Affections*, *Ephelia* has certainly made uſe of it in regard of the *Baron*, to cauſe him to doat with ſuch *ſupernatural* Fervency upon a Face *hideous* as hers. They tell you of her comick Wit, *ſatirical facetious* Vein, with a peculiar knack of entertaining Company agreeably; that ſhe ſings well, is *Coquet* to the height, and full of *Amuſement*. But all theſe Attractives are foreign to a Woman of her *Age!* her *Squab-ſhape!* the Aſpect from her Face! which would rather create *Mortification*. I ridicule no Body for being *ugly!* I beg your *Divinities* to believe it, nor for any Defects that ariſe from Nature only, but in the Application of thoſe Defects: What has ſuch a Woman to pretend to *Charms* and *Lovers?* bleſs'd with the indearing Careſſes of an honeſt Gentleman her *Husband*, whom ſhe ungratefully repays, by her open Preference of the *Baron*; not but *his Charms* deſerves any Preference that were not *Criminal*. Oh! the pretty remarkable Ways they have of making *Aſſignations!* the Lady is at Cards at ſome one Houſe or other, the

Baron has notice before-hand, and is ſure to be there: Some Companies are *malicious*, they dare not whiſper after ſo much *ogling*, ſo many *wiſhing languiſhing Looks*, that would be giving the Matter for gone: that would confirm all! but yet there muſt be ways found out how to appoint a more fortunate *Aſſignation* than this is like to be. The Lady, vain of her *Conqueſt* (as very well ſhe may, I defy her ever to inſlave *another*, I do not mean of his *Worth*, but *any Worth*, tho' thoſe were Happineſs's her *Youth* and Charms were well acquainted with, for ſhe was not always ſo frightful as now) *Airy* and *Debonair*, takes a *Billet* from her Boſom, and gives it her dear Lord in Confidence to read, as ſome *pretty ſatirical piece* of *Wit* or *Court Characters* that none of the Company are yet to ſee, ſhe wou'd not have ſuch a thing publiſh'd from her Hand; ſhe does not for her part love to be Malicious; but the *Baron* is diſcreet, ſhe is aſſur'd of him. Whilſt ſhe is thus running on with her ſenſeleſs Apology, which is as eaſily ſeen thro' as *Ianthe*'s *Gauze Turkiſh Handkerchief*, his Lordſhip with a *grave Air*, and now and then a ſeeming forced Smile, reads the *Billet* of *Rendezvous*; pretends by his Silence and ſhrug of the Shoulder, to proclaim his Opinion, that it's ſome notable dangerous Thing, wiſely offers to put it in his Pocket, and falls to his Cards without ſpeaking a Word of what it contains, or ſhould contain. Here the Lady makes an Admiration! ſhe won't be ſerv'd ſo, ſhe muſt have her Paper again; 'tis of too great Conſequence to leave in any one's Hands, even in his that ſhe believes diſcreet, but no Body has ſeen it from her but the *Princeſs* and her *ſhining Favourite*,

Favourite. It may in a little time be publick— with all her Heart —— it ſhall never be ſo for her; ſhe does not love to deſtroy Reputation— Thus with a world of Intreaty the *Billet* is *reſtored* and *replaced* between thoſe *no-ſmall-beautiful-Breaſts of hers.* The Aſſignation given; and the Lovers in a fair way of being as happy, as they can make one another.

But it is not always, that they are thus ſtraiten'd; ſuch Difficulties are remov'd at *Barſina*'s Houſe, where all things are at their Devotion. The mutual Confidence that they have occaſion for, creates mutual Conveniency. Shining *Barſina*, whom when we ſee her ſet a-loft and reſplendant, would one believe her born of the Dregs of the People, or that her Mother made her Daughter a Gentlewoman, by ſelling Complexion to the *Ladies* and *Beaus?* who no longer ſcruple to mend Nature, no more than the Women; they have as much occaſion for it, ſince the Fair Sex doat on a ſoft out-ſide, and love *Cherry* and *White* in their Lovers as well as in themſelves. *Barſina*'s Mother was always a notable Worldly Woman, and therefore treated her poor, uſeleſs Husband, with a vaſt deal of *Plebean Inſolence*; ſhe was wont to leave him whole Days in Bed without *Refreſhment*, when he was inflicted with one Diſtemper, that would not permit him to ſtand or riſe. This inhuman Wife, ſcarce alow'd him any part of the courſeſt cheapeſt Food. Endeavouring one Day to turn himſelf in his Bed, when he had none to aſſiſt him, as that was uſual, he broke his Leg, which was very odd but very true; he roar'd out with the very Anguiſh, his Wife came to him, he told her his Misfortune, that he was ready to

die

die with Pain, and intreated her to ſend for a *Surgeon*. She bid him hold his Tongue for a *cowardly Sot*, 'twas likely indeed, he could break his Leg as he lay, ſtill in Bed; he expected to be pitied and nurſſed, did he, but he ſhould have none from her. Thus abruptly ſhe left him, not to Languiſh, but to roar out in Torture for three whole Days and Nights, without ever ceaſing. At length ſhe found her ſelf ſo diſturb'd by his Noiſe, that ſhe got a Surgeon to him, who actually ſhow'd her, that his Leg was broke ſhort off at the Ancle, by indeavouring to turn, when he had neither Strength nor Aſſiſtance; and which was worſe, that the Anguiſh had inflam'd his Blood, and put him into a Fever, of which in a very few Days he dy'd, much to the Satisfaction of his Wife; who being void both of *Shame* and *Remorſe*, thought it a very lucky Chance to have remov'd one who lay as a dead Weight upon her, ſuſtain'd at her Charge; never once conſulting nor thinking of the obligatory binding *Marriage Vow*, nor her own *Barbarity*, which had *apparently* ſent him out of the World before his Hour.

Mean time, *Barſina* is advantageouſly Married. But ſhe would have it thought, that her eldeſt Daughter, is the effect of ſome tender Moments ſhe had the Honour to taſte with the Prince of *Sira*, before he went abroad. This is certain, that the firſt Viſit he made after his return, was to *Barſina*. Another *Amour* that ſhe became deſperate in, was with the *Squat-Dapper* Gentleman that was poring upon a Book in the *Prado*, that I ſhow'd your Divinities; the young *Courteſan Laurentia*'s Lover, whoſe Rays are diffuſive as the *Sun*, ſhining

ing upon all Womankind, and as changeable as the *Moon*, or *more*; for ſcarce ever any Miſtriſs but *Laurentia*, maintain'd her *Orb* a whole Month under his Influence: Tho' with all his Inconſtancy, one of the *Empreſs's lovely* Maids, has lately ventur'd to ingage him for Life; waving the Examples of Gallantry, that can be produced from his Converſation, during his Marriage with his firſt Lady. When *Barſina* firſt found the mortifying Effects of being forſaken; ſhe paſs'd thro' all ſorts of *Irreſolution* and *Anguiſh* of Mind. *Tears! Complaints! Horror!* and what not? Before ſhe arriv'd at the laſt Stage, *Deſpair!* Where ſhe was no ſooner come, but ſhe *fixt*; ſo as by her Intention never to remove. She order'd her Woman to buy her a *Drug*, the *Indian Opium* liquify'd; which has a property of benumbing all the Senſes, an Enemy mortal to Life! then caus'd her Husband to be told ſhe was indiſpoſed, and would lie alone: It was almoſt Morning before ſhe could poſitively reſolve to ſwallow the *ſoporiferous Death:* Nature wou'd have reſcu'd her from the Arms of Deſpair; ſhe ſtruggled, but the latter prevail'd, and ſhe was going to be his Sacrifice, had not her good Natur'd, Tender Husband, prevented it. He wou'd ſee how his Wife had reſted, and was at firſt very glad to hear from her Woman that ſhe was yet a ſleep; but Noon coming, and the Lady ſtill in the ſame Condition, he began to be alarm'd, ſo did her Servant who had bought the Stuff. She told her Maſter, that her Miſtreſs had order'd her to procure ſuch a quantity, of ſuch an *Opiate*; he bid her fetch the Bottle, that he might ſee how much ſhe had taken; but they were both ſurpriz'd to find it quite empty. The

Hus-

Husband became truly alarm'd, ran immediately to her, and help'd to put on her Cloths ſenſeleſs as ſhe was; ſent for proper *Emetick* Remedies to make her give up the Drug; and in ſhort, never forbore leading her backwards and forwards, between himſelf and his Footman, 'till the Operation was over, which was not in ſeveral Hours; not once permitting her to ſet down, or allowing her the leaſt Interval of reſt. Is this not an Ingrateful Wife? Were there no Duty in the Caſe, wou'd one not be ſtrictly juſt to a Husband ſo indearing?

I have Spleen and Indignation at ſeeing that handſome Baron, whoſe every Motion is agreeable, and whoſe fine Senſe is ſo diſtinguiſhing, laviſh away thoſe Perfections upon a Woman like *Ephelia*. But he has had a large Experience of the Sexes Inconſtancy, and perhaps thinks he may keep her to himſelf; there will be few at this time of Day of his Taſte. However, ſhe happen'd formerly to pleaſe, when Youth and no ill Accidents were of her ſide. If Appropriation be his Deſign, he could not more ſucceſsfully have purſu'd it, for there is no ſurer a Defence againſt the Inconſtancy of a Woman, then their want of Charms, and want of thoſe that may make Application. Their Taſte is ſo irregular, that Variety is often their only Director, elſe the Baron's own Lady, had never quitted her young Lord for his older Uncle. He had Married her againſt his *then* Intereſt, without a Fortune or the hopes of any. They were both Young, his Lordſhip had given Proof ſufficient of his Irregularity, or rather unaccountable Wildneſs, hers was to come. He carried her down to his fine *Villa*, where he ſhow'd an exceſſive Regard

and

and Fondneſs of her. When his Affairs recall'd him, he reſign'd her to the Care of his Uncle; whom he conjur'd to make it his Buſineſs, to ſerve and divert her in his Abſence. The *Traytor* perform'd the laſt Part with no ill Succeſs, he corrupted her *Principles*, tho' her *Education* and *Temper* had not made it a very difficult Work. In a Word, he ſupply'd by Night the Abſence of his Nephew, being really fallen in Love with his Niece's Charms, which he purſu'd the Conqueſt of without any Remorſe. But having once taught her what it was to make a Breach in her *Duty*, ſhe would enjoy the Benefit of it, without confining herſelf to him alone. In effect, ſhe *Coquetted* with all the Country, ſo greedy of *Flattery* and *Adoration*, that ſhe fell as low as the Vileſt to procure it, even from thoſe that diſhonour'd her. At the *Baron*'s return he quickly ſaw, (being a Man clear-ſighted, full of Penetration and Underſtanding,) the *Libertine Airs* ſhe had aſſum'd: She was yet very dear to him; he could not have a ſuſpicion of her *Virtue*, without mortal Pangs to his Repoſe. But not to put her on her Guard, he forbore to complain, yet, ſo dexterouſly and ſucceſsfully purſu'd her, that he had the Mortification to ſurprize her in his Uncle's Bed, after which he never ſaw her more. She fell to the *many* and the *unworthy*, and made herſelf ſo Scandalous, that an Uncle of hers (juſtly Incens'd) died and left her Lord a Hundred and Forty Thouſand Crowns, for no other Merit as to him, but uſing her as ſhe deſerv'd. Conſcious of her Charms, ſhe has not dared to ſue him for a Penſion. But this Stratagem, as ſome pretend, has been found out by her *needy* Lover of the *Divan*, to have it given out, that

ſhe

ſhe was caſt away in a Storm, coaſting the *Iſland* from one Port to another; upon which ſhe has chang'd her Name and remains conceal'd; not doubting but the *Baron* would Marry as ſoon as he was aſſur'd of the News; which he could not very well be, becauſe that all the Wretches in that little *Veſſel*, where the *Baroneſs* pretended to be embark'd, were caſt away. 'Tis a *moot* Point if ſhe be really *dead* or *living*, if the latter 'tis ſcarce known to any but her *Lover*. But however the *Baron* dares not truſt the Report, for fear ſhe ſhould be alive, and finding him Married, have Power to ſue him as the *Prior* Wife, and at leaſt ſecure to herſelf a Conſideration, beſides the *Obloquy* that would reſt upon his ſecond Lady and her Children, if he ſhould have any by her. There is in that Lord a prodigious ſhare of *good Senſe* and *exalted Wit*. As he is a Favourite of mine, I forbear to mention the Sallies of his early Years, with this juſt Conſideration, That none can regret the Memory of 'em ſo much as he does himſelf.

Oh! that *Atalantick* Lord, that ſhows himſelf not only to us, but by his good Will to the whole Houſe. Obſerve his *Airs*, yet is he handſom, paſt the Power of *Affectation* to make him otherwiſe: He ſucceeded a Brother of his in a glorious Eſtate; a Brother ſo like him, but rather more advantagiouſly form'd and more affected, that I never ſee this without calling the other to my Remembrance, who was kill'd by a Fever, the conſequence of a *Duel*, to revenge an Affront given him by one not ſo *polite* as himſelf, who aim'd at ridiculing his *advantagious* Manner. There is an enchanting Lady, who without having any prodigious *eclat* of Charms, has

has a *mine* of Agreeableneſs, that ſeduces with a willing Propenſity the Hearts of all whom ſhe converſes with. She does this *Baron* the Honour to have great Condeſcentions for him, to the Prejudice of her own Glory, and the Duty ſhe owes the *Chevalier* her Husband. Inconſiderate Fair, has no Friend told you to what uſe he deſtines your *Charms* and *Favours?* Have you not been inform'd that he has ridicul'd your Midnight-Walks in the *Tuilleries*, and expoſed your Letters to all thoſe that would *hear* in the Publick Chocolate-Houſe? Oh unworthy Lover! Is then a Lady's *Reputation* of ſo little regard? Is it not enough, that you can perſuade her to be *Criminal*, but you muſt proclaim it? Is then your *Vanity* of a quicker Senſe than your *Paſſion* for her? Or rather does it not predominate over all your *Paſſions?* What Lady ſhould truſt her Honour to ſo weak a Guard? Or rather to ſuch a Traitor; who as in the Caſe of ſome *Stateſmen*, have adviſed their *Sovereign* by their *inſinuating ſeeming Sincerity*, and the *Opinion* had of their *Truth* and *Capacity*, to commit *Faults*, by which he muſt neceſſarily fall under the *Odium* of the *People*; and then are ſure to expoſe, and do their Endeavours to have him ſuffer, to have him fall under *common* Deteſtation! to undergo the *Puniſhment*, that with much more *Juſtice* ought to be inflicted upon *them* the *guilty* Adviſers!

Obſerve that *Prince* of the *Blood*, he has ſomething very *Auguſt* in his *Aſpect!* All his *Royal* Father is there Conſpicuous? Like him he is *nicely* ſhaped; and has inherited his *Humour* and entertaining *Wit*, which none of his other Children can boaſt. What *Excurſions* of *Flame?* What *wild Flights* of *Fire*, has he not been guilty of?

ty of? But it was in an Age which beſt becomes unlimited Pleaſures. He is ſometimes ſince ſettled, and has, with the Applauſe of thoſe of his own ſide, applied himſelf to the Buſineſs of the *Divan*; having eſpouſed a *Party*, not for any particular Intereſt of his own, but becauſe he has been brought by a *refined Politician*, who has taken no ſmall Pains to make him believe (contrary to the Principles of his Imperial Birth and Education) that it is the Intereſt of *Atalantis*. He has ſhow'd himſelf in the Army to be brave, has a Largeneſs of Soul worthy the *Royal Moment* to which he ow'd his *Being*, magnificent in all things, wholly free from that ſordid Vice of intereſted Marriage; the Object of his Choice is ſuch whom all the World muſt behold with the Eye of Love. Tho' her Dowry were large, yet not of near that Extent the Prince might have pretended to, if Intereſt had been his Conſideration. This lovely Mother has given him a Daughter, the moſt perfect Beauty of the Age, like a *glittering Star* at *Noon*, ſhe ſhall quickly be ſet aloft, the Gaze and Admiration of Mankind!

There's an old *ſucceſsful-projecting-Chevalier*; ſucceſsful I mean to himſelf, he has found in a corner of *Atalantis* the *Mines* of *Potoſi*. By a dextrous manner of *Intrigue*, the *Eſſay* of his *Oar* gave *Indies* of hopes to the Sanguin. This new ſort of *Philoſopher's Stone* drew thither in Crowds, *numbers* of thoſe, who would venture *Certainties* to make themſelves Maſter of *Imaginaries*. But like that *great* Work, the *Day* of *Projection* is not yet *arrived*; nor I don't find that they can ſo much as gueſs when it will. However, Monſieur *Le Chevalier* (a skillful Operator as to himſelf) is deſtin'd to enjoy the *preſent*

Be-

Benefit, and to feed them with *distant pretended Hopes:* No easy Task to *content* and *delay* (and by which he shows his vast Capacity) the Expectations of such a *Multitude*, stung with the quickest, the universalest of all Passions, the Desire and Prospect of becoming suddenly Rich.

Be pleas'd, your *Divinities*, to direct your *glittering* Eyes to that *Country Chevalier* now entring: I show you him as the only Man of Honour in *Atalantis* as to Amour. About twenty Years ago his Person, which you see is still very passable, was then extremely agreeable, the *witiest* Lady of the *Age* fell in Love with him. She had also the *Face* of a *Wit*, *much Sprightliness*, and but *little Beauty*. The *Muses* took up their Habitation in *Olinda*'s lovely Breast: All she wrote was *Natural*, *Easy*, *Amorous* and *Sparkling!* I will give your *Eminences* a Taste of her Strain, tho' sung so many Years past that it's almost quite forgotten: A Fate nothing of hers should ever endure, yet will it be always new to the *Ingenious*; these are the Words.

O D E.

I.

AH poor Olinda *never boast*
Of Charms *that have thy* Freedom *cost*,
They threw at Hearts, *and thine was* lost!

II.

Yet let none thy Ruin *blame,*
His Wit *first drew thee to a* Flame,
And fann'd it with the Wings of Fame!

III.

In vain I do his Perſon *ſhun,*
I cannot from his Glory *run,*
'Tis univerſal *as the* Sun!

IV.

In Crowds, *his* Praiſes *fill my Ear!*
Alone *his* Genius *does* appear!
He, like *a* God, *is ev'ry* where!

That ſmile of *Approbation* from both your Divinities has more than paid me for my *Recitative*, and emboldens me to proceed. *Olinda* was marry'd by the *Chevalier* her Father, to a *Preſident* of the *Long Robe*, who was alſo a *Chevalier*, but *Old*, *Infirm* and *Humorous*. *Olinda*'s Virgin-Beauty were thus ſacrific'd without any regard to the *Delicacy* of her own Choice, which had long before determin'd her in favour of that *Chevalier* before us. He was too happy in that Diſtinction not to wiſh to improve it. His pleaſing *Idea* made the old *Preſidents* intolerable. A Love-ſick-heart inſpir'd by *Wit*, and all thoſe dangerous Sallies that proceed from it, ſoon found it an impoſſible Attempt to live from the Object belov'd; but which was worſe, to abide perpetually with one

that

that was hated; yet long and ardently the *Chevalier* importun'd her before she would consent to withdraw her self into the Country, to a small Town within a League of his own *Villa* (and but eight Furlongs distant from her Brothers) where he had another House which he fitted for her Reception with the Ostentation of a Lover. All Things that were *curious*, *rich*, *neat* and *well-imagin'd*, were the *Ornaments* of her *Solitude*. Here the happy *Chevalier* possess'd whatever Delights sparkling Wit, and reciprocal Love, could bestow. As his Fortune is large, he knew no other Use of it, but gratifying not only what *Olinda* really *desir'd*; but all that the most *Profuse* of the Sex could *Ambition*. The old *President* try'd his good-natur'd Attempts to recal her; but finding that Impracticable, he join'd his own Endeavours to his Lady's, to help the Deceit. He would not believe that she lov'd *another*, tho' he might have been very well convinc'd, she did *not love him*. However, he was so far necessary towards preserving *out-side* Opinion, that *Olinda* thought fit to have his Visits incourag'd, because his Possessions were large, and two or three great Bellies would have been rather matter of *Infamy*, than *Joy* to her, if his Fondness had not given him at least the Pretence to 'em. 'Till having secur'd her self of a Daughter to Heir her *Lord*'s Estate, she agreed to the *Chevalier*'s warmer *Proposition* of leaving that House (at too great a distance from his) to come and live at home with him at his *Villa*. This gave an unbridled License to loose Tongues that were not confin'd before. The *President* began to open his Eyes, he did not by any means approve of that Conjunction, and as in reason good refused her

any part of her former Allowance whilſt ſhe liv'd there, the *Chevalier-Lover* had the *Heroick-aſſurance* to demand a Conſideration for maintaining the *Preſident*'s Wife and Children: This by the way of preſerving Reputation, not thro' a Principle of Covetouſneſs; and when the *old out-of-uſe* Huſband would not comply, he was not afraid to ſue the Gentleman, tho' of the *Long-Robe*. The *Chevalier* being of the Party, and in the Intereſt of thoſe whoſe Opinions are become the Faſhion, and conſequently the ſtrongeſt, he got a Decree in Madam *de la Preſidente*'s Favour, by which ſhe enjoy'd a large ſeparate Allowance, and ſtill continu'd to reſide without Diſturbance at the *Chevalier*'s *Villa*. At length the Old Husband was ſo obliging to die, and leave her the World to herſelf. But here both your *Divinities* be pleas'd to remark how the *Chevalier* approv'd himſelf, that wonderful Man of Honour! as after ſeventeen Year's *Amour* and (as it was cenſur'd by the Malicious) *Poſſeſſion*, he marry'd *Olinda*; no longer in her *Youth!* never *Handſom! Amorous! Termagant! Jealous! Revengeful!* and ſo little Miſtreſs of her Paſſions, or ſo defective of the Art of concealing 'em, that they had often made her, with all her diſtinguiſhing Wit, both the Object of his Pity and Contempt.

Some there are, who never hear of any *Action* perform'd, that ſounds extraordinary, but their Ill-nature gives 'em if poſſible to look into the Spring of that *Action*. Hence they tell you, that the *Chevalier* durſt not but have marry'd *Olinda* if he meant to live! for ſhe had often threaten'd to *ſhoot* or *ſtrangle* him with her own Hand, if ever he *refuſed* or *delay'd* to repair her *Honour*, ſhould Fortune be ſo obliging to put it in his Power! They

They bring his exceſſive Debauch as to Wine, to confirm that his Ardors were conſiderably abated towards a Lady older than himſelf, ſometime before the *Preſident*'s Death. His perpetual Habitude of being every Day, and almoſt half, ſometimes all the Night, at a *Cabaret* a League diſtance, where he ſeem'd beholding to any Company that would wear away the Time with him in Drinking of *Bumpers*. But above all, their Acciſation was ſtrengthen'd by this not unſuſpicious Circumſtance; that after the Wedding-night they never came into the ſame Bed, tho' all the Day in tolerable good Correſpondence. Is not this prodigiouſly unaccountable? If you believe the Report of the World, and that of their own Servants, they never reſted *apart* whilſt it was *unlawful* for 'em to *meet!* and now 'tis *blameable* for 'em to *part* they never *meet!* tho' my Lady with no ill *inuendo* of her former Innocence, was one Day lamenting to thoſe that ſpoke to her of an *Heir*; that Monſieur *le Preſident* had liv'd a little too long. Her Daughter will be a vaſt Heireſs if the *Chevalier*, (whom the Ill-natur'd World concludes to be her Father,) leave her as 'tis believ'd he will, all his Eſtate. She already enjoys a very good one, as ſhe is Heir to the *Preſident*. The *Chevalier* is exceſſively fond of her, and divides himſelf between ſome of *her* Company, a *little* of her Mother's, a *great deal* of *Wine*, and *much Politicks*; in which he is very buſy, very hearty, and very conſiderable in his Country, and ſerves here to ſtrengthen the Party upon all Occaſions of Debate, by his according Voice in the *Divan*.

Pray your *Ladyſhips* be pleas'd to ſtretch your *radiant* Eyes with a more than *ordinary* regard to thoſe two renown'd *Politicians* that ſtop at the

Door in deep Conference with each other. They have had a ſucceſsful *Miniſtry*. Time was when their young Ambition durſt not caſt away one improbable Wiſh of being Maſters of the Tenth Part of what they are now in Poſſeſſion of. Then all they purſu'd was to be applauded for Men of *Genius* in the *Airy* Region of *Parnaſſus*; they *both wrote*, and *both* with *Succeſs*. Nor can there be better *Judges* of Writing: And as an *everlaſting Monument* of their *Praiſe* be it *recorded*, that they have not been *afraid* to *applaud* and *reward* the Performances of *others*; free from that Emulation which has ſtung even ſome of the great Emperors of Old, who would be thought Poets. They have in their *two* Perſons more *conſpicuouſly encourag'd* and *raiſed* the Ingenious, than has the whole Race of the *Atalantick* Nobility beſide. True, they have had a larger Power than moſt, and have more diſtinguiſh'd it. Have they enrich'd themſelves ſuddenly and ſurprizingly? 'Tis meritorious in one Reſpect, becauſe they do good with it to others: *Both* have had the lucky Circumſtance of finding it to be for their Intereſt ſtill to remain of the *Party* they firſt fix'd in. The Methods they have took to raiſe their Fortune, gives us but little hopes that they would have perſever'd in any Principle that ſhould but once appear to be contrary to their *Intereſt*: But ſince no ſuch Change has arriv'd, let us charitably applaud 'em, as Men remaining true to their firſt Profeſſions; a Virtue rarely found in a Stateſman.

One there was, once upon a Time at the Head of the *Atalantick* State, who tho' long ſince dead, his *Crimes* can *never* die. An *Original!* an immortal Villain! of him *alone* we ought to make an

Ex-

Exception to the *general* Rule, *Of the departed, ſpeak not ill.* His Vices ſhould be recorded on *Monumental Marble*, or *ever-enduring Braſs!* that no Time, no Age, may be able to deface the *horrible Remembrance!* who ſubmitted an *infinite, natural Capacity*, and *vaſt ſtrength* of *Parts*, to the *inglorious, villanous* Practice, of firſt *ſeducing* his *Prince*, and then *betraying* and *puniſhing* him for it. A Prince! who lov'd and embrac'd him, *implicitly* purſuing all the *Meaſures* of his Pernicious, Traiterous *Councils*, becauſe they were *his*. A *Villain!* for the ſake of *Villany! Falſe!* and *Fooliſh* in his *Falſeneſs!* a private Penſioner to *three Monarchs* of different Intereſts, at the ſame time betraying them to each other; and yet an imparer of his own large paternal Eſtate, and by means unknown and unaccountable. What did all thy *Treaſons* avail, *inglorious Stateſmen?* What the *Beauty* of thy *ſubtle* Parts? Whom hadſt thou to boaſt of ruining? A *weak*, a ſhort-ſighted credulous Prince, that *truſted* thee! a Prince! full of this *generous* Maxim, *That it is a much leſſer Shame to be deceived by, than 'tis to diſtruſt a Friend.* What Reward hadſt thou for thy Treachery? Didſt thou ever dare to *wear* thoſe *Honours* to which thy *Ingratitude* aſpir'd? Or could thy *Treaſons* raiſe thee *higher* than thou wert before? Hadſt thou not contracted ſo *univerſal* an *Odium*, even to thoſe that rejoic'd at the Effects thy *Villanies* had produc'd? That like an *obſcene* Bird of Night, thou durſt never after publickly appear! a Cloud of *conſcious Guilt* hung hovering o'er thy thoughtful Brow, *ſelf-convicted! ſelf-puniſh'd!* Live eternally here *above*, in the *infamous* Memory of thy *conſummate Miſchief. Below!* like another *Prometheus*, may thy *rank perpetual Liver* grow with ne-

ver-ceasing Supplies, to gorge *immortal Kulturs*. 'Till *all* Mankind, *warn'd* by *thee*, grow *Good* and *Honest*, because they will find it their Interest to be unlike *thee !*

This Digression (for which I humbly beg Pardon of your *Excellencies*) has given my pair of *Poetical* Statesman time to separate. The nearest to us was ever an *implicit* Servant to the Commands of his Master. No *Encomium* can reach the *Merit* of his *Parts*; he has all that a prodigious *Foresight*, *confirm'd*, *extensive-Judgment*, *Perspicuity*, *Wit*, *Wisdom* and *deep Design*, can bestow. Yet, as an allay, to all this Brightness, *unforgiving ! implacable !* and consequently *revengeful !* What a pity it is, that his *fine Sense* cannot master a *defect* of Nature? Nature, that has fitted him for the *Government* of the World, yet cannot give him to govern his own Temper. He that has Generosity to *reward*, should be asham'd to want what depends upon *himself*, the much more *valuable*, *difficult* part, *Forgiveness*. A *common* Genius, does *common* Things ! but so exalted a one as his, should produce exalted Effects, that *true Pride* of *despising* and *forgetting* Injuries. He cannot but reflect, great Power gives a *Million* of Opportunities of *Offending*, to almost *one* of *Obliging*, and the *Offended* will be apt to recriminate. 'Tis Misfortune enough to a Human Breast, that he cannot always be relieving the Distresses of the Unhappy. But Lord *Artaban* to punish for any Resentment arising from a Distress, which perhaps your unavoidable Sentence has occasion'd, is below the Majesty of your *perfect good Sense*. You, to whom the latter part of this Saying of *Pythagoras* may be so justly applied, *He that knows not what he ought*,

is

is a Brute Beaſt among Men; *he that knows no more than he needs, is a Man among Brute Beaſts*; *But he that knows all that may be known, is a God among Men.*

I think *Artaban* worthy the Honour of a peculiar regard from your *Mightineſſes*, and will therefore conduct you to his *Sultaneſs's Seraglio*, where you may behold the unbendings of this Lord. You will unavoidably compaſſionate the Compoſition of Elements, in the Race of Humankind; ſince one of the greateſt of 'em (I mean ſo far as mighty Senſe can exalt a Man, and therefore call him *great*) has his *peculiar* Weakneſſes. You ſhall inſpect the Oeconomy of this nice *Sultana*'s *Ruel*. 'Tis to her the other Ladies owe the Invention of having ſinging Maſters to teach their *Parots* the more ſoft Harmonious Cadence. Her *Seraglio* abounds with all things fitted to the Taſte of ſo nice a Judge as *Artaban*, even to the very *Preſervatives* and *Reſtoratives*. Nay ſome will tell you (becauſe the Lady is ſtill willing to maintain the Empire ſhe has held ſo long) ſhe is not ſcrupulous of calling in *Auxillary* Charms to ſupply the *departure* of her own. Fix'd to this point, That Lord *Artaban* ſhall go no where in ſearch of any *Satisfactions* her *Addreſs* and *Induſtry* can procure him.

The other *Atalantick-Poetick*-Lord is *Horace* and *Mæcenas* both. His Gallantry has not been ſo confin'd as the others, tho' he was once a Married Man. He is ſtill remarkably Amorous, and remarkably Agreeable. I will alſo do him the Honour of a Viſit from your *Excellencies*, but not to Day; for the *full* Hiſtory of the *Divan*; the *Imperial Apartment*, that of the *Favourites*, with the *Evening Walk* of the *Tuilleries*, will more than employ us. To Morrow, earlier than

the

the Sun, I pretend to conduct you to the Camp, where you ſhall be at the General's riſing, there you'll find Matter enough of *Speculation* and *Admiration!* To *vary* the *Diverſion*, the Evening ſhall conclude at the *Theatre*. The next Day, the Courts of *Juſtice*, the *Arſenal* and *City*, ſhall be the Divine *Aſtrea*'s Entertainment. After which, we will carry you to peculiar Palaces, and reſtore you to the *Mæcenas* before us. No Age can preſent you with *truer* Endeavours than his, to ſupport the Intereſt of his Friends; he has *Agents* and *Spies* in all the eminent Families in *Atalantis!* What young Man of Quality does he not find means to ſupply with a *Preceptor*, who may infuſe his Principles into him, tho' never ſo *oppoſite* to *thoſe* of his *Noble Anceſtors?* How indefatigable is he, on all occaſions, that may *confirm* and *ſtrengthen* 'em? He was not more aſſiduous in making his own *Fortune*, nor expeditious in amaſſing that Stock of Wealth, of which from Nothing he is grown to be in Poſſeſſion of. Then he has a *Genius* fitted for ever thing. Almoſt the *firſt* (tho' not now the *only* Example of a Man) who in the beginning, tainted with the Love of the *Muſes*, could deſcend from thoſe airy Imaginations, to the more *ſordid*, *ſolid* Buſineſs of Gain.—Yet, as I remark'd to your *Divinities*, ſtill a Patron and *Incourager* of *Poetry* in others, himſelf declining it, becauſe he grew ſo great a Lover of Truth. He has a *Gallery* adorn'd with the Pictures of the Ingenious, among which *Daphne* has the Honour of a Place; whether ſeated there for her *little* Talent in Poetry, or her larger one in *Amour*, I will leave to his Lordſhip's Deciſion. We will ſhow you his inceſſant Careſſes to all thoſe of his *Opinion*. What indefatigable Induſtry to Corrupt the

other?

other? Enervating-Luxury! Wine! Love! Muſick! Balls! Cards! all thoſe round of Diverſions, wherein the *Thinking Part* may be the *ſooneſt* buried. Theſe for the *Young* and *Gay*, who are not to be ſeduc'd but by *Pleaſures* and *Gradual* Inſinuations. To thoſe who have out-liv'd the *Poinancy* of *Luxury*, and begin to value *Mony* for an *other* uſe than *ſquandring*: *Bills* and *Preferments* are at hand to purchaſe their Compliances. Time will diſcloſe to us, what the long, under-ground, never-ceaſing Workings of this *buſy Mole* can intend! His own Fortune is made! it is not *himſelf* he is now ſerving! it is the Intereſt of a *Party!* A Party! *big with Proſpect of the Future! full of diſtant Views, and long, fore-ſighted Regards!*

O, your irreſiſtable Divinities! be pleas'd to caſt a Glance of peculiar *Emanation* upon that young Favourite of mine, and of all his Beholders. Obſerve the opening Bloſſom haſt'ning to attain an early Bloom. He is deſcended from a Noble Family, who have long been *Counts* of the Empire. We will lead your Ladiſhips to the delightful *Villa* of Count *Serini*, *Loyalty* is inherent to him; he will live to adorn and revive the Name, now almoſt *obſolete*, like the *ever-enduring Beaumond*; *Erect* and *Stedfaſt* to his *Principles*; the *Ornament* of the *Crown*, the *Glory* of the *Empire*. His gives us an early Proſpect of that Renown he ſhall attain to, the *Reſtorer* and *Patron* of declining *Poetry*. Born from a Father who did not diſdain to make it his Companion and Amuſement in his Confinement; with ſo happy a *Genius*, that thoſe who had the Honour of ſeeing his Performance, regretted that he ſo ſeldom exerted it. Fine Senſe is as much *Serini*'s Inheritance, as *Eſtate* and *Title*. A great Queen ſubmitting to the Correction

rection of one of his *Anceſtors*, not only her Notions of Government, but a *Dramatick Tranſlation* that ſhe made from one of the *Greek* Tragedies. The young Count neglects no Opportunity of adorning Nature; he ſummons all the help of Art to embeliſh her, and a never-fading Lawrel ſhall be his Recompence. The Impreſſions of *Good*, when ſtampt in Youth, *no Age nor Fortune can outwear*; *nor* ſhall he hereafter need to bluſh at the Repetition of his Actions, tho' the Deeds perform'd in Youth, are ſeldom ſo blameleſs; but its better to amend than declare 'em, as if all things were *Monuments* of the *Follies* of the *Young*; *much eaſier it is to be born Great, than continue Great.* Be wary oh lovely *Count!* that no *near* Examples of *Pride* taint your *Heroick Blood!* Read that admirable ſaying of *Socrates*, *Pride ſhould of young Men be heedfully avoided*; *of old Men utterly diſdain'd*; *and of all Men ſuſpected and fear'd. The proud Man thinks no Man can be humble.* But imitate to the height that *God-like Charity* to which you are lately allied! That Commiſeration of the Diſtreſſes of your Fellow-Mortals! That *Angelick* Virtue, which gives a *comparative*, a *remote* degree of *God-head* to the Poſſeſſor, and beſpeaks *Reverence* even from the *Covetous*. How has *Juno* bleſt and adorn'd your Nuptial Bed? *Age may be allow'd to gaze at Beauties Bloſſom, but Youth only ſhould climb the Trees and enjoy the Fruit.* Thoſe are Pleaſures to which we will eaſily reſign your Morn of Life; but when it advances towards a *Glorious Meridian*, your *Country* will claim a Parents Regard from her darling *Son!* Remember the immortal Genius of two of your noble Anceſtors! how they *improv'd* the *Cabinet*, and *graced* the *Helm*: Remember 'em ſo as to imitate 'em; for as the Gods have given

you

you a *ſtrength* of Soul, and *capacity* of Mind worthy to be their Deſcendant; ſo ſhall *Fortune* and your *glorious Empreſs*, furniſh you with *Opportunities* to *exert* 'em.

See! who appears next, a deſigning ſubtle-headded *Atalantick* Lord! He has all his Father in his Looks! His Father! who roſe by *Faction*, flouriſhed by *Anarchy*; and ſtill (tho' under *Royalty*) maintain'd with *Cunning* what he had acquir'd by *Rebellion*. His Lady has a Soul as *Niggard* as the *Opulent* Prince her Brother's, dark and revengeful: Their eldeſt Son they marry'd by conſent to a Lady of the moſt *agreeable* Merit, *young*, *ingaging*, *and tender*, with whom they receiv'd a Dowry of Foreſcore Thouſand Crowns. The Baron invited the young Gentleman and his Wife to dine, but at the Concluſion of the Entertainment, when ſhe wanted her Husband to depart with her, they civilly told her, ſhe might go when ſhe pleas'd, but for the Son they had thought fit to confine him to a Chamber deſign'd for his Recovery, ſince they found ſhe took no care of it. 'Twas in vain to ask his *Atalantick Lordſhip* where was his Conſcience in marrying a *Mad-man* (knowing him to be ſuch) to a Lady of her *Deſert* and *Fortune*; and when now ſecur'd of the latter, to endeavour to make all the Advantages that *Law* and *Cunning* could give him by *favour* of his Son's *Diſtemper*, to whom ſhe has made ſo tender, ſo loving a Wife, that no Fears could prevail over her *Duty* and *Fondneſs* (not even that of her Life) to lie from him, tho' every Night in going to Bed, ſhe did not know but ſhe was ſtepping into her Grave; his unaccountable Sallies being of a Nature to alarm any one, leſs prepoſſeſs'd by Love, and the true Senſe of the holy matrimonial Vow.

The

The Young Lady, his Daughter, ſets up for a *Wit*, according to the *Epicurean* Taſte. Her Sincerity is ſo remrakable, that ſhe does not ſcruple to declare her Opinion, tho' in Matters never ſo much to he Diſadvantage; particularly that ſhe thinks the *ſacred Writings* of the *Sybils* the very *worſt Book* that ever was wrote. Tho' ſhe wears a Face that is none of her own, her manner is peculiarly ſuch, infinitely Careleſs, I won't ſay Slatternly. Old *Baron* I adviſe you to marry her as ſoon as you can, if you don't deſign ſhe ſhall marry her ſelf. She has a Head as *well turned* for *Miſchief* as her *Mother's*, and almoſt as good-natur'd. Her working Brain was the Original of all her valuable Siſter-in-law's Troubles; to her it is that ſhe owes thoſe Misfortunes ſhe has met with. Not ſo, the *Baron*'s ſecond Son, who is a very pretty Gentleman, very well behav'd, and a Perſon of very good Senſe.

Behold! who next treads the Carpet of the Divan, the awful Count of *Valentia!* His Genius ſparkles in his Air! regard the Eagle of his Eyes, they ſtrike upon his Gazers, and *flaſh intolerable Day*. This is that *renown'd General* of *Utopia*, that I formerly made your Excellencies a ſhort Character of, in the Story of Count *Biron*, from whoſe Perſecutions he had before *Biron*'s Diſgrace refuged himſelf in King *Henriquez*'s Court. *Henriquez!* whoſe generous Soul open'd his Arms to receive and protect the Brave, and the Unfortunate, if they were not his *remarkable* Enemies! and even then he did not forbear to wiſh for an Opportunity of being *ſafely* reconcil'd, that he might but *ſafely* forgive. Hark! the *Count* comes to the *Vizir* of the *Divan*, with a Meſſage from the *Empreſs*— How? She requires 'em to attend her

to

to morrow at her Inauguration— Oh fortunate Event! the Divine *Aſtrea* could never have deſcended at ſo favourable a Criſis. There the *Atalantick* Glory will be *united* in a *Point*: You ſhall *ſee*, you ſhall *hear* all that can be worthy your *Eyes* and *Ears!* the moſt *reſplendant ſight* upon *Earth*; in *ornamental Robes peculiar* to the Day; they will ſhine under a much more advantagious Appearance than at preſent! You ſhall alſo behold the *Grand Druid*, and the numerous *holy* Attendants of the *Altar!* The *Rites* will be perform'd in the lofty Temple of *Jupiter* the *Victorious*. I am raviſh'd at the happy Opportunity of preſenting your *Excellencies* an Entertainment worthy your Regard! Wrapp'd by the Imagination, I have wander'd from a Theam that deſerves to be dwelt upon, the Merits of *Valentia*. Were not *Truth* at hand to corroborate my Report, I ſhould not dare to tell your Mightineſs's, *ev'n* but a *part* of what he has perform'd! His *Actions* are no longer *Modern*, they have the true Air of the *Antique* Glory, when *Renown* fir'd the Breaſt of *Mortals*, and the *univerſal* Love of Mankind was their only *Regard*. When to be a *Leader* was underſtood, as of one, expoſing himſelf with a willing Bravery, for the Benefit of his Followers. The Spoil of the Field equally divided, the *Hero* reſerving nothing to himſelf but the *Reputation* of *Conqueſt*. 'Tis recorded of a late *General* among the *Franks*, that he knew not one piece of Money from another: Not ſo, the Count of *Vrlentia*, he knows the Value, and knowingly rejects it: I mean the Appropriation! There is an Inſtance of his Contempt of Self-Intereſt, not to be match'd by the old *Roman* or *Spartan-Worthies*; free from the Modern *Syſtem* that takes up an Employment

to

to fill their own Coffers. The Count, after the Reduction of three Kingdoms, and placing the *Candidate Monarch* in the Throne, *willingly* saw nothing of *Advantage* or *Intereſt remaining* to himſelf, but his *Character*. There he is indeed *immortal*; no *Time*, no *Age* ſhall produce a Captain whoſe *Actions* ſhall equal *his*. Not *Alexander*, that fill'd the *Globe* with his *Exploits*, had half that Pretenſion to *Godhead* as has *Valentia*. Drunk with the Fumes of *Vain-Glory*, and a *brutiſh*, not *reaſonable* contempt of Dangers! the *Macedonian* threw himſelf amongſt the midſt of his Enemies, rather like a *Mad-man* than a *Hero*; whence nothing but his *prodigious Reputation*, and the *Ignorance* of his *Oppoſers*, could relieve him. Not ſo the Count of *Valentia*, the *Caſt* of his *Brain* could alone ſecure him *any* Conqueſt to which he aſpir'd, tho' he were in his Nature a *Coward*; and his *Courage* cou'd procure him the *ſame Advantage*, tho' he were not a *Politician*; but with theſe *united* Accompliſhments nothing can withſtand him. I cannot better entertain your *Excellencies* than by the Hiſtory of his *prodigious Actions* at length: But becauſe it is too long for the Buſineſs of the *Divan*, we will defer it to that ſilent Hour, when *Night* uſurps upon the *Day*, when the Sun is no longer the viſible Object of Adoration, and the World enlighten'd but by *Reflection*. When all Objects *diſappear* but *thoſe* which *Fancy* repreſents, and your Attention *undiverted* by what may prevent the *Report* of the *immortal Valentia*'s *Glory!*

F I N I S.

The Key to ATALANTIS

PART I.

5. Queen of Behomia,
6. Pr. of Hanover,
12. Ld. of Torrington,
13. Marg. of Garmarthen,
14. Ld. Durfly,
Mrs. Mountford,
20. Cornelius Overkirk,
21. Ds. of Marlboroug,
Ms. Young,
D. of *Cleveland*,
23. Mrs. Godfrey,
28. D. of Marlbor's Mother,
29. Mrs. Jennings,
30. Ld. Dover,
10. D. of *Bucks*,
1. K. James,
D. Monmouth.
Pr. Orange,
4. Earl of *Portland*,
5. Pr. of Orange,
0. Mrs. Howard Maid of Honour to Q. Mary,
6. Ld. Orkney,
7. Ld, Woodstock,
2. Sir John Trenchard,
3. Lady Berkley,
4. Ld. Albemarle,
5. D. Bucks Author of the *Memoirs*,
06. Mr. Cook of *Norfolk*,
07. Sir William Baron,
110. Dr. Garth,
114. Lady Eamley,
125. Sir John Newton,
130. Salisbury,
131. Bpr. of *Sarum*,
132. Sir Robert Howards Widow,
135. D. of *Shrewsbury*,
136. Dſs. of Marlborough,
154. Quainton horſe Race,
Lady Wharton,
D. of *Somerſet*,
155. D. of *Richmond*,
156. Ld. Wharton,
Sir Thomas Felton,
157. Sir Richard Temple,
158. Mr. Egerton of *Aſtock* Rect
164. Mrs. Periſhall,
Mr. Cæſar,
165. Duke of Ormond,
166. Lady Mary Vere,
Mr. Furquhar,
167. Lady Thanet,
168. Duke of Montague,
Col. Finch's Lady once Maid Honour.
171. D. of Grafton,
Thomas Ouſlow,
Mrs. Knight,
Mrs. Ouſlow,
Lady Anne Popham,

dy Carliſle,
f *Nottingham*,
largretta,
Irs. Hammond,
d. Durſley,
5. Mrs. Singham,
177. George Glanville,
178. Lady Hide,
227. Mrs. Sarah Stoute.
D. of New Caſt,
Mrs. Sa. Levea,
79. D. of Beauford,
St. James of the *Peake*,
180. Mrs. Periſhall,
M. of Kent,
Ld. Rialton.
181. Sir Richard Temple,
182. Lady Wharton,
Captain Banbury,
183. Ld. Halifax,
M. of *Darby*,
184. Widow Laurence of *Putney*,
Mrs. Rider Sir H. Fanſhaw's Daughter.
Dr. Laurence of *Winton*,
Mrs. Long Sir William Risby's Siſter,
185. Sir Thomas Terrel,
186. Sir William Risby,
187. Captain Steele the Gazetteer,
Ld. Cutts,
197. Mrs. Newington,
Sir Thomas Laurence of *Chelſea*,
194. Mr. Manley Member of Parlia
Sir Thomas Lautence of *Chelſea*
198. Lee Warner Eſq; of *Norfolk*,
200. Captain Laurence,
Mr. Barnes a Lawyer,
202. Mrs. Margrett Laurence of *Chel*
ſea,
203. Col. Godfrey, Junior,
204. Dſs, of Marlbor,
206. Lady Filzharding,
207. Careleſs Husband,
The Lady's laſt Stake,
Gilden's new *Metamorphoſis*,
210. Mrs. Bracegirdle,
Mrs. Parry,
211. Sir Richard Blackmore,
212. Dr. Garth,
D. of Montague,
E. of *Bath*,
213. Sir Henry Johnſon,
Sir Nathan Wright,
Ld. Cowper,
Spencer Cowper,
214. Sir William Cowper,
Mrs. Cullen,
217. Mr. Sambrook of new *Foreſt*, h
wrote the Defence of *Polygam*

The Key to
ATALANTIS
PART II.

7 D. of O. and Ly Harcr. Grevill.
12 Dſs. of Clevl—nd and her 5 Children.
15 Dſs. of Portmo.
17 Ly. Marlb Ly. Sundld.
Ld. Roſs and Mrs. Tofts.
18 Ld. Brookes.
19 Polydore and Urania Lord Haverham's Son and Daughter
28 Sr. E. G. Seymour and E. Romney.
39 Wid. Howd D. Shrewsbury.
41 D. of O.
42 Ld. Treaſ—r.
48 And the Caball.
46 Ld. Lexingtn.
48 Mrs. Proud and Ly. Fretchville.
Lord Harry Scott.
49 Ly. Ann Popham.
50. Ly. Wharton Mrs. Tofts Coſs Dorcheſter and Portmore.
51 Ld. Carmar.
52 Dr. Garth Mrs. Griffin. D. of Marlb.
54 Mr. Betterton.
55 Mr. Scarron a Parſon marryed Mrs. Griffin.
58 D. of Bucks-houſe.
59 Ld. Oſculſton Ld. Albermarle and D. Roxbo.
69 Sr. Robert Howard.
96 Sr. James of the *Peak*.
113 Ld. Treaſ—r rnd his Character.
118 K. J. Q. Pr. of Orange and Denmark.
119 D. Dſs. of Malbor.
Petended P. of W.
124 D. of Shrewſs.
134 P. of Orange.
144 E. of Peterboro.
145 D. Dſs. of Mountague.
147 Mrs. Maſham.
148 Secretay Harley.
151 Bp. of Cant.

194 D. of Be-ufts houſe at Chelſe his mourn.
for his firſt Lady.
169 Mrs. Parker Dar. to Lady Aſhe.
162 Mr. Peyton mariied to Mrs. Greenvill.
178 Mr. Parker of Kent.
Sr. Thomas Powis.
180 D. of Beauft Dſs. of O. and Mr. Yalden to whom.
The Author under the Character of Delia relates her life.
197 D. of O.
199 D. and Dſs. of Beaufort.
200 Stor yof the Butcher.
903 Old. Lord Halifax.
205 Ly. Maccles field marryed to Mr. Brett.
206 Lady. Carſliſle.
207 Lady Effingham Mrs Croſs.
209 E. of Dyſert.
210 Genll. Talmaſh and his Ly.
214 Lord. Huntingtouer,
215 Mrs. Heneage D, of Devond. his Dar. and Ld. Hunting,
216 Lord Rivers:
217 Ld. Haverſham and Ly, Mrs. Colliton Ld. Coningsby,
Ly Drana Cæcil Lord Scudamore,
240, D, and Dſs, of *Roxbo*
242, D, of *Northumberl—d*,
244, Ld, Biron,
245, Ld, Harvey, Sr, Richard Temple, and Mrs, Collier,
246, Lord Mohun,
250, D, of *Shrews*, Mrs, Laurence, Ld, Fanſha—w,
252, Ld, Mohun and Ly with E, Macclesfi—ld her Uncle,
254, Lord Conway,
255, D, of Saint Albans,
256, Sir H, Mackworth,
262, Lord Summers and Lord Halifax,
263, Late Earl of *Sunderland*,
264, Lord Halifax,
265, Lord Renelaugh,
265, Lord Dorſet,
269, Lord Bernard and his Son Mr. Vane who Married Mr,
Jolly's Daughter,
270, Lord Peterbo,

FINIS.